

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

## I.

THE letters of which the first installment is herewith printed were in great part written by Thomas Carlyle to his youngest sister, Mrs. Robert Hanning, who died in Toronto, December 13, 1897. Other members of the family are represented in the correspondence: there are a number of letters — these perhaps the most interesting — from Carlyle to his mother; and a few from the mother to her oldest and to her youngest child. The collection extends from 1832 to 1890, when Mr. John Carlyle Aitken wrote to inform his aunt, Mrs. Hanning, of the death of James Carlyle, her youngest brother.

Mrs. Hanning (Janet Carlyle) was born, as were all her brothers and sisters before her, in the village of Ecclefechan, in a house, still standing, which their father had built with his own hands. The following notes of her life are supplied by her son-in-law, the Rev. George M. Franklin:—

“She was reckoned the neatest seamstress of the family, and received the rare compliment of praise from her eldest brother (Thomas Carlyle) for having done excellent work on some shirts. Robert Hanning, an old friend of the Carlyles, going to the same school with Janet, and ‘looking on the same book,’ wooed and won her. They were married at Scotsbrig, on March 15, 1836. They went to Manchester, England, to live, as Mr. Hanning was employed by a

Mr. Craig, and subsequently was a partner in the business. This business having proved unprofitable, they returned to Scotland, and Mr. Hanning entered into business with his brother Peter as partner. This proved also a failure. Soon afterward the family went back to Dumfries. Mr. Hanning sailed for America, arriving at New York; and after working there for a time left that city for Hamilton, Ontario, his future home. Mrs. Hanning and her two children remained in Dumfries, although she had wished much to go with her husband and share his fortunes. Thomas persuaded her, ‘against her judgment,’ as she has said, to wait until her husband was settled. Mr. Hanning was a man of strong convictions and the highest moral principle. The reunion of his family was effected in 1851, when the wife and two daughters left Glasgow in a sailing-vessel, the passage to Quebec occupying about seven weeks. Then taking a steamer from Quebec, they reached Hamilton in good time. This was before the building of the Great Western Railway. Mrs. Hanning soon made a home for her devoted husband, earning the commendation ‘brave little sister.’ Mr. Hanning entered the service of the Great Western Railway of Canada in 1853, and remained with that company until his death, which occurred March 12, 1878.”

An indispensable guide to the correspondence will be found in the following list, given by Professor Norton, of the children of James Carlyle, with the dates

of their births: Thomas, born December 4, 1795 (died at Chelsea February 5, 1881); Alexander, born August 4, 1797; Janet, born September 2, 1799; John Aitken, born July 7, 1801; Margaret, born September 20, 1803; James, born November 12, 1805; Mary, born February 2, 1808; Jean, born September 2, 1810; Janet (Mrs. Hanning) born July 18, 1813.

Among the persons mentioned by Mr. Franklin as visiting Mrs. Hanning, the most distinguished was Emerson, who went to Hamilton in the summer of 1865. "Mr. Emerson placed her in a chair near the window, so that he might the more readily examine her features, and, looking into her eyes, exclaimed, 'And so this is Carlyle's little sister!'"

Mention of "the youngest stay of the house, little Jenny," is rare and slight in the published letters and memorials of Carlyle. Froude, in an ingeniously careless passage, confuses her with an older sister, Jean. He speaks of "the youngest child of all, Jane, called the Craw, or Crow, from her black hair." Carlyle, on pages 92 and 93 of the second volume of the *Reminiscences*, — in Mr. Norton's edition, — mentions both Jean and Jenny: "There was a younger and youngest sister (Jenny), who is now in Canada; of far inferior 'speculative intellect' to Jean, but who has proved to have (we used to think) superior housekeeping faculties to hers."

"My prayers and affection are with you all, from little Jenny upwards to the head of the house," writes Carlyle to his mother on October 19, 1826, after a form common enough, with its variations, in his early letters. Occasionally she has done something to be noted. On October 20, 1827: "Does Jenny bring home her medals yet?" On November 15: "Does Jenny still keep her medals? Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie and to do her good." In the spring of 1828 Carlyle writes from Scotsbrig to his

"Dear Little Craw" in Edinburgh: "Mag and Jenny are here; Jenny at the Sewing-school with Jessie Combe, and making *great* progress." Mrs. Carlyle adds, in a postscript to an 1835 letter to Mrs. Aitken: "Carlyle has the impudence to say he forgot to send his compliments to Jenny; as if it were possible for any one acquainted with that morsel of perfections to *forget* her! Tell her I will write a letter with my own hand, and hope to see her 'an ornament to society in every direction.'" In a preface — written many years after — to a letter to Jean Carlyle, bearing date November, 1825, and signed Jane Baillie Welsh, Carlyle explains: "This Jean Carlyle is my second youngest sister, then a little child of twelve. The youngest sister, youngest of us all, was Jenny [Janet], now Mrs. Robert Hanning, in Hamilton, Canada West. These little beings, in their bits of grey speckled [black and white] straw bonnets, I recollect as a pair of neat, brisk items, tripping about among us that summer at the Hill." Letter and preface are given by Froude, as is also a letter from Carlyle to his wife, dated Scotsbrig, May 3, 1842, and ending thus: "Yesterday I got my hair cropped, partly by my own endeavours in the front, chiefly by sister Jenny's in the rear. I fear you will think it rather an original cut."

In 1827: "Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie and to do her good;" in 1873, in Carlyle's last letter to Mrs. Hanning written with his own hand: "I please myself with the thought that you will accept this little New Year's Gift from me as a sign of my unalterable affection, wh<sup>n</sup>, tho' it is obliged to be silent (unable to *write* as of old), cannot fade away until I myself do! Of that be always sure, my dear little Sister; and that if in anything I can be of help to you or yours, I right willingly will."

All the letters that follow are strung on a slender thread of biography. Even



readers who know their Carlyle thoroughly may like to see, from year to year and from page to page, the contrast between his life in the world and his life with the peasant kindred who were so far from everything that men call the world. And although nothing in these letters will add to our knowledge of Carlyle, they cannot — taken together — fail to touch us freshly with the sense of what he was to his people, and what they were to him.

Carlyle's life until 1832, the year of the first letter, may be most briefly summarized. The son of James Carlyle, a stone-mason, he was born at Ecclefechan, "in a room inconceivably small," on the 4th of December, 1795. He went to school at Annan, and, in 1809, to the University of Edinburgh. Five years later he returned to the Annan school as a teacher of mathematics, and in 1816 went to Kirkcaldy to teach the same subject. After an experience of literary hack work in Edinburgh, which began when he was twenty-three years old, he became tutor in the Buller family. A long, strange, and ill-boding courtship ended, on the 17th of October, 1826, in his marriage with Jane Baillie Welsh. She had a small inherited estate at Craigenputtock, high up on the moors, and sixteen miles from Dumfries; and there, two years after their marriage, they went to live for six years more. In 1831 and 1832 they were trying their wings in London.

"Mrs. Welsh" was Mrs. Carlyle's mother. "Maister Cairlill" was a frequent name for Carlyle's brother James. The family had been living at Scotsbrig since 1826. Carlyle was thirty-seven years old, and his sister nineteen, when the following letter was written.

I. CARLYLE TO JANET CARLYLE, SCOTSBRIG.

AMPTON ST., LONDON,  
23rd January, 1832.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Will you put up with the smallest of letters rather than

with none at all? I have hardly a moment, and no paper but this thick, coarse sort.

Understand always, My dear Sister, that I love you well, and am very glad to see and hear that you conduct yourself as you ought. To you also, my little lassie, it is of *infinite* importance how you behave: were you to get a Kingdom, or twenty Kingdoms, it were but a pitiful trifle compared with this, whether you walked as God command you, and did your duty to God and to all men. You have a whole Life before you, to make much of or to make little of: see you choose the *better part*, my dear little sister, and make yourself and all of us pleased with you. I will add no more, but commend you from the heart (as we should all do one another) to God's keeping. May He ever bless you! I am too late, and must not wait another minute. We have this instant had a long letter from Mrs. Welsh, full of kindness to our Mother and all of you. The Cheese, &c., &c., is faithfully commemorated as a "noble" one; Mary is also made kind mention of. You did all very right on that occasion. Mrs. Welsh says she must come down to Scotsbrig and see you all. What will you think of that? Her Father, in the meantime, is very ill, and gives her incessant labour and anxiety.

See to encourage Jean to write, and do you put your hand a little to the work. What does Maister Cairlill think of the last letter he wrote us? Was it not a letter among many? He is a graceless man. I send you a portrait of one of our Chief Radicals here: it is said to be very like.

I remain always, My dear Sister,

Your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

On January 24, — Froude gives the date wrongly as the 26th, — the day after the date of this letter, Carlyle, still in London, heard of the death of

his father, at the age of seventy-three. He wrote immediately to his mother in terms which place the letter high even among his letters; and in less than a week he had uttered the wail of genius that stands first in the *Reminiscences*, — a book which has “no language but a cry.” By April he was back again at Craigenputtock, where it was so still that poor Mrs. Carlyle could hear the sheep nibbling a quarter of a mile away. Carlyle had now a new grief in the death of Goethe, who, making of him a disciple, had left him a teacher on his own account. The loss of Goethe found a measurable compensation in correspondence with Mill, who had been kindled into something very like fire by Carlyle’s review of Croker’s *Boswell*, just published in *Fraser’s Magazine*. It is one of the greatest of Carlyle’s briefer performances, although written at short notice. “Carlyle,” said his wife, “always writes well when he writes fast.” This essay, indeed, has a high place in the development of an idea which may be stated as Croker’s *Boswell*, Macaulay’s *Boswell*, Carlyle’s *Boswell*, and — *Boswell*.

There followed now essays on Goethe and Ebenezer Elliott’s *Corn Law Rhymes* (Carlyle’s last contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*), and a highly important article on Diderot for the *Foreign Quarterly*. In the autumn of 1832, Carlyle notes that the money from the essay on Goethe has gone in part payment of Jeffrey’s loan, that Craigenputtock has grown too lonely even for him, and that his literary plans demand a library. Not only must the work on Diderot have assured him of his ability to fuse and weld the most stubborn materials, but it opened his eyes to the French Revolution as a subject for his pen. Moved, then, by weariness of the solitude *à deux* among the peat moss, and by this new purpose in writing, the twain removed to Edinburgh toward the end of 1832.

Four months of Edinburgh were

enough to convince Carlyle that here was for him no continuing city; enough, also, to enable him to collect and carry back to Craigenputtock the substance of *The Diamond Necklace*, one of the best of his tragi-comic pieces.

The loneliness of “the whinstone stronghold” on the moors was cheered in the following August by Emerson’s memorable visit. “We went out to walk over long hills,” writes Emerson in *English Traits*, “and looked at Criffel, then without his cap, and down into Wordsworth’s country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul.”

The essay on Cagliostro, written in March, 1833, was printed in *Fraser’s Magazine* for July and August; and Fraser agreed to publish Sartor Resartus in the next volume, “only fining Carlyle eight guineas a sheet for his originality.” This gadfly tax on genius; the *Foreign Quarterly’s* refusal of *The Diamond Necklace*, patently a masterpiece though it was; Jeffrey’s refusal to recommend Carlyle for a professorship of astronomy; and, climactically, the defection of one of those maids whose misdemeanors continue a servile war through so many of the Carlyle chronicles, directed Carlyle’s gaze toward what Johnson thought the fairest prospect ever spread before a Scotchman. Emerson had observed that “he was already turning his eyes towards London with a scholar’s appreciation,” and at last, on the 25th of February, 1834, Carlyle wrote to his brother John: “We learned incidentally last week that Grace, our servant, though ‘without fault to us,’ and whom we, with all her inertness, were nothing but purposing to keep, had resolved on ‘going home next summer.’ The cup that had long been filling ran over with the smallest of drops. After meditating on it for a few minutes, we said to one another: ‘Why not *bolt* out of all these sooty despicabilities, of *Kerrags* and lying draggle-tails of byre-



women, and peat-moss and isolation and exasperation and confusion, and go at once to London?" *Gedacht, gethan!* Two days after we had a letter on the road to Mrs. Austin, to look out among the 'houses to let' for us, and an advertisement to Mac Diarmid to try for the letting of our own." Cattle, poultry, and various superfluities, were sold. Carlyle went on ahead, and was guided by the airy steps of Leigh Hunt, then a dweller in Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, to the house Number 5, Great Cheyne Row, which the new tenants soon made interesting to much of what was best in London (to much, also, Mrs. Oliphant has taken pains to say, of what was not the best), and eventually to the English-speaking world. The house was not taken until Mrs. Carlyle had inspected and approved it. A few days after the 10th of June, the date of their installation, Carlyle wrote to his mother: "We lie safe at a bend of the river, away from all the great roads; have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtock, an outlook from the back windows into mere leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through; and see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we have ever lived in, a right old, strong, roomy brick-house, built near one hundred and fifty years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down." It all sounds like a sunny backwater, but in truth the Carlyles had taken a very bold plunge into the world-sea. Their reserve of money could have been, at the utmost, no more than three hundred pounds; and the only personal sign of the times for them was the fact that the writer of *Sartor* — now coming out in chapters — was thought a literary maniac, and that Fraser feared the ruin of his magazine.

The household gods, however, once templated in Cheyne Row, were never carried back across the Border; nor, in fact, were they, in the half-century of life that remained to Carlyle, removed to any other spot. Here he caught the last glimpse of Edward Irving, the friend of his youth; here he welcomed Sterling, "a new young figure," the closest friend of his middle life; and hither came to him Froude and Ruskin, his latest followers.

At first, in the chosen habitation, it was "desperate hope" and "bitter thrift." The readers of Fraser's Magazine received *Sartor* each month with renewed disgust. "*Sartor*," said the publisher, "excites universal disapprobation." While this passionate history of a soul, with its motive so strangely drawn from the Holy Bible and the great, unholy Dean, was waiting to touch the slow spirit of the British reading public, Carlyle — taking counsel of his necessities, his ambition, and his inspirations — applied himself to the history of the French Revolution. The first volume — as all the world knows — was lent in manuscript to Mill, who lent it to Mrs. Taylor, his "veevid" and "iridescent" *Egeria*, whose servant kindled fires with it. Carlyle had not been offered, as he thought he should have been, the editorship of the new London and Westminster Review; and Mill, for fear of his father, did not dare even to give him work to do for it. Carlyle himself had refused to sell his independence to the Times. There was thus nothing for it but to rewrite the burnt volume, of which he had kept no notes. With such vigor did he drive his mind and his pen that the lost chapters were restored by September 22, 1835. Mill had told him of the loss on the 6th of the preceding March. Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aitken, in August: "I do not think that the second version is, on the whole, inferior to the first; it is a little less vivacious, perhaps, but bet-

ter thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second 'first volume,' and then we shall sing a Te Deum and get drunk; for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend (Mr. Wilson) having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine."

Better yet than wine was an American edition of Sartor, godfathered by Emerson, to the number of five hundred copies. This was in April, 1836, and another edition was soon demanded. Carlyle amused himself by quoting Sartor, in his essay on Mirabeau, as the work of a New England writer.

"The Doctor," mentioned in the letter to follow, was Carlyle's brother John, who, thanks to Jeffrey, had been for some years traveling physician to Lady Clare. "Anne Cook" was an Annandale servant whom Carlyle brought with him on his return from Scotsbrig, in October, 1835. Mrs. Carlyle wrote of Anne Cook, "She amuses me every hour of the day with her perfect incomprehension of everything like ceremony;" and several of her homespun sayings became proverbs in Cheyne Row. "Short," as Carlyle uses it in writing to his sister, has apparently the meaning often attached to it in New England, — "short of temper." The whole sentence bears a quizzing reference to the year before, when, on the 4th of June, Carlyle had written: "Alick, writing to me yesterday, mentions among other things that you are *shorted* (as he phrases it) because I have not written. . . . Do not you *shorten*, my dear little Bairn, but *lengthen*, and know that if you take anything amiss, it is for mere want of seeing how it really was; that of all delusions Satan could tempt you with, that of wanting my brotherly affection, now and always while we inhabit the Earth together, is the most delusive." And on the 23d of December: "Do not shorten, but lengthen."

The "second volume" is, of course, the second volume of The French Revolution. Of both first and second Carlyle had written more vehemently to Emerson, a few weeks before: "I got the fatal First Volume finished (in the miserablest way, after great efforts) in October last; my head was all in a whirl; I fled to Scotland and my Mother for a month of rest. Rest is nowhere for the Son of Adam; all looked so 'spectral' to me in my old-familiar Birthland; Hades itself could not have seemed stranger; Annandale also was part of the kingdom of Time. Since November I have worked again as I could; a second volume got wrapped up and sealed out of my sight within the last three days. There is but a Third now: one pull more, and then! It seems to me, I will fly into some obscurest cranny of the world, and lie silent there for a twelve-month. The mind is weary, the body is very sick; a little black speck dances to and fro in the left eye (part of the retina protesting against the liver, and striking work). I cannot help it; it must flutter and dance there, like a signal of distress, unanswered till I be done. My familiar friends tell me farther that the Book is all wrong, style, cramp, &c., &c. My friends, I answer, you are very right; but this also, Heaven be my witness, I cannot help. — In such sort do I live here; all this I had to write you, if I wrote at all."

The contrast between such a passage and the whole letter to his sister is but one of a multitude of instances that show the change in Carlyle's spirit whenever he sat down to write to his home people.

## II. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
16th May, 1836.

MY DEAR JENNY, — Your letter has been here several weeks, a very welcome messenger to us, and I did not think at the time I should have been so long in answering it. But I have been drawn



hither and thither by many things, of late ; besides, I judged that Robert and you were happy enough of yourselves for the present, and did not much need any foreign aid or interruption. I need not assure you, my dear little Jenny, of the interest I took in the great enterprise you had embarked on ; of my wishes and prayers that it might prove for the good of both. On the whole, I can say that, to my judgment, it looks all very fair and well. You know I have all along regarded Hanning as an uncommonly brisk, glegg little fellow since the first time I saw him (hardly longer than my leg, then), and prophesied handsome things of him in the world. It is very rare and very fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. May it prove well for you, as I think it will. You must take the good and the ill in faithful mutual help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another. I have no doubt Robert will shift his way with all dexterity and prudence thro' that Cotton Babylon, looking sharp about him ; knowing always, too, that "honesty is the best policy" for all manner of men. Do thou faithfully second him, my bairn : that will be the best of lots for thee.

I think it possible that now and then, especially when you are left alone, the look of so many foreign things may seem dispiriting to you, and the huge smoke and stour of that tumultuous Manchester (which is not unlike the uglier parts of London) produce quite other than a pleasant impression. But take courage, my woman, "you will use, you will use," and get hefted to the place, as all creatures do. There are many good people in that vast weaving-shop, many good things among the innumerable bad. Keep snug within your own doors, keep your own hearth snug ; by and by you will see what is worth venturing out for. Have nothing to do

with the foolish, with the vain and ill-conducted. Attach yourself to the well-living and sensible, to every one from whom you find there is real benefit derivable. Thus, by degrees a desirable little circle will form itself around you ; you will feel that Manchester is a home, as all places under the heavenly sun here may become for one.

In a newspaper you would notice that the Doctor was come. Till this day, almost, there was little else to be said about him than that he was here and well. He has been speculating and enquiring as to what he should do, and now has determined that London practice will not do for the present ; that he should go back with his Lady and try again to get practice there. He is gone out this moment to make a bargain to that effect. They are to set out for Rome again on the first of September ; from that till the first of March the Doctor is Lady Clare's doctor, but lives in his own lodging at Rome ; after that he is free to do whatsoever he will : to stay there, if they seem inviting ; to return home, if otherwise. I believe, myself, that he has decided wisely. Till September, then, we have him amongst us. He talks of being "off in a week or two" for Scotland ; he charged me to say that he would see Manchester, and you, either as he went or as he returned. It is not much out of the way, if one go by Carlisle (or rather, I suppose, it is directly in the way), or even if one go by Liverpool, but I rather think he will make for Newcastle this time ; to which place we have a steamboat direct. This is a good season for steamboats, and a bad one for coaches ; for with latter, indeed, what good season is there ? Nothing in the world is frightfuller to me of the travelling rout, than a coach on a long journey. It is easier by half to walk it with peas (at least boiled peas) in your shoes, were not the time so much shorter. The Doctor looks very well and sonsy ; he seems in good health and well

to live; the only change is that his head is getting a shade of grey (quite ahead of mine, though I am six years older), which does not mis-seem him, but looks very well.

We had a long speculation about going to Scotland, too, but I doubt we must renounce it. This summer I have finished my second volume, but there is still the third to do, and I must have such a tussle with it! All summer I will struggle and wrestle, but then about the time of the gathering in of sheaves I too shall be gathering in. Jane has gone out to "buy a cotton gown," for the weather is, at last, beautiful and warm. Before going she bade me send you both her best wishes and regards, prayers for a happy pilgrimage together. She has been but poorly for a good while (indeed, all the world is sick with these east winds and perpetual changes), but will probably be better now.

Jack and I, too, have both had our colds. Then Anne Cook fell sick, almost dangerously sick for the time; but Jack was there and gave abundant medical help; so the poor creature is on her feet again, and a great trouble of confusion is rolled out of doors thereby.

I am writing to our Mother this day. I have heard nothing from that quarter since the letter that informed me the poor little child was dead. Jean wrote part of it herself, and seemed in a very composed state, keeping her natural sorrow courageously down. Our Mother, I believe, continues there till Jean be ill again, and we hope happily well. Whether there be a frank procurable to-day I know not, but I will try. At worst I will not wait, lest you grow impatient again and get short. If you knew what a fizz I am kept in with one thing and another! Write to me when you have time to fill a sheet, — news, descriptions of how you get on, what you suffer and enjoy, what you do: these are the best. I will answer. Send an old newspaper from time to time, with

two strokes on it, if you are well. Promise, however, to write instantly if you are ill. Then shall we know to keep ourselves in peace.

Farewell, dear little Sister. Give our love to our new Brother. Tell him to walk wisely and be a credit to your choice. God be with you both.

T. CARLYLE.

In Carlyle's journal for June 1 occur these words: —

"An eternity of life were not endurable to any mortal. To me the thought of it were madness even for one day. Oh! I am far astray, wandering, lost, 'dyeing the thirsty desert with my blood in every footprint.' Perhaps God and His providence will be better to me than I hope. Peace, peace! words are idler than idle.

"I have seen Wordsworth again. I have seen Landor, Americans, Frenchman-Cavaignac the Republican. Be no word written of them. Bubble bubble, toil and trouble. I find emptiness and chagrin, look for nothing else, and on the whole can reverence no existing man, and shall do well to pity all, myself first, — or rather, last. To work, therefore. That will still me a little, if aught will."

Presently the household purse became so shrunken that the Revolution had to be dropped for two weeks, while Carlyle wrote the article on Mirabeau. This — printed first in Mill's Review, and afterward in the Miscellanies — brought in about fifty pounds. Mrs. Carlyle, meanwhile, became so ill that it was arranged for her to go home to her mother. The voyage part of the plan, — by steamer from Liverpool to Annan, — which had been merely for economy, was not carried out. Mrs. Carlyle's Liverpool uncle, John Welsh, paid her fare in the coach to Dumfries, and gave her a handsome shawl as a present for her birthday, the 14th of July.



III. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

CHELSEA, 8th July, Friday, 1836.

DEAR JENNY, — I write you a few words in the greatest haste, with a worthy Mr. Gibson even talking to me all the while ; but I *must* write, for there is not a post to lose, and I think the news will not be unwelcome to you.

Jane is getting ill again in this fiercely hot weather, and I have persuaded her to go home for a month to her mother. She is going by Manchester, and you. Off some time to-morrow (Saturday), and will be in your town, we calculate, on Sunday, and hopes to sleep in your house that night. *This* is the news. Now we know not as yet by what coach she will come, or at what hour and what Inn she will arrive, but this Mr. Gibson, who has undertaken to go out and search over the city for the suitablest vehicle, and to engage a seat in that for her, will take this letter in his pocket. He, having engaged the seat, will mark the name of it on the outside (where see). I judge farther that this letter will reach you on Saturday evening or next morning soon, so that there will be time. The rest you will know how to do without telling. I think Robert, if he be not altered from what he was, will succeed in meeting the tired wayfarer as she steps out, which will be a great comfort to her. She calculates on being at full liberty to sit silent with you, or to sit talking, to lie down on the bed, to do whatsoever she likes best to do, and to be in all senses at home as in her own home. There are few houses in England that could do as much for her. I think she would like best to be — “ well let alone.”

Next day, or when once right rested, Robert will conduct her to the Liverpool Railway, and give her his “ Luck by the road ; ” after which she has but a little whirl, a little sail, — by the force of steam both ways, — and is at Templand or Annan. She will tell you all our news and get all yours, so I need not add an-

other word. Did you get a frank that I sent you some months ago ? Did you ever send even a newspaper since ? Jane has half a thought that she may find the Doctor and our mother with you. All good wishes to your Goodman.

Yours, my dear Jenny, affectionately,  
T. CARLYLE.

IV. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM HER MOTHER, IN SCOTSBURG.

November 3, 1836.

DEAR JENNY, — I have long had a mind to write you, but have put off, as you see, till now, and though I have nothing worth while to say but to tell you of my welfare, which I know you are still glad to hear. I have been very well since you left me, though I have taken no medicine of any kind. You will be ready to say, “ What have you been doing all this time ? ” I have been very throng in my own way. I have spun a little web of droget and done many odd things.

We have got another fine little boy here last Monday morning. Isabella is doing well.

They have had a long and sore fight with the harvest. It is nearly finished. It is a good crop, and upon the whole no great damage is done. We had a bitter snow and frost last week ; it is gone again, however, but the weather is still coarse, with good days among. I had a long letter from London about the time I got yours with the socks, which are very comfortable indeed. I have them on at this moment, and my feet are as warm as pie. Many thanks to the giver. The iron is likewise an excellent one, a perfect conceit. Many, many thanks.

I was sorry to hear of your lassie turning out so badly. She had too much confidence. One should trust them no farther than they see. Old James of the hill is just come up for some beasts of Alick's. He talks of taking them over the water to sell them soon. So you will perhaps have a visit of him soon.

You must not be long in writing to me, my good bairn, and tell me how you are coming on. Are you anything healthy now? I intend visiting you, if I be well. Afterward it will be the next year before I think of coming. They were all well at London when I got their letter. John was at Geneva. I long to hear from him, and to know where he is now. I am expecting word daily. The rest are all well, for aught I know; but Jamie is at Annan to-day, and he will hear of them all, as Alick was at Dumfries yesterday.

Your folk are all well. I saw William Hanning last week at the market with John. He told me he had sent away a letter that day, I think, to you. I forgot to tell you how Tom is getting on with his book. He intends going to press about New Year's Day. It will be a fine time for him. May we all go on in the strength of God, the Lord, making mention of His righteousness, even of His only, trusting in Him for all we need for time and for eternity. I had done, but have just got a letter from the good Doctor, wrote about a fortnight since. If he is well, he is near Rome by this time.

Write, for I can write none. Send me a long letter. No more.

From your own mother,

M. A. CARLYLE.

They are all well at Annan and Dumfries.

*Friday.* I believe Alick goes off for Liverpool to-day. Send me word when to come over, and write soon.

By the end of October, 1836, Carlyle was already wondering what he should do after finishing *The French Revolution*, and wrote to his brother John: "Here, with only literature for shelter, there is, I think, no continuance. Better to take a stick in your hand, and roam the earth Teufelsdröckhish; you will get at least a stomach to eat bread, — even that denied me here." On the

evening of the 12th of January, 1827, the book was finished which raised Carlyle from obscurity — so far as the public was concerned — to an undisputed place among great writers. Though popularity did not come for many a year, fame attended him from this point onward. The French Revolution was not published, however, until June; and in the interim Carlyle's circumstances looked little more promising than before. A week after he had finished the last sentence, and handed the manuscript to his wife with a since famous and often-quoted speech, he found time and spirits to send prescriptions of cheerfulness to Mrs. Hanning. The "two strokes" of a pen on a newspaper signified to the Carlyle who received the paper that all was well with the Carlyle who sent it.

V. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
19th Jan'y, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — It is a long time since I heard directly of you at any length, or since you heard of me. To-day, tho' I have not the best disposition or leisure, I will send you a line: there are no franks going, but the post is always going, and you will think a shilling might be worse spent.

We are very sorry, and not without our anxieties, at the short notice Robert sent us on the Newspaper; however, the next week brought confirmation on the favourable side, and I persuade myself to hope that all is getting round again to the right state. Your health is evidently not strong; but you are growing in years, and have naturally a sound constitution; you must learn to take care and precautions, especially in the life you are now entered upon, in that huge den of reek and Cotton-fuz, when one cannot go on as in the free atmosphere of the Country. Exercise, especially exercise out of doors when it is convenient, is the best of all appliances.



Do not sit motionless within doors, if there is a sun shining without, and you are able to stir. Particularly endeavour to keep a *good heart*, and avoid all moping and musing, whatever takes away your cheerfulness. Sunshine in the *inside* of one is even more important than sunshine without.

I do not understand your way of life so well as to know whether the Good-man is generally at your hand; in that case, you have both a duty to do, and society in the doing of it independently of others; but, at all events, frank communication with one's fellow-creatures is a pleasure and a medicine which no life should be without. Be not solitary, be not idle! That is a precept of old standing. *Doing* one's duties (and all creatures have their solemn duties to do), living soberly, meekly, "walking humbly before God," one has cause to hope that it will be well with him, that he shall see good in the world. Write me a letter, full of all your concerns and considerations, when you can muster disposition. I shall always be right glad of such a message. In fine, I hope the spring weather will come and set us all up a little.

Before going farther, let me mention here that a Newspaper came to me last Monday, charged nineteen shillings and some pence! I, of course, refused it. I got a sight of it, but could not ascertain accurately from whom it was. Either Alick or your Robert, I thought, but the Post people had stamped it, and sealed it, and smeared it all over, and marked it "Written on," so that I could make little of it. The cover, I noticed, was in writing paper scored with blue lines: it strikes me it may have been the Manchester paper, after all, and no writing in it but the copper-plate on a piece of one of Robert's account papers. At all events, when any more Newspapers come, the law is that the cover be of vacant blank paper; likewise we will cease writing or marking except two

strokes on the cover, lest we get into trouble by it. I refused this nineteen shillings fellow; and they will be able to make no more of it, but it will make them more watchful in future. I mean to write into Annandale to the like effect.

The Doctor sends me word out of Rome that he wants a Dumfries Herald forwarded to him thither. I have not yet arranged that; but I am thinking of having this Herald (if the days answer) sent by Manchester, thro' your hands. I think it would reach you on Saturday. You could look at it, and send it on, the same day, whereby no time at all would be lost. The two strokes would always be a satisfaction. We shall see how it answers. If any such Herald, then, come your way, you know what to do with it.

It is several weeks since I had any direct tidings out of Scotland, except what James Aitken's address of the Courier gives me: it had the sign of well-being on it last week. I am to write thither shortly, having a letter of the Doctor's lying here, as I have hinted. The Doctor says he had written a few days before to our Mother, which has made me less anxious about speed with this to her. He is well and doing tolerably well, — getting what Practice in Rome a beginner can expect. The Cholera was about gone from Naples, and the panic of it from Rome, so that more English were coming in, and he hoped to do still better. You can send this news into the Scotch side when you have opportunity.

All people here have got a thing they call Influenza, a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable, and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing-offices, Manufactories, Tailor-shops, and such like are struck silent, every second man lying *snifering* in his respective place of abode. The same seems to be the rule in the North, too. I suppose the miserable temperate of climate may be the

cause. Worse weather never fell from the Lift, to my judgment, than we have here. Reek, mist, cold, wet; the day before yesterday there was one of our completest London fogs,—a thing of which I suppose you even at Manchester can form no kind of notion. For we are exactly *ten times* as big as you are, and parts of us are hardly less reeky and dirty; farther, we lie *flat*, on the edge of a broad river: and now suppose there were a *mist*, black enough, and such that no smoke or emanation could rise from us, but fell again the instant it had got out of the chimney-head! People have to light candles at noon, coaches have torch-bearers running at the horses' heads. It is like a sea of ink. I wonder the people do not all drop down dead in it,—since they are not *fishes*, of a particular sort. It is cause enough for Influenza. Poor Jane, who misses nothing, has caught fast hold of this Sunday last, and has really been miserably ill. She gets better these last two days, but is weak as water; indeed, the headache at one time was quite wretched. She has been, on the whole, stronger since you saw her, but is not at all strong. As for myself, I have felt these wretched fogs penetrating into me, with a clear design to produce cough; but I have set my face against it and said No. This really does a great deal, and has served me hitherto. I hope to escape the Influenza; they say it is abating.

The Book is *done*, about a week ago: this is my best news. I have got the first *printed* sheet, since I sat down to write this. We shall go on swiftly, it is to be hoped, and have it finished and forth into the world, say, before the month of March end. I care little what becomes of it then; it has been a sore Book to me. There are two things I was printing lately, which I would send to you, but there is no conveyance. I fear you would do little good with them, at any rate; not five shillings' worth of

good, which they would cost you. Besides, if Robert or you want to see them, you can let him go to a Circulating Library and ask for the *last Number of the London and Westminster Review*. In it he will find a thing called *Memoirs of Mirabeau*: that thing is mine. The other thing is in Fraser's Magazine,—half of it; the other half will be in the February Number: it is called *Diamond Necklace*.

This latter was written at Craigenputtock a good while ago. I see your Manchester Editor feels himself aggrieved by it, worthy man, but hints that there may be some mistake on *his* part; which I do very seriously assure him is my opinion, too. Other Editors, it would seem, sing to the same tune.

After this Book is printed, it remains uncertain what I shall do next. One thing I am firmly enough resolved on: not to spend the summer *here*. I will have myself rested, and see the fields green and the sky blue yet one year, follow what may. Many things call me towards Scotland; but nothing can yet be determined upon. If I go Northward, Manchester is a likely enough step for me; nay, perhaps the Doctor may be home from Rome, and we shall both be there! Nothing is yet fixed; we will hope all this.

And now, my dear Sister, I must bid thee good day. Salute Robert from me with all manner of good wishes. I have known him as a "fell fellow" since he was hardly longer than my leg. Tell him to be diligent in business, and also (for that is another indispensable thing) fervent in spirit, struggling to serve *God*. Make thou a good wife to him, helping him in all right things by counsel and act. Good be with you both! Jane sends you all good wishes from her sick bed, and "was grieved to hear of what had happened you." She will be better in a day or two.

Your affectionate Brother,  
T. CARLYLE.



The next letter, "a holy and a cheerful note" from Margaret Carlyle to her daughter, falls of necessity between 1836 and 1840, the year of Mrs. Hanning's going to Manchester and that of her leaving it. The statement that "Tom . . . has to begin to lecture the first of May, and has no time to prepare," points to 1837; for all the following courses Carlyle had time to make ready. This first series, with German Literature for subject, was suddenly arranged by a number of Carlyle's friends, — Miss Martineau zealous among them, — in the fear that, unless things brightened for him, he would be forced to leave London, "and perhaps England." The lectures were a great success; Carlyle *spoke*, instead of *reading*, to "an audience of Marchionesses, Ambassadors, ah me! and what not;" and the resulting sum of one hundred and thirty-five pounds, with the promise of another course for the next season, settled the household gods more firmly on their pedestals. In the words of Mrs. Carlyle, "Nothing that he has ever tried seems to me to have carried such conviction to the public heart that he is a real man of genius, and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate."

VI. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM HER MOTHER.

SCOTSBURG, April 9th [1837].

DEAR JENNY, — I have nothing worth writing at this time. We are all in our usual health. I have had little Grace with me these three weeks. Now I have to go to Dumfries this week to put some money in the bank for John, your brother. It is at Dumfries by this time. I told Mary to bid you write me soon and tell me how you are coming on. If you have not written, write to Dumfries. Do you know that Jane has been very badly? She is rather better. Thank God, her mother is there with them. She took a coach and went straight for London. Tom is in a great huddle at this time: you will know he has to be-

gin to lecture the first of May, and has no time to prepare. May God be with him and all of us, and as our day is so may our strength be, and may He prepare us for whatever He see meet to come in our way, that it may be for His glory and our good in the end. Our time is short at longest: may we have grace given us to improve it.

I had no thought of writing at this time, but Fanny Caruthers called and told me she was going to Manchester. She is much altered: I did not know her. Now, Jenny, I intend to see you this summer; I cannot say when, but if health permit I will come. If I am long in coming, I can stay the longer: it depends on Tom when he comes home. It will be June at the soonest before he can get away. I had a letter from him shortly which troubled me not a little, telling of Jane's illness. She is rather better, but still confined to her bed at last accounts, which was about a week ago. I had a letter of John: he was well then. Write soon and tell me how you keep your health, now this cold weather is come, and how is Robert. Thank him in my name for nursing you so well when you were poorly. I hope you are stout now. Take good care of yourself and be well when I come over. I long to see you both. I will add no more, but am still

Your loving mother,

MARGARET A. CARLYLE.

God be with us all, and bless us, and do us good.

Clap your thumbs on mistakes.

On the 7th of June Carlyle wrote to Sterling, "I cannot say a word to you of the book or of the lectures, except that by the unspeakable blessing of Heaven they are finished." "A few days after the date of this letter," says Froude, "Carlyle fled to Scotland, fairly broken down." That he lingered a fortnight longer in Chelsea, however, the following letter is witness.

VII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,  
20th June, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — I write to-day with one of the worst of pens and in the extreme hurry of packing, to say that I am just coming off for Annandale, and shall take Lancashire in my way. I think of taking the steamboat to-morrow morning for Hull. After that, I believe we go by Leeds and then to Manchester, where I hope to find you and your Goodman well. The times and the distances after getting to Hull, as we hope on Thursday, are unknown to me. Most probably, I should think, it will be on Saturday that I get to you, but it may be the day after, it may be the day before, for all is yet uncertain; nay, there is a certain Dr. Hunter in Leeds, a cousin of Jane's, with whom I may (though that is not very likely) loiter an hour or two. We shall see. We shall hope to meet all in order some how or other at last.

Jane is to stay here till I come back, her mother keeping her company. Jane, as you perhaps know, has been very ill. She has now grown much stronger again, but still not strong enough. Her mother hastily joined us when things were at the worst in the month of April, and will not quit us till we get together again.

I am not very eminently well at present, yet neither is anything special gone wrong with me. I want rest, and mean to have that now at Scotsbrig. I have got my book completely done. I gave a course of lectures too, &c., &c., and have "got all by" for the present. I seem to myself to require a little while of repose as the one thing needful.

A newspaper came the other day from the Doctor, indicating that he was well. He is not in Rome through the Summer, but in a place called Albano, not far from Rome. He seemed to consider it as not unlikely that he might be here in September again. He had succeeded pretty well at Rome as a Practitioner.

Last time I heard from Annandale our

Mother and all the rest were well. It is not very long since, — some three weeks or little more. They also reported well of you at Manchester.

Give my compliments to Robert. Say I mean to ask his assistance in buying a quantity of *breeches*, as I pass through that huge Weaving-shop of the World. I ought to get them there better than elsewhere.

Let us hope, therefore, that on Saturday, or some time near before or near after that day, I shall succeed in finding you at Bank Street and finding all right.

I have not a moment's time more. Indeed, what more is there to be said at present with such a pen?

I remain always, my dear sister,  
Your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

James Carlyle was now with his mother, farming Scotsbrig for her. Alick did afterward go to America, and died there. "John of Cockermouth" was a half-brother. "James Austin and Mary" are Carlyle's brother-in-law and sister.

VIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

SCOTSBRIG, 18th July, 1837.

MY DEAR JENNY, — According to promise, I set about writing you a word of Scotch news, now that I am fairly settled here and know how things are. The railway train whirled me away from you rapidly that evening. Next evening, about the same hour, we were getting out of Liverpool harbour, and on the following morning, between seven and eight o'clock, I had got my eye upon Alick waving to me from the end of the Jetty at Annan. It is almost three weeks now that I have been here and found all well, but it was only the day before yesterday that we got our first visit to Dumfries made out, and could rightly report about matters there. I fancied a newspaper with two strokes would communicate the



substance of what was to be said in the interim.

There has been a good deal of discussion about Alick and his going to America. He himself seemed of mind to go, but not very strongly or hopefully set on it. Our Mother, again, was resolute against it, and made such a lamenting as was sufficient to dishearten one more inclined than he. So now I think it seems fixed so far as that he *will not go*. What he is to do here one does not so well see, but it will evidently be a great point gained for him that he give up thinking about departure, and direct his whole industry to ascertaining how he can manage here where he is. Men of far less wit than he do contrive to manage, when once they have set their heart on it. Jamie is quite ready to go to Puttock and give up Scotsbrig to him, but I still rather think there will nothing come of that; nay, some think Alick himself does not at bottom wish that, but is satisfied with finding Jamie so far ready to accommodate him and keep him at home. He seems very tranquil, cheerfuller than he was and altogether steady; likelier to have a little fair luck than he was a while ago. He must persist where he is. There is nothing that can prosper without perseverance. Perseverance will make many a thing turn out well that looked ill enough once. John of Cockermouth is gone off to America about a fortnight ago with all his family. I got him a letter from Burnswark to a brother of his at New York. I doubt not he will do well. Clow of Land has his property advertised for sale; means to be off about the end of August, which also I reckon prudent. With two or three thousand pounds in his pocket and four or five strong sons at his back, a man may make a figure in America. James Austin and Mary were at one time talking of America, but they also have given it up.

We had a letter from the Doctor shortly after my arrival here. He is

well, living at Albano, a summer residence some twenty miles from Rome. He speaks of it being possible, or probable, that he may get back to England in September, but it is not certain. He will be pretty sure to come by Manchester and you if he come Northward. The rest, as I have already hinted, are all well and following their usual course. Jamie and his wife and two sons go along very briskly. His crops look well. He had his Peat-stack up (and mother's little one beside it) and his hay mown, though the late rains and thunder have retarded that a little. The country never looked beautifuller in my remembrance, green and leafy; the air is fresh, and all things smiling and rejoicing and growing. Austin is busy enough now with work. He had a bad time of it in spring, when horse provender was so dear. The children are well, — even the eldest looks better than I expected, — and Mary, their mother, seems hearty and thrifty. I mentioned that we had been at Dumfries. Alick took up our Mother and me on Friday last in a rough "Dandy-cart" of Mrs. Scott's with a beast of Jamie's. One of the first questions my Mother asked of Jean was, "Hast thou had any word from Jenny?" To which the answer was "No." Jean's child is running about quite brisk, though a little thinner than it once was; from teeth, I suppose. James Aitken has plenty of work, three or four journeymen. In short, they seem doing well. Finally, Jamie (Maister Cairlill) authorizes me to report that he this day met with a brother of thy Robert's, who said that the Peat-knowes too were all well. The day after my arrival here I fell in with William Hanning, the father, on Middlebie Brae, measuring some Dykes, I think, with a son of Pottsfowns. He looked as well as I have seen him do. The same man as ever, though he must be much older than he once was. The tea parcel was forwarded to him, or sent for, by my desire, that same night.

Our good Mother here is quite well in health; indeed, as well every way as one could expect, though doubtless she is a little lonelier now than when you were with her. She complains of nothing, but does her endeavour to make the best of all things. She wishes you "to write very soon and tell her how the world is serving you." She would have sent a word or two to that effect in her own hand, she says, but "having a good clerk" (me, namely) "she does not need." I am to confirm her promise of coming with me when I return southward, and staying till you tire of her. There was word from Jane on Sunday gone a week. She wrote in haste, but at great length, and seemed very cheerful. She will not come hither this time, I think. Her mother is to return home about the end of this month. Jane appears quite prepared to stay by herself. She has some friends yonder whom she is much with, and she rather likes the treat. Mrs. Welsh expects Liverpool people with her to Templand, and can stay no longer.

I have ended my paper, dear Jenny, and given one of the meagrest outlines of our news. You will see, however, that nothing is going wrong with us; that we are thinking of you and desirous to hear from you. Be a good bairn and a good wife, and help your Goodman faithfully in all honest things. He is a thrifty fellow with a good whole heart. There is no danger of him. Help one another. Be good to one another. God's blessing with you both. All here salute you.

I am always

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Meantime, while Jamie was building his peat-stack in "the beautifulest weather" that Carlyle had ever seen, Alick was setting up a shop in the village of Ecclefechan, and The French Revolution was beginning to take the English-reading world for its parish. The French verdict was for the most part

adverse. Mérimée, whether or not he agreed with the translators in describing Carlyle as *le phénomène d'un protestant poétique*, expressed a sincere desire to throw the writer out of the window. But Dickens carried the book about with him, Southey read it six times running, and Mill, approving his opposite, maintained that the much berated style was of high excellence. Carlyle, wishing to "lie vacant," neither read nor so much as saw many of the reviews, though he heard of most of them. One untactful friend sent him the opinion of a certain critical journal, with which he forthwith "boiled his teakettle." Much more than a pot-boiler was one enthusiastic review, although that function of his article was sadly important to the writer, for whom Vanity Fair and fame were still ten years ahead. Writes Carlyle to his brother: "I understand there have been many reviews of a very mixed character. I got one in the Times last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. I have seen him at the Bullers' and at Sterling's. His article is rather like him, and I suppose calculated to do the book good."

"Brigadier, répondit Pandore,  
Brigadier, vous avez raison."

Without regard to reviewers, and in spite of the cholera, the homely idyl goes melodiously on. "Jean and her two Jamies" are Carlyle's sister, Mrs. Aitken, her husband and little son. "Jamie of Scotsbrig" is, of course, Carlyle's brother. Betty Smail's short history may be found in Froude's *First Forty Years of Carlyle*, vol. i. p. 119.

IX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER.

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN,  
28 Aug. 1837.

DEAR JENNY, — Your letter to Mary at Annan got this length on Saturday night. As you appear to be impatient



for news from this quarter, not unreasonably, having had none for six weeks, I am appointed to write you a few lines without any loss of time whatever, — a thing I can easily enough do, being even idler to-day than common.

We were not so well pleased to hear of your fecklessness and pain in the stomach during the last fortnight, but we hope it is but something derived from the season and will not continue. There is very often a kind of "British Cholera" in this harvest time. It is even very frequent at present in this region, owing partly to the air (as they say), and chiefly, perhaps, to the new potatoes and other imperfectly ripened substances which people eat. Jamie, here, had a cast of it for two days just a week ago, rather sharp, but he is free now. Our Mother too was taken with it, — came home rather ill from Ecclefechan one day, — but by aid of Castor and some prime Brandy has got quite round again. You do not say that the disorder has got that length with you, but very probably it is something related to the same business. The only remedy is to be careful of what one eats, to take due moderate exercise in the open air, in case of extremity employing a little medicine. Cold, especially cold feet are very bad; but the great thing is to take care of one's self, especially to take care what one eats. New potatoes are very unwholesome for some people.

We are now all well here, and with the slight exception mentioned above have been so ever since I wrote last. Alick brought us news of you. Alick's news are the main ones I have now to send you. He quitted Aunan on Monday last (this day gone a week), and has been in the Big house at Ecclefechan ever since. I suppose he explained to you and Robert the plan he had of setting up a shop there. He has gathered himself together, and is all alive after that same enterprise now. We had him and little Tom over here all yesterday.

Mother, Jamie, and I walked with them to Cleughbrae in the evening. To-day, as we understand, he has got masons and actually broken in upon the house to repair it and arrange it for that object; Hale Moffet and his retinue having been got out. It is in a sad state of wreck, the poor house, but Alick expects to put a new face on it with great despatch indeed; and then, "shop drawers" and all the rest being provided, and James Aitken's brush having given the last touch to it, he will unfold his wares and try the thing in the name of Hope. We all pray heartily that it may prosper beyond his expectations. Ecclefechan is a sad Village: only last Friday night some blackguard broke 14 panes of the Meeting House windows. Fancy such an act of dastardly atrocity as that! But it lies in the centre of a tolerable country, too, and certain there is *need* of some good shop and honest Trader there.

I have seen Mary pretty frequently, the last time on Friday last. She is very well, and all her bairns are well. James has always some work, though seldom enough, and Mary is the brightest, thriftiest little creature that can be. They go on there as well as one could hope in these times. We had a letter from the Doctor, too: still in the same place, — Albano, near Rome; still well; uncertain as to his future movements or engagements, though it must be settled some way before this date, if we knew how. He seemed to think it very unlikely that he would be here in the present autumn, the likeliest of all that he would try to return next spring. The Cholera was in that country, but had not got to them. We fancy they will not fail to fly out of the road of it, if it advance too near.

I was at Dumfries since I wrote: up to Templand, and then again at Dumfries on my return. Mrs. Welsh came home several weeks ago, and had at the time I was up, and has still, her Liverpool friends with her. The house was very

crowded. I was not very well, and stayed only four and twenty hours or so, cutting out my way in spite of all entreaties. Jean and her two Jamies are very tolerably well: the elder Jamie a thrifty, effectual, busy man; the younger as yet altogether silent, staggering and tripping about, — one of the *gleggest* little elves I have seen. There is talk of her coming down to Annan this very week to have the benefit of the tide for sea bathing. Jamie of Scotsbrig, who goes up tomorrow to pay his rent, will bring us word.

The other morning, walking out, I met Robert's father at the "Lengland's Nett," coming down from Dairlaw Hills with a row of bog-hay carts he had been buying at Dairlaw Hills. He was hale and well to look at, and reported all well. I suppose he has been very busy of late; seldom were so many *roups* seen in one season; all the farmers selling off, none of them having money for their rent day; Land farm, and now all the stock, crop, and household furniture have been sold off. Poor Clow goes off for America on Wednesday morning by the Liverpool steamer. People are all sorry. The Burnfoot Irvings, or Sandy Cowie for them, have bought his land: £4000.

Betty Smail, bound for Ecclefechan, has been waiting this half hour till I should be done; I did not know of her when I began. The needfullest thing, therefore, that I can do is to tell you about our coming. It will be soon, but is still uncertain when. I should say in about a fortnight, — nay, in a day or so *less*; but it depends somewhat on a letter we look for from Jane which has not yet come to hand. Jane, you must know, after her mother's departure went into the country with the Sterlings, friends of hers. I wish her to stay there while she likes, and would get home about the same time as she; a month was the time she first spoke of, and that I have little doubt will suffice, — so my guess

is as above given. A newspaper with one stroke on it will come to you (barring mistakes) two days before you are to look for us. This shall be a token, and we need not write any more. Alick has some talk of coming with us to get his goods ready *then*, but I think *he* will hardly be ready. The butter and another firkin of butter has been talked of and will be forthcoming, but it seems dubious whether any of it will get with us. It can come before or after, I believe safe and with little expense. Mother will bring "some pounds of it" in her box. I shall perhaps be obliged to go back by Liverpool, and must not calculate to stay more with you than a day. My Mother sends you both her love (she is smoking here); she "will tell you all her news" when we come. Compliments and good wishes to Robert from all of us. We are glad to hear his trade is better. A glegg fellow like him will get through worse troubles than this. God keep you, my dear little Jenny.

Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

X. TO MRS. HANNING, MANCHESTER, FROM HER MOTHER.

[SCOTSBRIG] *January 11th* [1838].

DEAR CHILDREN, — I received your letter this day about mid-day. Then Alick and his family came here, so we talked on till bedtime; and now they are gone to bed. I am sorry to hear that Jenny is poorly. I intend to see you very soon; I cannot say pointedly which day yet. I am going down to Annan with Alick, and will fix. It shall not be long, God willing. I have some thoughts of taking the steamer. Keep up your heart, Jenny, and be well when I come. Trust in God, casting all your cares on Him. He is a kind father to all them that put their trust in Him. I will say no more to-night; it is late. Do you think the railway is passable?

I had not finished this scrawl when I received your last letter, of which I was



very glad. It is all well, God's will be done. I was coming by the steamer on Thursday or Friday. Now I will let the storm blow by. Now, Jenny, be very careful of yourself; take care of cold, and likewise what you eat. May God's blessing rest on us all. May He make us thankful for all His ways of dealing with us. Write soon. You may direct to Annan, as I will be there some time. Could you let Tom know that I am there, also, and that I am well? Now, bairns, write soon. You see I cannot write, though nobody would take greater pleasure in it.

Your own mother,

MARGARET A. C.

P. S. My tooth is better, though not

very sound yet. I forgot to thank you very kindly for the things you sent me.

In the two ensuing years Carlyle gave two more courses of lectures, both notably successful. Among many other new acquaintances was Mr. Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, who, with his two wives, was to figure so largely in the lives of Carlyle and his wife. Sartor Resartus was published in England, and republished in the United States. Chartism was written and printed. Other events of the same biennium were Mrs. Carlyle's "only Soirée," the appearance of Count d'Orsay in Cheyne Row, and Mr. Marshall's gift to Carlyle of a mare, — "Citoyenne" to be called.

*Charles Townsend Copeland.*

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## FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE.

ON April 2, 1840, eighteen American savants met in Philadelphia and organized themselves into "The American Society of Geologists." Within two years the association extended its field of activity, and added "and Naturalists" to its title. Still later other sciences were given hearing, and at a notable meeting held in Boston in 1847 it was decided to remodel the organization on the lines of a British association that had been a power in shaping intellectual progress for a quarter-century. In accordance with this action, the leading scientific men of the country met in Philadelphia, September 20, 1848, and instituted "The American Association for the Advancement of Science." Such was the origin of the leading American scientific society, a distinctively American body, meant to increase and to diffuse exact knowledge among the people; and its semi-centenary anniversary, celebrated by the meeting in Boston, is a Jubilee of American Science.

Scientific progress, especially in a land of free institutions, is so closely interwoven with industrial and social progress that the advance of one cannot be traced without constant reference to the other. Indeed, the statement of our national progress during the past half-century is little more than a summary of results and practical applications of scientific research. Fifty years ago our population was hardly more than twenty millions, now it is seventy millions; then our wealth was less than seven billion dollars, now it is eighty billions. At the beginning of the year 1848 there were fifty-two hundred and five miles of railway in the United States, now there are two hundred thousand, — far more than any other country has, more than all Europe; nearly as many miles, indeed, as all the rest of the world put together. Some of those who attended the first meeting of the Association made their journey, or part of it, by stage-coach or in the saddle. They met many

a boy riding to the neighborhood mill with a bag of corn as grist and saddle, and the itinerant doctor or minister on horseback, with his wife on a pillion behind; they passed by farmers swinging the back-breaking cradle or wielding the tedious hoe, while lusty horses grew fat in idleness; they caught glimpses of housewives spinning and dyeing and weaving with infinite pains the fabrics required to clothe their families; they followed trails so rough that the transportation of produce to market multiplied its cost, and carrying back family supplies was a burden: everywhere they saw hard human toil, enlivened only by the cheer of political freedom, and they did not even dream of devices whereby nature should be made to furnish the means for her own subjugation. Most of the mails were carried slowly by coaches and postboys; the telegraph was little more than a toy; the telephone, the trolley-car, and the typewriter had not begun to shorten time and lengthen life; and steel was regularly imported from Sheffield, and iron from Norway. The slow and uncertain commerce of interior navigation was the pride of publicists, and Chicago boasted a population of twenty-five thousand; a shallow wave of settlement was flowing over the vast interior to break against the bluffs of the Missouri, though the pioneers still feared to pitch tents on the broad prairielands, and chose rather the rugged and rocky woodlands skirting the waterways as sites for homesteads; the fertile subhumid plains, with ten million buffalo feeding on their nutritious grasses, were still mapped as "the great American desert;" the Rocky Mountain region beyond was a mystical land, yielding the wildest and weirdest of travelers' tales; California was an Ultima Thule more remote in thought and interest than are Hawaii or even the Philippines to-day.

Then, as now, the nation was in the throes of growing-pains, acuter than now, because territorial expansion was more

rapid: Texas had recently given its empire,—an empire of barren breadths and bloody bandits, according to the critics,—and Florida had lately come to us from Spain; Iowa and Wisconsin had entered the family of states, and Oregon had become a troublesome territory; and the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had just been approved, bringing California and New Mexico (with most of what is now Arizona) into our possession,—adding the care of hopeless deserts and the control of treacherous tribes and an alien population to the duties of an overworked legislative and administrative government, and preparing the way for the witticism, "Mexico will be forgiven all if she will only take back her lands." In truth, there was danger, painfully manifest thirteen years later, of disruption through overgrowth of the local interests and provincialisms always straining our theoretic union,—a danger happily removed forever a quarter-century later by the railway and the telegraph, which gave a stronger unity than political faith or governmental doctrine.

The progress of the nation during the half-century is beyond parallel. By normal growth and peaceful absorption without foreign conquest the population has trebled, and the national wealth has increased tenfold. The subjugation of natural forces has proceeded at a higher rate, and the extension of knowledge and the diffusion of intelligence have gone forward more rapidly still. This advance, so great as to be grasped by few minds, is the marvel of human history. The world has moved forward as it never did before. Yet fully half of the progress of the world, during the last fifty years, has been wrought through the unprecedented energy of American enterprise and genius, guided by American science.

It is to a great degree through special research that knowledge advances; yet it is by no means to be forgotten that the



specialty is but a column in the fane of science, and that arcades and keystones and swelling dome hold higher places. Worthy has been the work of specialists in the extension of knowledge, during the half-century; but nobler still have been the tasks of the fewer searchers who have been able to span two or more specialties, and to simplify knowledge by coördination. The solidarity of science is well illustrated by the work of the physicist Bunsen and the chemist Kirchhoff, both of Germany, who in 1859 combined their specialties (as few great men are able to do) and blent ideas in the invention of the spectroscope, which has revolutionized several sciences. By aid of this device, later chemists and physicists have discovered new facts and made some of the most important generalizations of the time; by its daily aid, the metallurgist applies the Bessemer process, which has revolutionized the steel production of the world; aided by a derivative device (the bolometer), Langley has been able to measure and weigh the light and combustion rate of the firefly lamp, and thus to gain a new point of view in physiology. Still greater has been the service of the spectroscope to the astronomer; for it has brought, as it were, to the test-tube and crucible, our sun and other suns, and the luminous planets and comets, so that their substance may be analyzed hardly less definitely than the rocks beneath our feet; it even enables the astronomer to read from the shifting lines of the spectrum the relative motions of stars long thought to be fixed. This application of the spectroscope marks the most noteworthy advance in astronomy not only of the half-century that is now closing, but of all time. No key ever unlocked sublimer revelations or more inspiring vistas than this instrument which opened the door of the New Astronomy.

A few of the principal advances in science, made in the last fifty years, may be noted.

Europe and America have contributed to astronomy, during the half-century, in fairly equal measure. The spectroscope was the gift of the older country, and some of its most brilliant products were brought forth by Huggins and other transatlantic students; yet spectroscopy was revolutionized by the American physicist Rowland, with his exquisitely delicate diffraction gratings and his marvelous mechanism for producing them. So, too, the photometric work of the Pickerings in Harvard Observatory, with its adjunct in Peru, and the star catalogues of the lamented Gould and his successors in Cordova, are unexcelled, while the best inventory of modern star science, *The New Astronomy*, is the work of the American astronomer Langley. Some part of the success of cisatlantic astronomers must be ascribed to the mechanical ingenuity which seems to spring up spontaneously with intellectual freedom, and which enabled the Alvan Clarks, father and son, to produce the finest telescopic lenses the world has seen, with no less excellent fittings. Yet there has been no lack of patient waiting and minute scrutiny of the stolid mid-European type, as shown by the half-century's discoveries of asteroids and planetary satellites and comets, of which America has done the greater part. The prophecy of American prestige in astronomy came in 1860, when Newcomb reduced the orbits of the asteroids to a simple system; and it is just now fulfilled beyond all early anticipation in a recomputation of the elements of the solar system by the same indefatigable delver among definite quantities. This work alone marks an epoch; the sun and moon and planets have been weighed as exactly as sugar and tea at the grocer's, and their paths measured as precisely as silks and woollens at the draper's. Most of the ships of civilized nations set their courses by nautical almanacs computed on the Newcombian basis; and the name of New-

comb is more widely known than the name of any other astronomer, and has brought tribute to America from every civilized country. Characteristically American is the recent work of Chandler, who, first following and then outstripping the brilliant Euler, has reconciled the discrepancies in latitude-records of European and American observatories, and discovered a new law of planetary motion, expressed in periodic wandering of the terrestrial poles. Equally characteristic is the work of Young on the sun, Newton on meteoroids, Barnard on comets, and a dozen others in as many special lines, including the suggestive results of Percival Lowell in his observatories on both American continents.

The genius of American astronomers has brought appreciation from laymen as well as investigators, and their labors have been rewarded by increased facilities; America is better endowed to-day with observatories and apparatus than any other country, — nearly as well as all the rest of the world. Most of our rapidly growing universities have their own observatories. A dozen years ago the installation of Lick Observatory was an event in the scientific world, and attracted such public attention as to leave little for the two observatories installed within the year, — Flower Observatory in Pennsylvania, and Yerkes Observatory, an adjunct of the University of Chicago. Fifty years ago astronomy was a sober and sluggish science, far removed from practical every-day interests, cultivated respectably in Europe and beginning to attract serious attention in this country. To-day its data are doubled and its activity is tripled; it touches industry and the public welfare at many points, and advances more rapidly than ever before; and a full share of this progress is due to American genius and industry.

Half a century ago, Dr. Joule, of Eng-

land, was engaged in a series of physical experiments, beginning with solids and ending with liquids, which indicated that while force may be controlled, it cannot be created or destroyed. Faraday, Helmholtz, and Grove repeated and extended the experiments, and through the combined efforts of the four masters in physical science the law of the conservation of energy was developed, and a new era in the history of science was opened. Half a century earlier, chemistry had established the indestructibility of matter, and incidentally proved that the material world is a world of law, and not of chance. The complementary demonstration of the indestructibility of force completed the groundwork for rational thought, and a phalanx of exponents and defenders of the doctrine of the uniformity of nature, marshaled under John Tyndall, was soon in the field. By timely chance they fell in with an equally vigorous phalanx headed by Huxley, who were expounding and defending the Darwinian doctrine of derivation, or the law of the uniformity of nature applied to organic species; and the joint forces quickly consummated the most sweeping intellectual revolution in history. Unhappily, ecclesiasticism was aroused, and for a time Tyndall and Huxley were denounced as destroyers of the eternal peace of their converts; but the balm of personal association soon smoothed the acerbities and aided in fixing the respective bounds of science and faith, and serious antagonism to applied physics came to an end. Meantime, the mechanic found himself in line with the thinker, the student turned from hereditary introspection of the supernal toward the new-found beauties of the real world, and gradually teachers came to be esteemed for what they knew rather than for what they conjured; practical men became thinkers, and thinking men became practical; industry was regenerated, and the real glory of the Victorian era began.



At first the law of the conservation of energy was not the counterpart of the law of the conservation of matter recognized by chemists; for the ultimate and persistent basis of matter is the atom, while the physicists held only that the sum of energy persists in the universe. Recently, Powell has revised the law in the light of generalized human experience, and suggested that motion, like matter, inheres and persists in the ultimate particle; and thereby chemistry and physics, and the other sciences as well, are brought into harmony. This rendering of the fundamental law of physics is accepted by several savants; it is in accord with the lines of intellectual and industrial progress, and gives brilliant promise as a means of extending conquest over nature. Physical science has been the giver of many generous gifts, but the goodliest of all was the gift of right thinking, which was a by-product of the law of the conservation of energy.

The formula of physical science came to America as a mariner's compass to a crew of maroons. Already a nation of inventors inspired by intellectual freedom, Americans were still blind leaders of the blind; for invention is impossible without at least intuitive recognition of the uniformity of nature, while without conscious recognition of this law the inventor drifts in a sea of uncertainties, making port only by chance. The newly formulated doctrine was seized and assimilated with such avidity that within a decade it was more generally understood and adopted in this country than in all Europe. Under its stimulus invention thrived and manufacturing grew apace: the crude reaper was made a self-raker, next a harvester or header, then a self-binder or field-thresher, according to local needs; the hoe gave way to the horse-cultivator, and the flail to the horse-power thresher, the neighborhood water-mill to the steam-driven roller-mill grinding for all the people of

a whole state; and the farmer learned to live by the strength of his beasts and the craft of his machines merely guided by his own intelligence. The mechanic arts were regenerated; steam was harnessed more effectively than before, and our railway-making and locomotive-building became and remain a revelation to the world; for within this year, 1898, European engineers have been compelled to swallow incredulity as to the rapidity of American bridge-building, while British promoters hastening to supply Egypt with locomotives have saved half the time required for delivery, despite the doubling of distance, by ordering from American builders. The tide of foreign importation was soon stayed, and then turned, and now American steel tools are sold in Sheffield and fine American hardware in Norway, while the products of American machines in the form of foodstuffs and fabrics are carried into every quarter of the globe. The characteristic of American inventiveness is its diffusion. Invention is as free as the franchise, and open competition gives life to genius no less than to trade. American devices (temporarily protected by patents) are so diffused that every citizen is in contact with the products of physical science and mechanical skill; everybody may have a machine-made watch better than the average hand-made product of Geneva, nearly equal to the tested Swiss chronometer; every family may have its sewing-machine and telephone; and every man, woman, and child wears machine-made buttons, pins, hats, and textile fabrics.

A typical American device is the bicycle. Invented in France, it long remained a toy or a vain luxury. Redevised in this country, it inspired inventors and captivated manufacturers, and native genius made it a practical machine for the multitude; now its users number millions, and it is sold in every country. Typical, too, is the bicycle in its effect on national character. It first aroused

invention, next stimulated commerce, and then developed individuality, judgment, and prompt decision on the part of its users more rapidly and completely than any other device; for although association with machines of any kind (absolutely straightforward and honest as they are all) develops character, the bicycle is the easy leader of other machines in shaping the mind of its rider, and transforming itself and its rider into a single thing. Better than other results is this: that the bicycle has broken the barrier of pernicious differentiation of the sexes and rent the bonds of fashion, and is daily impressing Spartan strength and grace, and more than Spartan intelligence, on the mothers of coming generations. So, weighed by its effect on body and mind as well as on material progress, this device must be classed as one of the world's great inventions.

With the advance of the half-century in simply applied mechanics, there have been still greater advances in the knowledge of the more obscure powers of nature, manifested in electricity and magnetism, in sun and wind and storm, even in vitality and mental action. Some of these have been made in Europe, but more in America. Fifty years ago Morse and Henry were doing the final work required to transform the electric telegraph from a physical experiment to a commercial agency, and soon nerves of steel and copper, throbbing with intelligence, were following the pioneer into the remotest recesses and pushing beneath the ocean; Faraday, the Siemens brothers, Helmholtz, and later Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) freely gave genius and toil; then came Edison with an eruption of brilliant inventions; and to-day time and space are as if they were not, and from sea to sea our subjects of thought are as one. It was but yesterday that half our world knew not how the other half lived; now both halves read the same items at breakfast.

Themselves harvesters after the experimentalists in physics, the early telegraphers were planters for Graham Bell, and the telephone came to carry the word of man afar, and the graphophone to perpetuate it forever, and thus to complete the annihilation of space and time as obstacles to the diffusion and unification of intelligence. Inspired by success in conveying thought, inventors sought to convey grosser powers, and dynamos were invented to furnish light better and cheaper than the world had known before; devices for warming and even for cooking, and for lowering temperature by fans and refrigerant pipes, quickly followed; and now the lightning is harnessed in our houses as the thunder is subdued in telephone and graphophone. Meantime, motors and transmitters were perfected, and electric transportation came into successful competition with steam locomotion, while the power derived from waterfalls and central plants was made divisible, so that units of power are now sold as freely as pounds of tea or sugar were fifty years ago; and a way has been found to counteract the concentration of artisans in factories located by waterfall or engine. The conquest of nature by electric power, gained through controlling an infinitesimal part of the vibrant atomic energy of our corner of the cosmos, has come rapidly, and so steadily as almost to escape notice; yet it is a marvel beside which the magical lamp of Aladdin and all other figments of Oriental fancy are as nothing.

In 1848 a Frenchman and an Englishman made advances in the new art of photography, developed partly by Professor Draper, of New York, a few years before. In 1850 a journal of photography was established in this country, and the art became the property of the people. Its progress well illustrates the growing solidarity of nations, for contributions have been made by England, France, Germany, and other countries,



as well as America, and parts of the same apparatus are often the handiwork of two or more countries. America's contributions to the art are characteristic in that they have reduced the cost and increased the use of the apparatus so far that every village and a tenth of our families have their cameras. Recent events indicate that a new field is opening for the picture-maker, and the next half-century may see advances much greater than those of the last; for while photography has been limited to luminous rays and to portraiture of external surfaces, Roentgen has proved the possibility of using other phases of radiant energy, and of depicting internal structures as well as outer forms.

Half a century ago Joseph Henry published the plan of the Smithsonian Institution, and his first-mentioned means of increasing knowledge was a "system of extending meteorological observations for solving the problem of American storms." So began a line of research which has added much to science, and is daily contributing to personal comfort and material prosperity. Of old the wind blew where it listed, the rain fell on the just and the unjust alike, and men recked no more of the hurricane than of the earthquake, for both were ascribed to malevolent and unavoidable fate. The dark confession of weakness still clings to those who go down to the sea in ships, making them the most superstitious of modern folk, and it crops up uncannily in the exemption phrase of even modern transatlantic contracts, "acts of God excepted." Against this blighting faith in the malign Franklin set himself a century before Henry, when he led lightning from the skies on a kite-string, and invented the lightning-rod; but the real awakening began with the Smithsonian Institution. For twenty years the work was little more than observation in Eastern cities, giving data for laws, but not the laws themselves. During the reaction from the civil war several military

men turned toward nobler conquest, and observation was extended and systematized in a science so definite as to confer the gift of prevision. Up to the present generation the principal contributions to meteorology came from Europe, and such names as Buys-Ballot, Buchan, Dove, and Delaunay were better known in this country than those of our own investigators, while so late as 1875 the data for Coffin's *Winds of the Globe* were submitted to the Russian Weikoff for discussion before they were issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Now the tide has turned. Generals Hazen and Greely and the civilians Harrington and Moore have built up the largest weather bureau in the world, and with the aid of physicists like Ferrel, Abbe, and Mendenhall have shaped weather science; while Langley has led thinkers into new paths by his studies of the internal work of the wind, and their application to problems of aerial flight. Much of the success of American air science must be ascribed to the accident of geography, which gives a broader field for the study of the atmosphere than any other nation enjoys, — more favorable, even, than the two empires of Russia. Yet geographic bigness is but one of the elements of American greatness, in this as in other departments of knowledge, such as engineering, geology, and anthropology. To-day a central office coördinates observations not only from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, but, through international comity, from Canadian territory on the north to Mexican territory on the south. The observations yield predictions benefiting agriculture and shipping to the extent of millions annually. They yield also principles which are enlightening the world, mitigating faith in Moloch and strengthening confidence in human might, and so preparing the way for still more brilliant conquest by generations yet to come.

Meteorology does not give control of

the powers of the air and the vapors within it (pseudo-science to the contrary notwithstanding), but only enables men so to adjust themselves to these agents as to gain benefit and to avoid injury; yet conquest over the immeasurable potentialities of the atmosphere is extending in other ways. Half a century ago gases were the most elusive of substances, seldom allied in thought to liquids save in loose speculation, hardly brought from the domain of mysticism into the realm of reality. Now the continuity of the gaseous condition with liquidity and solidity has been established for the more important terrestrial substances. A dozen years ago Cailletet in France and Pictet in Switzerland liquefied various gases by high pressure and low temperature. Dewar, of England, followed in a striking series of operations, liquefying gas after gas, until within a few weeks hydrogen — most refractory of the elements and the unit of matter — has been brought into liquid form, and the American Tripler has devised means of liquefying air in large quantities at limited cost. To-day scientists find themselves on the threshold of a new prospect opened by these conquests. The possibilities of future applications cannot be presaged clearly, but there are indications that they will equal those made through the control of electricity. Liquid hydrogen is only one fourteenth the weight of water; it boils at  $-238^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ( $-396^{\circ}\text{F}$ .), or only  $35^{\circ}\text{C}$ . above absolute zero, while liquid air is a little lighter than water, and boils (or vaporizes) at  $-191^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ( $-312^{\circ}\text{F}$ .). In the abstract the figures carry little meaning, but made concrete they signify that just as the astronomer finds himself approaching the limits of the material universe through the telescope and the spectroscopist, and just as the morphologist is approaching actual vision of molecular constitution through the microscope, so the physicist finds himself nearing the point at which the definite constitution of

matter must begin, — the real sunrise of the material universe, beyond which lies chaos only. Considered in their concrete application, the figures are still more significant. The uses of liquid air for wholesale cooling, as an adjunct in chemical and metallurgical operations, and even as a terrible instrument of war, have already been tested or suggested; yet the stimulus of discovery has hardly begun to affect the mass of inventors.

As doctrinal prejudice melted, and as chemistry established the continuity between organic and inorganic substances, the sum of experience and weight of reason wrought a revolution in thought, and the dominion of law over living matter was soon accepted implicitly, if not explicitly. The extension of law into the realm of intellectual processes came later, and more tediously and haltingly. A noteworthy step was taken in 1859, when Joseph Le Conte illustrated certain cases of interconvertibility of physical and mental forces. His exposition was republished and widely reviewed and discussed in Europe, where it inspired experiments and the making of special apparatus, — always the strong side of transatlantic research; for the European pioneer puts stepping-stones where the American lays a bridge. Meantime, Barker, after demonstrating the interconvertibility of physical and vital forces in 1875, passed into the higher realm, and definitively extended the correlation to mental force. Other contributions followed; and while there are still those who dread to lift the veil of mystery above a certain point, — perchance through confounding mental process and intellectual product, — the more vigorous investigators recognize the physical basis of mentation, and a science of psychology has arisen, standing to metaphysical psychology much as astrology stood to astronomy and alchemy to chemistry. It is represented fittingly in America. The consequences and applications of this advance of the half-



century may no more be foretold than those of others newly made; yet even if it mean no more than the extension of law into a new realm, and the replacement of chaos by order in human thought, it must take an important place in the history of science.

An important advance in chemistry was forecast in 1811 by the Italian Avogadro, and soon after by the Frenchman Ampère, through the discovery that equal volumes of all substances, when in the gaseous state and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules; that is, that the constitution of matter is connected with its own inherent motion. The discovery was barren until fertilized by the law of the conservation of energy, and became fully fruitful only under the skillful treatment of the American Cooke, who used it as the basis of the New Chemistry about the middle of the half-century. The advance marked the extension of natural law into a field long cumbered by the mystical wreckage of alchemy, and signaled the lifting of interpretation from the plane of the material to that of the kinetic. A new chapter in the history of chemistry was opened by Kekulé, of Flanders, in 1858. This was the discovery of valence, or the law of proportion under which atoms combine to form substances, — a far-reaching, though possibly not final law governing the constitution of matter. The laws of Avogadro and Kekulé yielded a larger view of the unknown; and by their aid Mendelejeff, of Russia, and almost at the same time (1869-70) Lothar-Meyer, of England, discovered that the known elementary substances fall naturally into groups displaying certain family resemblances, while the groups fall into series defined by properties of the atoms; and these facts were formulated in the remarkably comprehensive "periodic law," or law of Mendelejeff.

From the culminating point of view

afforded by this law the domain of chemistry may be surveyed, as was the domain of astronomy through aid of Kepler's law, and the endless actions and reactions involved in the making and decomposition of materials, in growth and decay, are found to be no less orderly and harmonious than the swing of satellites and planets and suns in our solar and stellar systems; chemists can now invade the unseen universe, and determine the properties of elements not yet discovered, as Adams located Neptune by formulas before it was detected by lenses. The power of prevision possessed by chemists, under the periodic law, has been established over and over again by successful predictions. Indeed, at a meeting in Toronto, last year, the president of a chemical body dared to devote his address to description of an element still unseen, and the developments of the year have justified his courage.

One of the results of these epoch-making discoveries was increased confidence on the part of the organic chemists, who, beginning with Wöhler and Berzelius, were cautiously creating by laboratory synthesis compounds previously held to transcend simple nature. Within the half-century the laws of the inorganic world have been extended, first to organic compounds, then to organic processes, and finally to the essentially vital processes exhibited by both plants and animals; to-day the chemist and physicist stand on common ground to sustain and explain physiology, and even the modern psychology which finds the source of mentation in cerebral decomposition and recombination.

During recent decades the applications of chemistry have multiplied and extended in various directions. The new alloys required for novel physical and industrial devices have been produced; high explosives innumerable have been compounded; and the chemist has coöperated with the physicist in liquefying gases, and with

the astronomer in analyzing suns and comets and the rings of Saturn. Meantime, chemistry has been brought into touch with daily life as an adjunct to medicine, and as a means of testing foods and drugs in public sanitation. Perhaps the most brilliant applications of chemistry sprang from researches concerning the hydrocarbons preserved in the rocks of the earth as records of vitality during ages past; and the coal-tar products have been made to yield dyes rivaling the rainbow in brilliancy and range of color, perfumes stronger than musk and sweeter than attar of roses, flavors more rapid than sugar and spice, and a plentiful series of unguents and medicaments, — indeed, every material requisite for life and luxury except food.

The contributions of chemistry to knowledge and welfare during the half-century have been many, yet relatively fewer and poorer than the rich returns from other sciences; and it is a conspicuous fact that few American names are connected with the greater advances in the science. While America's additions to astronomy, physics, geology, and anthropology have been of the first magnitude, modern chemistry remains a monument to European genius almost alone. In connection with this fact — perhaps in explanation of it — it is to be noted that there are no great chemical laboratories in this country, no institutions comparable with the astronomical observatories and geological surveys and natural history museums which have given prestige to American science.

Half a century ago geology was on the plane to which it had been raised by Lyell's law of uniformism, — a law which contributed much to the cult proclaimed by Tyndall and Huxley; and this plane was effectively expanded by the efforts of several American geologists. With singular perspicacity and pertinacity, Hall and his associates developed an American scheme of rock classi-

fication (the New York system), which was expounded and crystallized by Dana, and has since served as the model for the continent; and in an address delivered in 1857, though not printed for a generation, Hall foreshadowed the laws of mountain-making and other distinctive principles of modern geology. Thus, within the first decade of the half-century the earth science of America had come to stand well abreast of that of Europe. Checked by the social shock of the early sixties, research rested; but toward the end of the decade it began anew, and as exploration pushed into the Cordilleran region, where the Stone Book lies open, it sprang forward with unprecedented vigor. Hayden, King, and Powell in the territories, and Whitney in California, were the principal pioneers in the field, while Powell, Gilbert, and Dutton led in lifting the science to the third plane in its development; for, through recognition of the "baselevel of erosion," they laid the foundation for the New Geology, which reads earth history from the forms of hill and vale as well as from the formations and fossils of past ages. Within a dozen years the principles have been applied and extended in the coast plains of the southeastern states, where they have made both land forms and unconformities eloquent records of continent growth; while Davis, of Harvard, has successfully employed the same principles in reading from topographic maps the later chapters of earth history.

Meantime, the glacial theory, imported by Agassiz from Switzerland, rooted kindly in American soil, and soon bore fruit; Chamberlin, Shaler, Salisbury, and a score of others have scanned our incomparable drift plains and drumlins, moraines and kames, sand plains and paha, and have solved the riddle of the loess; and during the last quarter-century the records of the ice ages have been more thoroughly scrutinized and more fully interpreted in America than



in all the rest of the world. Meantime, too, geology ramified in other directions, and its applications multiplied; the second half of the nineteenth century is distinguished by activity in investigation of rocks and resources in every country, but especially in America, with its federal survey and score of state surveys, maintained at a cost of more than a million dollars annually, and enriching the nation at an indefinitely larger rate. It is fair to remember that the success of the science on this continent is largely due to the great continental expanse and the wide distribution of resources in the rocks; that the plateau region and the cañon country of the southwest furnish the best known record of geologic process; that the Appalachian region affords the world's finest example of a distinctive type of structure; that the glaciated plains of the northern United States are among the widest in the world, by far the widest of those equally accessible; also, that our coal and iron, gold and silver, oil and gas, and numberless other valuable minerals tempt curiosity and cupidity, as well as serious inquiry from sea to sea. While the opportunities are unsurpassed, there has been no dearth of genius to seize them; and while America may still take lessons from Europe in mineralogy and perhaps in petrography, the relation is reversed in other departments and in the principles of the science, and leading European geologists take frequent field lessons on this side the Atlantic.

Hardly a serious question as to the eternal fixity of species and genera and orders had been raised in scientific minds before 1848, save by Lamarck and a few other quasi-visionaries, while conservative leaders like Agassiz in Switzerland, Cuvier in France, and Owen in England were so deeply grounded in the philosophy of fixity as only to be the more firmly set by each shock of new discovery. Just ten years later Darwin

and Wallace independently announced the inconstancy of species and the derivation of organic units through successive changes; and the idea grew, until it wrought, within a quarter-century, the most profound revolution in the history of human thought. This effect was not due alone to Darwin's wealth of facts and uprightness of record, nor was it due in more than partial measure to Huxley's eloquent and aggressive advocacy. The discovery of the conservation of energy by Joule and Grove, and its exposition by Tyndall, contributed much; Lyell's doctrine of uniformism strengthened the movement in many circles; the extension of chemistry to organic compounds was a potent factor; the enlargement of the known universe by the spectroscope had its effect; while all these combined with the habit of thought established through larger associations of thinkers with practical men and with mechanical devices, so that the formula "the uniformity of nature" won common assent. The wide and ready acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine was but the co-ordination of knowledge already gained. Yet the revolution would have been long delayed had Englishmen alone contributed to it, or even men of Continental Europe; for, with a half dozen exceptions, the earliest and strongest apostles were Americans, with Asa Gray and Morse among the leaders. The free, vigorous, and trenchant American mind was peculiarly hospitable to the tenets of the new law; and it was accepted here as the foundation for the cult of science years before it was similarly accepted in Great Britain. Seen in the perspective now possible, Darwin's doctrine is but the extension into the organic realm of the laws of action and sequence which form the basis of all definite thought, and find their highest expression in that power of invention which enables man to dominate duller nature for his own behoof. Thus, the rise of the doctrine merely marked a normal and necessary

stage in the development of knowledge concerning the several realms of nature.

Made definite by the recognition of action and sequence, biology has advanced apace during the last quarter-century. The causes of most ills to which flesh is heir have been traced to germs and microbes, and modes of prevention and cure have resulted; the nature of sepsis has been found out, and anti-sepsis has been perfected with such rapidity that its leader (Lord Lister) has lived to see the average civilized life lengthened by months through efforts initially his own; and both medicine and surgery have been reconstructed. Entomology has traced the laws governing insect life, suggesting methods of successfully opposing physical force to insect activity, and even of opposing insect to insect in such manner as to protect and multiply the crops on which the nations are fed. Phytology has made clear the laws of plant life, indicating ways of fertilizing and hybridizing and even reproducing useful plants, — ways more economical than those of nature; while zoölogy is daily applied in re-creating and perpetuating needful domestic animals. The science of living things is too broad and its lines are too many for full statement in a brief summary; but its results may be summed in saying that it has taught man to control life almost at will, — annihilating it if bad, and preserving it if good, — and has enabled him to subjugate vitality to his needs even more completely than the physical forces are subjugated. As a science simply, biology abounds in problems of profound interest; as an applied science, its uses and benefactions are incalculable.

Half a century ago a shadow obscured a considerable part of the field of science, seriously obstructing its cultivation; it was the shadow cast by man himself, then held too sacred to serve as suitable subject for scientific research. In 1863 Huxley published *Man's Place*

in Nature, and an anthropological society was instituted in London and began the issue of a journal; eight years later Darwin published *The Descent of Man*. These events marked the gradual lifting of the shadow from science, the slow extension of the law of the uniformity of nature to the human organism. Contributions came from other countries; Herbert Spencer bent his fertile mind and facile pen to inquiry and exposition; America awoke rapidly; and within a quarter-century anthropology was regularly classed as one of the sciences. At first man was studied simply as an animal, and men were classed in races defined by characters shared with brutes. A notable advance was forecast when students perceived that man occupies a distinct plane, in that his essential attributes are collective rather than individual; and the American Morgan laid the foundation for objective sociology in his work on *Ancient Society* in 1877, while the Frenchman Comte formulated a subjective sociology, and the Briton Spencer pushed forward his imposing folios on *Descriptive Sociology*. Then came the creation of the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1879, and the beginning of the classification of the American aborigines by human activities rather than by animal features. So arose a *New Ethnology*, in which men are classified by mind rather than by body, by culture rather than by color; and the rise marked the most notable advance in the history of anthropology. Under this classification, the peoples of the earth fall into four culture grades, which are also stages in development, namely: (1) savagery, with a social organization resting on kinship reckoned in the female line; (2) barbarism, in which the social organization is based on kinship reckoned in the male line; (3) civilization, in which the organization has a territorial basis; and (4) enlightenment, in which the laws and customs are based on intellectual rights.



The principal advance in anthropology was distinctly American; it grew out of conditions existing alone on this continent, and could not well have originated elsewhere; indeed, it is not yet fully appreciated in any other country. Like the American geologist, the cisatlantic anthropologist found the finest field the world affords. With a population coming from every European country, with an aboriginal people of threescore tongues and a thousand tribes always on his frontier, with the denizens of the dark continent long chained to his footstool, with representatives of China and Japan and the islands of the seas constantly competing in his industries, and with a more extensive and intimate blending of bloods than any student had seen before, his opportunities for testing ethnic principles were unparalleled; when lost in the labyrinth of meaningless distinctions of color and hair, of cranial form and capacity, of stature and length of limb, and in need of new criteria, he was inspired to note what men do rather than what they are, and soon followed the physicist and the chemist and the geologist into kinetic interpretation. Then he found a third of the thousand aboriginal tribes in the stage of maternal organization, another third in paternal organization, and the remaining third ranging through transitional conditions of such sort as to show the course of development. At the same time, he found inbred traditions of territorial organization shaping habit and thought in the million immigrants and visitors from monarchical nations; and he alone had constantly before him the object-lesson of governmental control despite — and indeed by virtue of — intellectual and social and political freedom. Our physical progress has been great because invention is encouraged by free institutions; our progress in geology has been rapid by reason of intellectual freedom and a vast domain; while our progress in anthropology has

been marvelous because of the elevated point of view and an incomparable range of types both of blood and of activity.

The main movements made way for others, especially in connection with the aborigines; the sources of æsthetics and ethics have been successfully sought, the early steps in the course of industrial development have been traced, the beginnings of law have been analyzed, and the course of human development has been brought to light; and it is now known that the lines of human progress in the arts and industries, in sociology, in language, and in thought are convergent, rather than divergent like the lines of development among beasts and plants, and that the unification of ideas by telegraph and telephone and press is but a ripple marking the course of the great stream of human activity. The convergent lines of progress suggest multiplicity of cradle-places for the American tribes, as recently expounded by Powell, and still more for mankind in general. Endogamy and exogamy have been defined, in the light of careful observation, as correlative regulations among given peoples rather than developmental stages; matriarchy has been shown to be the complement of patriarchy, and not a rival of avuncular control; while the trite "marriage-by-capture" has been reduced to due place as an incidental development rather than a primitive condition of mating. Meantime, a sound basis has been given to American archaeology, as just attested by the award of the first Loubat prize to Holmes in recognition of distinctively American work. The view afforded by the recognition of the collective character of mankind has guided inquiry concerning the individual, and now bodily structures are studied as products of mind-led activity, while the brain is studied as a mechanism more complex, but otherwise no more mysterious, than the structures of plants and animals, or devices which men have made. So in the science of man as in

the other sciences the magician's wand has been cast aside, and the veil of mystery has fallen away forever, and the early shadow is gone from the field of definite knowledge.

Such have been a few of the advances in science of the half-century; the discovery of the persistence of motion, the invention of spectroscopy, the control of electricity, the discovery of the periodic law, the recognition of evolution, and the culture classification of mankind may be considered the first half-dozen. If summed in a single term, the half-century's advance in science may be expressed as recognition of the uniformity and potentiality of nature; while the applications are invention on the practical side, and kinetic interpretation (or interpretation in terms of motion and sequence) on the philosophic side. Most of the advances began in Europe, to be hastened in America, and a full half of the progress must be credited to cis-atlantic genius and enterprise.

In truth, America has become a nation of science. There is no industry, from agriculture to architecture, that is not shaped by research and its results; there is not one of our fifteen millions of families that does not enjoy the benefits of scientific advancement; there is no law in our statutes, no motive in our conduct, that has not been made juster by the straightforward and unselfish habit of thought fostered by scientific methods. A nation of free minds will not be selfish or cruel; and the sense of uni-

formity in nature finds expression in national character, — in commercial honesty, in personal probity, in unparalleled patriotism, as well as in the unequalled workmanship which is the simplest expression of straight thinking. Every step in our national progress has been guided by the steadfast knowledge born of assimilated experience. The trebling of population in a half-century, raising the republic from an experiment in state-making to a leading place among the nations, is the wonder of history; the thrice-trebled wealth and educational facilities gained through application of new knowledge are a marvel, before which most men stand dazzled at home, and wholly blinded abroad; the three times thrice-trebled knowledge itself, lifting the nation high in enlightenment and making way for still more rapid progress, is a modern miracle wrought by scientific work; but greatest of all in present potency and future promise is the elevation of moral character attained by that sense of right thinking which flows only from consciously assimilated experience, — and this is the essence of science now diffused among our people.

Since American science was young, the course of research and conclusion has been guided by an association of science-builders who have freely contributed their mental and moral riches to their younger and poorer fellows. This association has shaped the progress of American science, and its semi-centennial anniversary is America's Jubilee of Science.

*W J McGee.*



## NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICAN COMMERCE.

THE possibilities of extending the commercial relations of the United States with foreign countries present no feature more inviting than the suggested opening of Asia to the trade and influence of the West. China may be exploited under European methods, and even under European domination. With the fall of Spanish rule in the Philippines will disappear the last vestige of the exclusive colonial policy so rigidly applied by all colonizing powers in the last century. The effect of bringing into new or greater activity not merely millions, but hundreds of millions of producers and consumers, hitherto carefully guarded from the modern commercial spirit, offers a study of immediate interest and of the highest importance to this country. It is appreciated that the industrial power of the United States, applied to its remarkable resources and with its equally remarkable ingenuity, is now able to compete with other nations on its own merits, without the factitious aid of legislation conferring partial or entire monopoly privileges. At the moment when, conscious of their own strength, the industries of the United States are realizing the inadequacy of the home market, and the necessity of other vents to permit a continuance of growth, or even a continuance of actual production, a continent swings into view as a possible market, and many islands, of unknown because untried capacity, are placed within reach of commercial influence, if not of political accession.

China has held the same relation to the commerce of the world as have the Spanish colonies in America and Asia. They have been territory closed to enterprise and development from the outside, and the policy that controls in the one case differs but little in essence from that imposed in the other. Only a

superficial knowledge of the actual resources of China is available. A few ports in that vast empire, opened to trade reluctantly and under threats of or a virtual resort to force, and forming only depots for collecting what is sent to them from the interior or surrounding territory, have handled a large trade, but one that is incomparable to the vast domestic exchanges of hundreds of millions of souls. The merchant must take what is sent to him; but he cannot establish factories of production, control plantations for cultivation, or utilize the mineral wealth of the empire. The development under foreign direction and management, which has made so many colonies and states important commercial factors, has been entirely wanting in China. In an economic sense, she is to-day little other than she was a century ago. Her commerce has increased somewhat, reflecting the growth of neighboring countries rather than her own; but the details have remained rigidly fixed. Even in the few lines of production once peculiar to herself, the ability to compete has been impaired, as well in Asia, where Japan and India have used with such effect the resources of modern art and industry, as in Europe and the United States, where science has supplanted many of the distinctive products of the East. It remains true that China is yet to be studied as a commercial power, for her trade policy has been as strange and exclusive as her political régime, and may prove as weak when touched by some outside and more active influence. The administrative failure of China in the war with Japan may foreshadow a like surprise when her resources of commerce and industry are put to a similar test.

As little is known of the Spanish colonies, for they have been held to be exploited for the benefit of the mother

country. They were made Spanish markets only by excluding the products and shipping of other powers, thus forcing upon the consumers in these islands the manufactures of Spain. This was readily accomplished by framing the colonial customs tariffs on a double plan. Under one and a lower set of duties, Spanish products were admitted; under another set of duties, penal in their amount, foreign products were kept at a distance, and competition was out of the question. The same system of differential or discriminating duties was applied to shipping; and thus it happened that, as a rule, only a vessel flying the Spanish flag could find a profit in the colonial trade. The introduction of foreign capital was discouraged, and under the incompetency of Spanish agents any management entrusted to them was hazardous, almost inviting failure. While it was insisted that the colonies should purchase only Spanish manufactures, no market in the Peninsula was maintained for colonial products. The leading interests of the possessions were obliged to seek their own markets, outside of Spain, and in the face of the world's competition. Buying all that they consumed, even the flour for their bread, under a monopoly system, they sold what they raised or manufactured in open market. Only one product appeared to be favored,—Spain did purchase Cuban tobacco. The favor was illusory, as the tobacco régime was framed for the benefit of those at home, with little regard for the interests of the tobacco-grower. With these conditions, it has been impossible to gauge the abilities of the islands to produce or consume, for they must be tested under some system other than monopoly.

In the face of this ignorance of actual economic power, it is easier to take too sanguine a view of the possible power than calmly to weigh influences and estimate a new distribution of ability. Whatever have been the defects of the

commercial policy applied to these possessions and to China, certain lines of production have been adopted as best suited to the soil, climate, and form of labor. Like other forces, economic forces work along the lines of least resistance. It would be a long story to relate why Cuba grows sugar and tobacco as her leading products, or the Philippines sugar and hemp, or China tea and silk; but for more than a century these articles have been closely associated with those countries, and have fed their foreign trade. They come into the market with clearly defined commercial uses, for which experience of many years proves them to be best suited. Under a new control, Cuba will still send to the market sugar, fruit, and tobacco; Porto Rico will still offer sugar and coffee; the Ladrões will go on in the growing of cocoanuts; and Manila hemp and sugar will still form the contribution of the Philippines to commerce.

What may be changed is the relation of the native to the responsible producer, a delicate problem certain to arise in the Spanish islands. The introduction of foreign capital, and the extraordinary activity that follows the opening of a new and promising field of investment, will create a demand for labor very different from that now existing. The white races of Europe have found it difficult to live in the tropics, and they constitute a very small though ruling element of the population. Even when they have attempted to amalgamate with the natives, the descendants have soon lost their inherited energy, and dropped back into the ranks of the lowest cultivators or idlers. In this dilemma aid has been sought from the outside. Slavery, and subsequently coolie labor, prevailed in Cuba. In the Philippines slavery does not exist, and never has existed; but the native races have no initiative, and are subject to an invariable routine and discipline, such as the priestly orders enforced in California and Para-



guay. This rule is not favorable to economic activity, and little progress appears to have been made in using the resources of the islands. The Chinese have migrated to those parts just as they have crept down the Asiatic peninsula, giving an abundant and cheap form of labor. It is hardly desirable, however, to resort to them further, even though they now form the real labor supply of the islands. A European control of the Philippines might not be particular as to the kind of labor it obtained, but the attitude of Australia and the United States toward the Chinese is too pronounced to be modified.

A lesson may be learned from the policy of the Dutch in Java. Whether the conclusion could be applied to the Spanish islands is doubtful, for the system was adopted more than seventy years ago, when very different ideas of the responsibility of the state to its subjects were entertained. For many years after claiming Java the Dutch were only merchants in their East Indian possessions, opening factories and establishing trading-centres, but not assuming any control over the natives, or imposing upon them the task of cultivating the lands for the benefit of Dutch commerce. The mercantile company trading with the island was a monopoly, and almost held a monopoly in the world's supply of spices; but it was a commercial organization only, and not a political or administrative instrument. After the company had ceased to exist, the government of the Netherlands introduced a system of colonial management for its own benefit, not unattended with success. The government merely took the places of the native kings or rulers, receiving their tributes or levies, reducing these potentates to salaried agents of the administration. The king of a province thus stood between his people and the government, and acted as revenue collector for the latter. The levies were one fifth of the year's product, and one

day's labor in every five, from each cultivator.

In realizing the new relations thus entered into by Holland, the authorities directed that one fifth of the land subject to the levy should be devoted to such products only as found favor in the markets of Europe, as coffee, sugar, tobacco, indigo, tea, and certain spices. The commodities raised on this land were sold at a profit in Holland, giving a handsome revenue to the state, and feeding a colonial commerce of some magnitude. In course of time this system was modified. It was seen that the highest profits were obtained from coffee and sugar, and the government lands were devoted to those crops. The tribute of labor could be commuted, and greater freedom was accorded to individual cultivators, on condition of their selling one fifth of their crops to the officials, and even a larger proportion of the product at a mean price. At the present time the corvée applies only to coffee lands, and the exports of individuals far exceed those of the government. There is little doubt that this system has done much to build up the commerce of Java, and has produced a practical solution of the labor problem. The native was interested and encouraged in his planting, and the state obtained large profits through a long period of time. The decay of the sugar industry would offer one serious obstacle to any extension of the system, and private initiative could not apply its leading features to the Philippines without resorting to means but little short of slavery.

In each instance the native population is stationary in civilization. Indian, Chinese, and Malayan are alike in presenting few promises of awakening. A stagnating civilization is modified with difficulty, for custom has become well-nigh absolute, and determines even the particular activity of the individual in the community. In British India is to be seen a remarkable instance of such a

modification, but the results are as yet in an embryonic form. The mere conquest of the many tribes of that vast and varied empire was a problem of secondary importance to that of governing them after conquest. The occupation of territory sparsely settled by native tribes of nomads, or tribes lightly held to one locality, was a familiar experience in colonization, and the general course of events led to a solution acceptable to the colonists, however repulsive to the moral sense. The natives were exterminated or contracted into a few settlements, entirely subordinated to the newcomers, and protected in much the same manner in which a disappearing species of animal is preserved. They are not sufficiently strong to offer resistance to the change, nor are they possessed of such cohesion as to present a serious obstacle to being governed as wards of the nation, without any share whatever in the government or any voice in the disposal of their own property. The American Indian has long been in a similar position of inferiority, and the same conditions were found in Australia and exist in South Africa.

In India another set of problems presented itself. The economy of the communities of natives had become rigid through centuries of inertia. The rule of custom, absolute and unchangeable, was as opposed to the freer system of contract of the West as the mental attitude of the East was opposed to that of the invaders and conquerors. In the attempt to introduce into India the principles of government as understood in England, strange anomalies were encountered, not only neutralizing the good expected from the change, but producing such confusion as to give greater opportunity for injustice and oppression than could have occurred under the customary rule of the native princes. Years of careful study and intelligent experiment were required to devise a working system, and the process is still going on, for the subject now

bristles with difficulties awaiting adjustment.

A measure of success has followed this application of an administrative system to an alien and not receptive people. The economic consequences alone concern us, but they are necessarily connected with, and more or less dependent upon, the moral and social results. In place of diminishing in numbers, the natives are increasing so rapidly as to excite anxious forebodings in their governors. Now that they are freed from war, and relieved in part from the periodical recurrence of plague and famine, — not very long ago recognized as inevitable incidents, — few natural checks to the growth of population remain in force. Crowded as many parts of the empire are, the entire country threatens to become a huge "congested district" through the large birth-rate and the immovability of the population. The problem of employing this mass of humanity solved itself under native rule. A great part, ranging from eighty to ninety-five per cent, according to the province, was connected with the cultivation of the land and dependent upon its produce. The other part of the population lived by household industry, catering to the wants of a village or restricted territory outside of the village, and making and selling under the iron laws of custom.

About 1860 it was noticed that this household industry was suffering in many branches through outside competition, a factor almost unknown in India up to that time. The bazaars no longer dealt in native cloth, but displayed the cottons of the English looms. The metal-work of the Indian was supplanted by the products of Birmingham. The hand-workers of the East could not compete with the machinery of the West, and so they were gradually crowded from their markets and occupations, and driven to seek a living from the land, already tilled to its utmost capacity. The added burden on the agriculture of the country



threatened to produce a crisis, and would have done so had it not been for the phenomenal though temporary profits of cotton culture. The failure of the United States to grow even a share of its usual cotton crop gave India its opportunity. At the end of our civil war, India continued to raise cotton and to manufacture it on an experimental scale. Jute, rising into great commercial importance because of its cheapness and suitability for many purposes, gave another commercial interest and manufacturing industry. Finally, wheat added its somewhat uncertain profits, creating employment for many native agriculturists, and furnishing an article of export whenever the wheat markets of Europe were in need of a further supply. In this manner, after nearly forty years of slow development, India has corrected the tendency of foreign competition to crowd the entire population upon the land, and not only produces enough food for its own people, but is a large and increasingly important exporter of manufactured cotton and jute.

This record of industrial change has been dwelt upon, because it presents in a clear light certain difficulties to be encountered in seeking to develop the commerce and industry of such a country as China, where the conditions of population are not unlike those found in India. It is true the village community is not so important a social factor, and the population is freer in its movement and thought. The beliefs and superstitions of the Chinese have opposed in the past all attempts to introduce the mechanism of modern progress, and there is little reason to expect any notable reduction in this opposition for the present. The passive Indian permitted the construction of military roads, railroads, and canals of navigation and irrigation, with only a dim perception of what they might mean, and eventually with a ready acceptance of what they might offer. The Chinese see in works of a like na-

ture a violation of their most cherished beliefs, and a most potent agency for introducing and fastening upon them the influence of the hated foreigner. Concessions for railroads have been granted, and are being granted; and trading and mining privileges are still extorted from the court of Peking. The immensity of the field to be worked, and the local obstacles studiously interposed to the accomplishment of these undertakings, make a realization of the hopes of the undertakers somewhat distant and problematical.

Given the means of transportation, it does not follow that a new market of import or export would spring into being. Even the food of the Chinese, rice and beans, cannot be of European or American origin; and meats, one of the great articles of export from the United States, will find no market in the East. As to manufactured goods, at the very threshold of the Chinese market stands Japan, eager and able to seize upon every opening offered. It must be remembered, also, that at the peace Japan obtained the privilege of erecting mills and manufacturing in Chinese ports, — a privilege as yet unused, because of the determined opposition encountered. If a neighboring state, whose people are in a better position to understand the wants of China, cannot make its advantage from this privilege, how unreasonable it is to expect a distant and very alien people to get more favorable results!

Japan is yearly becoming of greater importance in the commerce of Asia, and with a twofold effect. On the one hand, her growing industries buy more foreign materials, such as American cotton and Indian yarn, English machinery and American petroleum; to that extent her progress is reflected in the widening commercial relations with the United States and Europe. On the other hand, this very progress serves as a barrier to extending the foreign trade of China with Western powers. The machinery

obtained from Europe and the raw materials secured from the United States are employed in manufacturing for China and other parts of Asia, at the expense of the countries of the West. More than that, Chinese trade suffers through the competition of Japan, the result of a more intelligent application of science to some of the leading products of that country. In any estimate of the commercial possibilities of the East, due prominence must be given to the ability of Japan to reap the larger share of any gain.

If the opportunities offered to American trade on the continent of Asia promise little, will such islands as the Philippines give better results? The market for our products will be small, limited to supplying the wants of a few white settlers. The native Malaysians do not make any demand for manufactured goods, and their wants are of the most primitive description. The supposition that the islands are so rich in minerals that a new population will flow in is one as yet not proven, and at best could not create a market commensurate with the predictions of those who believe that trade follows the flag.

Until a new population is introduced into the islands, and the industrial spirit of China awakened into activity on new lines, the existing conditions will supply whatever trade will demand. Before there can be such a development of commerce as the more sanguine count upon, China must pass through the same change that British India and Japan have endured. No merely colonial régime, in which the lands and people are regarded as plantations, to be exploited as Java and Cuba have been, will suffice. A great social revolution, one of far-reaching results, must be initiated and superintended until it is well under way. The lessons of the Dutch and English in the East deserve careful study, because they represent serious and on the whole successful attempts to solve the problem of ruling an inferior people in

such a way as to bring into force a latent economic power. If it is concluded that the policies of Germany and Russia, so far as they can be known, do not contain this fertile germ of colonization for the benefit of the governed as well as of the governors, those countries are not desirable occupants and controllers of Asia. If the extreme tariff policy of the United States is to be applied to such possessions as may fall to it at the termination of this war, the highest and most desired results cannot be attained. A century ago the colony or dependency alone had duties to perform, and duties almost entirely commercial; to-day the responsibility has been shifted to the mother country, and is mainly political. The creation of self-supporting and self-governing communities is the end of colonization. In this light Great Britain and Spain represent the two extremes; for Spain has never left a possession in a position of self-sufficiency. Only through revolutions could a stable government be secured.

If political control, with its many and serious responsibilities, be set aside, an alternative presents itself. An open port in the Philippines, it is urged, would give our exporters a fulcrum for securing immense benefits from the Asiatic trade. In support of this view the experience of the English in Hong Kong is accepted as conclusive. The plea is on its face a promising one. Since 1881 the tonnage of shipping in the foreign trade entering and clearing at Hong Kong has more than doubled in quantity, and the shipping of England has more than held its own in the increase. The actual movement of merchandise at this port is not recorded, and only indirect evidence can be obtained from the returns of other countries. As it naturally forms a distributing centre for the China coast trade, the returns of that empire should be first consulted. The value of imports into China from Hong Kong has nearly trebled since 1881, and



the same rate of increase has held for exports from China to the free port. The transactions of Japan with Hong Kong have nearly doubled, and are increasing every year at a rapid rate. So far the record is clear, and points to the advantages of a free or open port. No light is thrown on the principal point to be determined, — how far has England, or the United States, or Germany benefited by this increase?

Take British India, a possession that has much to turn into its commerce with its neighbors, and a decided advantage over distant rivals in geographical position. The entire export movement to Hong Kong, including merchandise and specie, on private and government account, was less in 1896 than it was in 1882, and the import movement had not materially altered, showing, if anything, a tendency to decrease. The mother country gives an even more discouraging showing. The exports of British goods to this Asiatic port have fallen off in value by one half since 1881, and the imports by one third. The entire trade forms but a very small item in the total movement of England's foreign commerce. The United States might be looked upon as somewhat more favored than the United Kingdom in its trade relations with the East, but it has not derived material benefit from this development of Hong Kong. The imports into the United States have decreased more than one third in a period of seventeen years, and the exports to Hong Kong have increased in about the same proportion. With this change, Hong Kong figures in the total trade of the United States for less than four tenths of one per cent, — a proportion hardly worth considering. Even Germany, with its restless and pushing commercial policy, passes over Hong Kong, and seeks to build up its interests in China itself, with only partial success. In the face of such a showing, covering a series of years marked by an almost phenome-

nal increase in the world's commerce, it is difficult to accept the theory of a free port in the Philippines as an agency to increase the importance of the United States in the East. Asia is feeding Asiatic trade, and will continue to do so without respect to any outside agency. Asia must cease to be Asia before the West can participate in its development.

The prospect of gain to ourselves becomes even less when the contingency of a partition of China among European powers is presented. If we regard recent experiments in colonization, that of the French in Tonquin must be taken as an example of a decided failure. No one of the benefits anticipated from conquest has followed the occupation of the land, and they seem as remote to-day as they ever have been. The genius of the French people has not shown itself in their colonial settlements, and the desire to exploit the new possessions by companies enjoying special and monopoly concessions has given a flavor of jobbery little creditable to the administration of these dependencies. A number of such companies, and a host of functionaries sent out from France to govern the colonies, have produced a policy costly and wearisome to the home government, distasteful to the people, who are not inclined to emigrate, and productive of profit only to a favored few. Whether in Tonquin or Madagascar, the result has been the same, and only in Algiers does France enjoy the semblance of successful management of a dependency.

The advent of Germany and Russia as claimants to a large share of the apparently moribund empire of China would mean the practical exclusion of the United States from such markets as should fall under the control of those powers. In this they would only be following the example set to them by our tariff policy, and our government would be in no position to protest while that policy remains in force. The pos-

sible union or combination of England, Japan, and the United States against the Russian and German claims, territorial and commercial, could only postpone the event, not alter the current of the inevitable. Germany might secure a foothold in China, but it would be not unlike that now enjoyed by France. She would represent an alien race, with no sympathies for the subject people, and more intent upon aggrandizement of self than upon the establishment of a dependency, to become in the future a self-governing state. An outlet for her teeming population, and a market for the ever rising tide of home manufactures, already dependent upon foreign demands for profit, would be her first aim. A purely commercial colony has little excuse for existing, and is more apt to end in disaster than with credit to the state recognizing it. Even England, with a vast and varied record in all forms of colonizing, cannot regard the Niger or the South Africa company an unalloyed success. Russia, with its genius for controlling Asiatic peoples, itself a power more Asiatic than European, will prove of greater political strength in China than Germany, but even less disposed to share commercial privileges with the outside world. Modern diplomacy is commercial and financial rather than political.

Under existing conditions, in which the United States enjoys in Chinese ports commercial privileges equal to those of any other power, the share of the trade coming to us is small, — only four per cent of the imports and twelve per cent of the exports. Were it not for silk and tea, the exports would be reduced by more than one half, and would be confined to opium, sugar, and a few articles so distinctively Chinese that they could not be obtained from any other country. With the gradual decay of the sugar trade, and the successful competition from Japan and Italy in silk, no decided increase in the takings of these

commodities may be expected. On the other side, that of imports, petroleum and cotton cloths give the greatest part of the values from the United States. In each of these articles competition is encountered. The Russian oil is making inroads into the Asiatic markets, but not to the exclusion of the American product. Japan and British India manufacture a cloth equally well adapted for the Chinese market, and it is believed at a lower cost than the American goods. This advantage, now slight, may be increased as the wants of the market are better known, and the cotton industry of Japan is better equipped in labor and machinery.

It is not in Asia that new opportunities for American commerce should be sought. A monopoly, even partial in its nature, of the Cuban and Porto Rican markets would offer far larger returns in a year than a long period of Asian trade. Not finding a market in Spain for their chief products, these islands sought others, and the United States naturally absorbed a good part. In sugar here was the only market; and under the stimulus of free sugar the cultivation of the cane was greatly extended in Cuba, often with American capital. In 1894 nearly one half of the entire import of sugars into the United States was obtained from Cuba, and it is stated with confidence that a continuance of a free market would have led to a growth in the island sufficient to meet all the needs of this country, or more than four and a half billion pounds a year. In tobacco, in fruit, in coffee, and in all tropical products, the two possessions now slipping from Spain could rise to any demand made upon them. Nor is this an idle boast, though savoring of exaggeration. The existing populations of the islands would not be equal to it, and the scheme of making them dependent on the United States, whether under a protectorate or as annexed territory, looks to the intro-



duction of a more active and less inert race, and the stimulus of larger capital, working for its own gains rather than for a band of foreign extortioners serving as the administration. The trade of a single year under favorable conditions in the past — and they could be only relatively favorable — has been six times the amount of the trade of the United States with China.

Nor would the advantage be only on the side of imports from these islands. The West Indies have always looked to the United States for certain supplies: flour and fish and such meats as are used, machinery, and wooden staves or box-shooks for packing their sugar and sugar products. The good quality of these articles was quite as potent in de-

termining the direction of the trade as any question of actual cheapness. Early in the century England sought to restrict the transactions of her West Indies with the United States, and inflicted lasting damage upon their interests. Spain has maintained the same policy in all its vigor up to the present war, and has sucked the life-blood from her colonies by that tribute and a host of similar taxes. The reciprocity agreement entered into with Spain in 1891 opened the Cuban market to American flour, and gave proof of the importance of that market to our millers. Apart from certain articles of luxury, the United States could hold its own in the two islands, and here will be found the true openings for our commerce.

*Worthington C. Ford.*

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## THE VIVISECTION OF CHINA.

THE great events which are creating such an excitement in the West Indies over the last shreds of the ancient colonial empire of Spain will undoubtedly have consequences of extreme importance, and become, in the fullest sense of the term, a part of history. But, however intense their interest, and however marked the change which they are certain to occasion in the equilibrium of the world, they remain altogether inferior in real significance to the revolutions which are taking place in the Far East.

War of some sort between America and Spain on the subject of Cuba had long been unavoidable. No less than a century ago, — at the time when France lost her plantations in San Domingo, and the republic of Hayti was born, — it was easy to foresee the rupture of the ties which had bound to the Spain of Cortez and Pizarro the insular fragments of the great hemisphere appropriated by Pope Alexander VI. The

various colonies were sure to break away, one by one, from their metropolitan step-mother, set up for themselves, and live their own life. Cuba and Porto Rico, sucked into the whirlpool of war, are but accomplishing their "manifest destiny," and fulfilling the prophecies repeatedly uttered by the historians of the last generation but one.

The progress of events in the eastern portion of the Asian continent had by no means been so fully anticipated. One might certainly have ventured to predict that there, also, populations long crushed by civil and military oppression would one day lay claim to the rights of free men; but it could never have been foreseen under what amazingly dramatic conditions the claim would be asserted. Our ancestors, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, would never have harbored, in their wildest dreams, the fantastic notion that Japan, the empire of the Rising Sun, would spontaneously

transform itself into a "European power;" European, at least, if not in language, history, and traditions, in the complete recasting of its administration, institutions, customs, and theories, in its devotion to science, and in its entire and unreserved acceptance of a policy based on observation and experience.

This is the great event of the century, — one which casts into the shade all the other occurrences of an epoch which has nevertheless been rich in memorable events. And it will be no solitary *avatar*; there are unmistakable signs that other transformations of the same character are about to take place in the vast empire of China, and in all those countries where inhabitants of different race, yellow, red, or black, are brought into close contact with the men of our own Aryano-Greco-Latin civilization. So vanishes that oft-repeated assertion of the ethnologists, that *race* is a final and irreducible fact, and that no possible progress in the perception of scientific or moral truths can ever prevail against it. It is from this point of view that the recent history of the Far East presents phenomena to which it behooves us to devote our most serious attention.

There are those, of course, who tell us that all these events are illusory; that the prodigious changes which have taken place in the Japanese world are a lying phantasmagoria and a vain show; that the national mind and character have undergone no real modification; and that the Japanese are sure to escape, sooner or later, from the sphere of European attraction. We hear them compared to savages, who, having learned in the schools of London or Paris the customs of civilization, make haste, as soon as they get back to their forests and savannas, to cast aside their conventional garments, and array themselves in the toggery consecrated by ancestral instinct and hereditary custom.

Such assertions appear to us to rest on a complete misconception of indis-

putable facts. The Japanese have most certainly entered into that realm of civilization on which Bacon and Darwin have set their seal; for if imperial caprice and the spread of bourgeois fashions have power to alter the external aspect of a nation, such influences can have but little effect on its underlying moral sense, its religious beliefs, its educational theories, and the essential principle of its institutions. But it is precisely these "foundations of society" which we have seen removed. Japan has been shaken to the very roots of its political and social being, and agents other than fashion or caprice have been called into play. Is not the suppression of the feudal system, and the substitution for it of a bourgeois organization after the European model, a fact of capital importance? And how complete were the changes effected is shown by the fact that they entailed a formidable reaction, and had to be confirmed by domestic wars, revolutions and counter-revolutions. The resistance of the *daimyo*, or feudal lords, and of the *samurai*, or lesser noblemen, continued for fifteen years, and assumed the proportions of a magnificent epic; while the shock of contact between the two societies was so violent as ultimately to shatter all the traditional moulds handed down from the Middle Ages.

These facts are no longer open to question. The amazing, and until very recently impossible spectacle has been presented of mixed marriages, — that is to say, between patricians and the proletariat; and of schools where the sons of noblemen and mechanics have sat side by side, and applied themselves to the solution of the same problems. Serfdom was abolished, setting free two millions of slaves, at the very moment when, by the strangest of historical coincidences, four millions of blacks recovered their liberty in the United States of America; and, by another curious freak of fate, it was an American, Commodore Perry, who, in 1853 and in the name of the



world's commerce, forced the opening of the Japanese ports, and thus became the chief agent in a tremendous upheaval. The tenure of property, the corner-stone of the economic system, was also revolutionized by the same blow. The land no longer belongs to the state, and peasant laborers become the virtual proprietors of the soil on payment of a tax of two and a half per cent. It is true that there have been some obstacles to the evolution of Japanese law in the direction of that Roman law, or "personal" privilege of use and abuse, which governs Europe; and the fact that speculators have seized the opportunity to buy up large tracts of forest, moor, and other waste land seems to open a vista of future revolutions. But, on the other hand, the remedy has grown up beside the evil, and the pretensions of capital aiming at an absolute sovereignty of labor are confronted by Socialism, with all the shades of opinion and tendency which it presents in the rest of the civilized world. So remarkable is the coincidence of ideas that the selfsame phrases appear to flow spontaneously from the pens of two Socialist writers, who appeal to the workingman, the one at Berlin, and the other at Tokio or Yokohama.

But the European art for which, unhappily, the Japanese have shown most aptitude is that of war. They have learned with astonishing rapidity how to handle firearms and bayonets, how to load and fire cannon, how to equip navies and conduct land manœuvres. In short, they have become adepts in the science of human slaughter. This people, in whom the old instincts of the Malay pirate still survive here and there, do great honor, unquestionably, to their military instructors, trained in the Prussian school. The Chinese despise the islanders of Japan precisely on account of their warlike spirit. They call them *Ou-hang*, or brutes, and say that the only two things they can do well are to give a sword-thrust and "make bang,"—

that is, let off firearms; and indeed, they had dismal personal experience, during the late war, of the homicidal talents of their adversaries.

The European influence which has been so potent and so subversive in Japan was bound to be equally so in China, and, whatever the lovers of set phrases may say to the contrary, it is already working, powerfully and effectively. But the enormous mass of the Chinese continental empire represents a body far more difficult to permeate than the archipelago of Japan, which is open on all sides. In the middle of the present century, when the kingdom of the Rising Sun had already entered decisively upon its career of readjustment, China, with a population at least ten times as great as that of Japan, was able to oppose a resistance ten or twelve times as formidable as that of the latter, to foreign elements of transformation; just as the color of a liquid seems deeper or paler to the eye according to the proportion of pure water with which it is mixed. If, as has been rashly said, China has indeed undergone no modification by foreign influence, it is because the government is petrified in the routine of a ceremonial ten centuries old. But it should be remembered that every essentially conservative government is, for that very reason, a backward government, one forced upon the nation; and that it is among the depressed masses that we have to look for its accomplished work.

In proof of what has really been achieved among the lowest of the lowly in China, we may mention first the great revolt of the Tai-ping, which may have been surpassed by previous revolutions in the loss of life and the general destruction which it entailed, but which differs from them all in having been of foreign origin. The men who provoked the conflict that broke out in 1850, side by side with the intestine disorders then agitating Europe, were all of pure Chinese

race. Rejecting the precepts of their official masters, these "yellows" were so influenced by the propaganda of certain missionaries, whom they but half understood, that they adopted the Bible as their sacred book, and caused parts of it to be translated. They raised Jesus Christ to the rank of their own gods, and recognized the Protestants of Europe and America as "brethren in the faith." They used reverently to recite the "ten great laws of Heaven," which are none other than the ten commandments of the Jews, translated very correctly, but with one addition: "Thou shalt not use unclean things;" that is to say, opium and tobacco. The communism of the primitive Christians awoke in them certain long-sleeping ancestral instincts, and caused them to proclaim a community of goods, and to devise a redistribution of landed property among groups composed of twenty-five families, who were all to live together on a single domain. For fourteen years they constituted an *imperium in imperio*, and they would most assuredly have succeeded in altering the whole equilibrium of the Chinese world had they not accepted the guidance of a wild visionary, who lost his wits under the dizzying effects of power, and who, after he had become one of the persons in the Holy Trinity, could deign to take no further notice of the affairs of earth. They also committed the mad mistake of recklessly attacking the European settlements along the coast. Europe, however, preferred dealing with the decrepit government at Peking, whose foibles she understood, and which was docile under her orders, to entering upon an untried course of wily diplomacy in order to reconcile her own interests with those of a transformed China; and troops of mercenaries of every nationality, commanded by French, English, and American adventurers, — Brethon de Coligny, d'Aiguebelle, Ward, Burgevine, Holland, and Gordon, — undertook to quell the insurrection in the interests of the Manchu-

rian government. Thus it was by aid of the European element that official China was enabled to put down a revolution largely due to European influence.

Now, however, fifty years after the revolt of the Tai-ping, changes of another sort have been accomplished, — changes all the more remarkable in that they could never have come about save by the consent of the entire nation. All over the empire railways have been built from city to city, under the direction of "red-haired" engineers; and the populace has *not* arisen and stoned these violators of the ancestral graves. The *Fang-Choui* — that is to say, the collective genius of earth, air, and water — have been dethroned at the bidding of a more powerful divinity. European industry has conquered China, launching steamboats on her rivers and erecting factories along their banks, and it is to Chinese workmen that the responsibility has been entrusted of managing and maintaining these engines of revolution.

Again, science — that genuine science which observes, experiments, and compares results — has penetrated into the Chinese schools; and the geographers among the "Sons of Heaven" have resigned themselves to the conviction that China alone does not occupy nearly the whole of the earth's surface, while the "barbarians" are relegated to nooks and corners. Students of every description are learning a new orientation of ideas: their horizon is widening; to the study of Confucius and other moral philosophers they are adding that of the savants and the economists of to-day; they are going on — it may be even too rashly — to reform their medical practice. All is movement and transformation. The very music of our European artists, to which the Chinaman was supposed to be absolutely insensible, has finally prevailed over his ancestral prejudices; and Canton, Shanghai, Fu-chau, already show a fine appreciation of the "music of the future." These are prodigious changes,



but they are due to the influence of a very small number of men. The foreign element is increasing rapidly in China, but as yet there are not more than twelve thousand civilized Europeans in the entire empire; that is to say, one to forty thousand Chinese. A quantity so infinitesimal would be utterly without importance, were it not that these foreigners, however lacking they may be, as individuals, in nobility and seriousness of purpose, are often, in spite of themselves, torch-bearers of learning and harbingers of ideas.

The nation is being modified to its depths, while the government remains obstinately conservative; that cannot be modified without going utterly to pieces. The examinations for the mandarin-ate are kept up exactly as of old; the clumsy machine cannot adapt itself to the complete change in its environment. This is evident from the fact that the capital of the empire has remained the same since the Manchurian conquest; whereas the political situation actually required the choice of a new centre of gravity whose defense could have been more easily organized. Formerly, no doubt, the strategic importance of Peking, the "Northern Residence," was indisputable, because the dangers most readily foreseen were those which menaced the northern frontier. The emperors of the Manchurian dynasty had always reason to dread the warlike inhabitants of their former country, no less than the Mongolian hordes who were perpetually descending from their high tablelands, in the attempt to thrust the Chinese back into the plains, and install themselves in their place. This is why the capital of the empire was long maintained so far to the north of its true centre, which is that "Flower of the Midland" comprised between the two great rivers. The mandarins had to leave the peaceable tribes to themselves, in order to keep watch over their turbulent neighbors.

Behind these neighbors there loomed, with the stern front of inflexible destiny, a power more formidable than that either of Manchurians or of Mongolians, — the Muscovite power. Up to the middle of the present century the menace of Russia was still remote. Encroachment along the seaboard was apparently much more to be dreaded. While the European powers remained separated from the Far East by the whole vast mass of the continent, they had every facility for approaching it by sea; and the countries which it most behooved them to draw within the sphere of their influence were precisely the middle and southern provinces, the estuary of the Sikiang, the bay of Hang-chau, and the mouths of the Yang-tse. These, then, were the threatened points, against which the main resistance of the Chinese nation ought by rights to have been directed; and if that huge body had still possessed organic life; if the official rulers of the empire, with their hierarchy of mandarins, had not been mummified inside the walls of their trebly inclosed city, — the stately sepulchre of the court, — they could not have failed to go forth and meet the danger, as their predecessors had done at critical times.

A move toward Nanking, the "Southern Residence," would have massed the defensive forces of the state near the chief centre of wealth and population. Had the Chinese furnished such an example of spirit and sagacity under the impending peril, the internal dissensions, which were so exacerbated during the revolt of the Tai-ping, would have been in a great measure avoided, and the mandarins would never have had to undergo the humiliation of entrusting the defense of their people to mercenary foreigners. Han-kau, the commercial centre of the empire, the depot for the products of all the provinces, might also have been well chosen; but from a strategic point of view — for advantages both of defense and of attack — the spot

indicated by nature was the city of Kiukiang, perched upon a rocky peninsula on the south bank of the Yang-tse, between that mighty stream and the inland sea of Poyang, and traversed in all directions by those navigable canals which have given the great trading-centre opened by the English to European commerce the name of the "City of Rivers." From this focal point, almost equidistant from Nanking and Han-kau, highways radiate in every direction, — some by river routes, and some by mountain passes: first, toward all points in the great river basin of the Flower of the South; then southeast in the direction of Fu-chau, southwest toward Canton, and north toward Kai-feng and Peking. But no! If ever the government, now paralyzed by alarm, should quit Peking, it would be to retreat toward Singan; or rather, into the interior, by the defiles of the Hwang-ho. Such a movement would be nothing more nor less than flight, — a final proof of irremediable intimidation.

And so, while the rulers of China, shut up in their palaces, are allowing themselves to be lulled into a fatal slumber by the crooning of the old formulas, events are taking their course. At the close of the Japanese war, the Emperor of China, who had been saved by the intervention of the European powers, turned over and went to sleep again. He was rudely awakened by a fresh calamity. One fine morning — it was the 4th of November, 1897 — news arrived that the Germans had seized the bay of Kiao-chau, on the southern side of the peninsula of Shan-tung. The choice was unquestionably the best that could have been made, and this important event was probably determined by the advice of the eminent geographer Richt-hofen. It is true that this bay does not open directly upon the Gulf of Pechili, and does not appear to command the city of Peking; but appearances are deceitful. The position of Kiao-chau

combines what would seem to be opposite advantages. Situated nearer the centre of China and its fertile plains than the towns on the Gulf of Pechili, it is at the same time more easily accessible from the high seas; and it also communicates with the northern district by means of a level region, extremely busy and populous, where nothing would be easier than to construct a railway, and where advantage might even be taken of the bed of an ancient stream to dig a canal which would require no locks. Kiao-chau would thus be connected with the opposite shore of the Gulf of Pechili, and would command two seas. If this natural highway were closely guarded by German troops, it would cut off, so to speak, from the continent all the mountainous region to the east of Shan-tung, and it would sever from the empire and virtually absorb the extensive territory comprising the great port of Chi-fu and the much disputed military position of Wei-hai-wei. Ten millions of people, together with strategic and commercial points of the utmost importance, have thus been detached, at one blow, from China, and brought within the sphere of German influence. Moreover, Kiao-chau is the natural port of a mining region extremely rich in coal, and a concession has already been obtained for the construction of several railways which will ramify all over the interior, even to the promised land of the Yellow Sun.

By way of parrying this master stroke, which for the rest had been delivered with singular ostentation, Russia took an instantaneous resolve; and, like Germany, she proceeded to seize upon the port, or the assemblage of ports, which offered the greatest political advantages to herself. As a matter of fact, it does deeply concern Russia to get possession of the countries which border upon her empire and its dependencies. Now, continental Manchuria, across which the Tsar's engi-



neers are already carrying the eastern section of the trans-Siberian railway, may almost be considered a part of Holy Russia; all that is needed being to add to the territory already annexed the peninsula of Liao-tung, a sharp point, running out in the direction of China, and aptly described upon the Chinese maps by the name of "The Sword." Citadels, arsenals, and formidable redoubts occupy the extremity of the peninsula, offering safe shelter to the Russian fleet, and easy access, at all times of the year. Port Arthur and Talien-wan are like two bolts which secure the approach by sea to northern China, and Russia can draw or withdraw them at her will. Being essentially a continental power, she can thus pursue her victorious march across the continent of Asia without having to double the peninsula of Corea. Russian invasion, in this quarter, wears the aspect of a rising tide. From Slav to Mongolian, from Mongolian to Chinaman, the transitions are insensible. The southern frontier of Siberia is being altered, so to speak, before our eyes, for a distance of thousands of miles; the fact being that the immense territory comprising Kashgaria, Mongolia, and Manchuria, which is being gradually Russified by the prestige of the White Tsar, covers an extent of fifteen hundred thousand square miles, — a territory almost seven times as large as France, and containing a population of at least thirty millions. It is plain that the balance of the world is going to be greatly affected by an historical phenomenon which at first sight seemed unimportant.

There is but one power, after Russia, which can aim with any chance of success at the permanent annexation of China, or even a portion of her territory, and that power is Japan. Stretching in a series of curves along the front of the Chinese territory, the Japanese archipelago offers a sort of preliminary step to the shores of the Flower of the Midland; and if the European powers

had not intervened to arrest the victors in the late war, they would soon have effected a solid lodgment upon the Chinese coast. But the fragment of the continent on which their hearts are specially set is the peninsula of Corea, which, by its formation and its position between two gulfs, seems rather to belong to the collective insular territory of the Rising Sun. Even now, in their childishly boastful talk, the men of Japan speak of Corea as belonging to themselves, and her merchants and artisans assume that their shops and factories will, in future, be erected there. Thanks to the possession of Liu-kiu, and the conquest of Formosa and the Pescadores, which form a kind of line of circumvallation, the Japanese do really command, in a military sense, the seas of Eastern China; and the development of Corea, with its ten millions of inhabitants, would but afford a new opening for the yearly emigration, which is already considerable, and must needs become larger and larger, since the annual increase in the inhabitants of that confined archipelago amounts to more than three hundred thousand souls. The treaty lately concluded with Russia appears to give entire satisfaction in the empire of the Rising Sun; for while stipulating that the sovereign of Corea shall continue to reign independently under the double protection of the two high contracting powers, the compact recognizes, and by so doing encourages, the commercial and industrial preëminence of Japan in Corea. That the colonists and speculators of Japan are in actual possession of the peninsula is proved by the tenor of this diplomatic agreement; and whatever may be the remote consequences of this move of theirs, even though it should entail a terrible convulsion at some future day, they will none the less have been the leading spirits, for a time, in a great political work.

Russia's attitude, in thus generously conceding to Japan the first place in the

Corean *condominium*, has been determined by the conduct of Great Britain, which does not seem, in the present instance, to have been particularly astute. England has never yet played, in the northern seas of the Far East, that leading part which she believes to be her due. In 1885, for example, after she had seized Port Hamilton in the Nanhau group, she proceeded to evacuate it, at the invitation of Russia, who undertook, on her part, never, upon any pretext, to occupy any Corean port. But we all know what such promises are worth. Hardly two lustres have elapsed since then, and Russia is already signing, with another rival, a compact implying very different views. England, meanwhile, startled by the transformation scene at Kiao-chau and the capture of Manchuria by the Russians, proceeded to demand her slice of the cake, and fixed her eyes upon Wei-hai-wei, under peril of wounding the sensibilities of the Japanese, who were still holding that witness to their triumph over China, and had hoped, no doubt, to keep it, in case the court of Peking failed to pay the promised indemnity.

It was no light thing thus to mortify a people who hold their grudges with peculiar tenacity, and to throw them back upon a closer alliance with Russia, — the enemy whom England has to encounter at all points, from Constantinople to Peshawur, and from Peshawur to Hankau. From a political point of view, this risk might have been justified by conquests of exceptional value; but Wei-hai-wei is absolutely of no value to the English, save as a station for docks and arsenals, and for keeping a close watch over the great neighboring market of Chi-fu. As a strategic point, at the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, Wei-hai-wei is very inferior to Port Arthur, which actually commands the inner waters; nor can it compare with the German Kiao-chau, of which the appurtenances and dependencies extend into the

very heart of the Chinese territory, and which is thus in a position to neutralize any movement from the interior. The very costly military station of Wei-hai-wei in no way augments the real strength of England, whose commercial interests all centre in the south, on the shores of the Flower of the Midland, and in the valleys of Sikiang and of the Yang-tse.

An unexpected event, almost grotesque in the sharp contrast which it affords to the usual slow phases of Oriental diplomacy, has improved, though quite indirectly, Great Britain's position with regard to Russia. The destruction of the Spanish fleet in the bay of Manila, with its inevitable consequences, — that is to say, the prolonged, and it may be permanent intervention of North American influence among the islands of Indonesia, — will certainly react, in an increase of prestige, upon that nation, which is most closely bound to the American republic by language, sympathy, and common traditions. There can be no question that in the popular imagination, of the Orientals especially, the Americans and the English, however different in many ways, even in the admixture of ethnic elements, are looked upon as sister nations; or rather, as one and the same nation under different administrations. Experience shows that, at grave crises, the two English-speaking peoples have outbursts of sympathetic feeling, — a sort of gush of mutual affection, not to say common patriotism, which is powerful enough at times to manifest itself in semi-official acts. A "Greater Britain," very much greater even than that of which the politicians were talking but yesterday, is looming in the near future. It is a fact of the first importance, showing as it does how the very shrinkage of the earth, brought about by the progress of science and by increased facilities of communication, has the effect of enlarging men's minds and of broadening every question. Contemporaneous history is far outstep-



ping the narrow conceptions of the Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine was reasonable in its day, and sufficed for a time for the political guidance of America; but it has been shattered once for all by its own indirect extension,—the very first act in the war of Cuban independence having taken place at the Philippines, or precisely at the antipodes of the Pearl of the Antilles. The world's equilibrium is destroyed at once, and Spain, France, the German Empire, Great Britain, Japan, China, Europe and Asia, are agitated alike. "America for the Americans"! How trivial the formula in comparison with that other, equally applicable to all races and countries, "A free land for free men"! History is making haste, and precipitating the consequences of previous events.

But what is to become of China herself, in this squabble of the nations about her territory? In the first place, it is quite evident that the four hundred millions of the "children of Han" do *not* constitute, for Europe, a "yellow peril," in the sense lately given to that term by certain pessimistic prophets. The Chinese have survived by many centuries their belligerent age. More civilized in this respect than the Europeans themselves, they do not believe that "iron is good only to make swords of;" and if they are compelled to fall into military step, it will always be against their own convictions that they engage in wars of conquest or even of defense. Mongolians and Manchurians will doubtless serve as recruits in the Russian armies, but they will never again invade Europe in independent hordes, as the Huns and the Mongols did in days of yore.

The civilized world is no more hemmed in by barbarians, as it was at the downfall of the Roman Empire. It is the barbaric regions, on the contrary, which have become rapidly diminishing fragments, melting like icicles in the sun.

But ought the term "yellow peril" to be understood as implying a different

sort of menace, and one much more to be dreaded than the first, were it ever to be realized? Will the countries which have achieved an "Aryan" civilization—that is to say, Europe and the New World—have to encounter the competition of the Far East in the labor market, under such conditions of inferiority that the centre of industrial and commercial civilization will be removed toward the Flower of the Midland, entailing a widespread material ruin, of which moral decadence will be the inevitable result? This fear is equally chimerical. Doubtless there will be great alterations in the balance of power among the different nations of the earth, no less than in the activity of their several markets. Doubtless, brute capital, ever eager to obtain the most labor for the lowest wage, will speculate as long as practicable on the traditional moderation of the Chinese and Japanese; but in the end there will assuredly be something like an equalization in the rewards of the great industries. Even now, we are told, the Chinaman in New York or Boston knows perfectly well how to secure for his labor the same pay that his white rival gets; while, at the same time, how many Irish workmen, Lombard *contadini*, and Russian *moujiks* are painfully striving to keep soul and body together, at famine prices,—prices quite as low as those of which the poorest Japanese complains! There will be no change in the relations of labor and capital save this: that they will henceforth contend upon a broader stage; that all social questions will be discussed openly, before the great public, with a full understanding on the part of the opponents that their struggle involves the disinherited in all parts of the globe. Everything now assumes an international character; and as the Americans have set out in the present war by enlarging the narrow bounds of the Caribbean Sea so as to take in the seas of the Far East, so every labor crisis

hereafter, every strike and lockout, every lowering or raising of wages, will be propagated from country to country, as far as the ends of the earth. What passes in China or Japan will affect Europe and America; and the events which take place among ourselves will make part of the history of our autochthones.

Thus, all things lead us back to the larger human question: the shock of navies in the Chinese seas; annexations

of territory consummated by this power or that, to the detriment of the Flower of the Midland; commercial and industrial societies, founded upon the European model, in lands but lately closed to the "barbarian," — all those facts, in short, of contemporary life which in their rapid succession help to confront us with that supreme problem of "bread and justice for all," which each one of us is bound to study for himself.

*Elisée Reclus.*

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### PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

THE recent visit of Prince Kropotkin to America has called attention anew to one of the most remarkable men of this generation. The career of perhaps no other man living has been so striking in its contrasts. An aristocrat by birth, he deliberately sacrificed great wealth and high position to become a revolutionist and a refugee, exchanging the favor of the Russian court for a prison cell and perpetual exile. He has won fame in two directions, — as an explorer and a scientist, and as the foremost of the communist Anarchists. From whatever point of view, his personality and his work are an interesting study.

Prince Peter Kropotkin was born in Moscow, December 9, 1842. His family, descended from the house of Rurik, belongs to the older or Moscow aristocracy, and is of a more ancient stock than the reigning dynasty of the Romanoffs. It used to be said by his intimates that Kropotkin had a much better claim to the throne than Alexander II., "who was only a German." Prince Kropotkin's father, General Alexander Kropotkin, held a prominent position in the military service of the Tsar. He was essentially a soldier, with the strength and defects of the military temper. His ambition for his son was a career in

the army; nothing else seemed to him worth while. For the life of the civilian he felt a sort of contempt, and the tastes and accomplishments of the scholar he could not understand. When the prince wished to take lessons in music, his father said roughly that all a man needed to know about music was how to turn the pages for a lady. Skill in horsemanship was better than any amount of knowledge. His mother, who died while he was very young, was of a different disposition. She was a highly educated woman, possessing remarkable intellectual powers and much personal beauty. Her character was so lovable that the serfs of the estate were devoted to her; her unselfishness, her delicate consideration for others, won all hearts. Prince Kropotkin is his mother's son. According to the traditions of the family, he closely resembles his maternal grandfather and uncles. When his father married again, some of the household servants hinted to the newcomer that she should treat the children with special care. As may be imagined, this did not promote domestic peace. Kropotkin was at this time about five and a half years of age, his brother Alexander was a year older, and another brother, Nicholas, and a sister, Helen, were older still.



At the age of eight the prince was enrolled in the school of the pages at St. Petersburg, and at the age of fifteen he became a pupil in the school, which was open only to the sons of nobility. He was a favorite among his comrades and in the court circle. An honorable career in the government service was expected for him by his friends, as a matter of course. His life would very likely resemble that of his first cousin, Prince Dmitri Kropotkin, who was an aide-de-camp to the Emperor, then governor-general of Korao at the age of thirty, and afterward governor-general of Kharkoff. During the four years spent in the school of the pages young Kropotkin distinguished himself in his studies, and his distaste for a military life became pronounced; but he well knew that his father would not permit him to follow his natural bent and enter the university. At this time the early liberal tendencies of Alexander II. were in the ascendant, and the spirit of reform was in the air. Kropotkin, in sympathy with this spirit, believed implicitly that the Tsar was determined to do away with administrative abuses, and give constitutional freedom to his subjects. The more remote parts of the empire offered a wide field to any one who cared to take part in the prosecution of these reforms. When, therefore, the time came for him to decide upon his future, Prince Kropotkin, to the amazement of his friends and the displeasure of his father, enrolled himself as a lieutenant in the Cossacks of the Amur, choosing a service far from brilliant or attractive. General Kropotkin was only partially reconciled to this action of his son when the words of the Emperor to the young prince were reported to him. "Go," said Alexander. "One can be useful anywhere."

A congenial task awaited him. General Kukel, governor-general of Transbaikalia, a province of Eastern Siberia, received orders from St. Petersburg to

prepare a report on the prisons of the province, and the duty was assigned to Kropotkin, who was an aide to the governor. The horrors that this investigation revealed were appalling. The cruelty and corruption of the prison officials would have convinced him of the hopelessness of reform, had he not had faith in the Tsar. He still thought that when the Emperor knew of these abuses they would cease forever. But this sanguine expectation was doomed to disappointment. Alexander II. was now weary of a liberal policy. General Kukel was removed from office, his successor was opposed to any changes for the better, and the report on the prison system was pigeonholed, and never heard from thereafter. A scheme for local government which Kropotkin had helped to formulate was unceremoniously rejected. Utterly disheartened, he turned away for the time from further attempting to lessen the wretchedness about him. Appointed attaché for Cossacks' affairs to the governor-general of Eastern Siberia, he undertook a series of explorations into the most remote regions of the empire, and even into China. He crossed North Manchuria from Transbaikalia to the Amur by way of Mergen, and in the same year was on board the first steamboat which made its way up the Sungari to Girin. On these and other expeditions he was sometimes shut off for months from communication with the civilized world; but he endured hardships with a cheerful courage which won for him the enthusiastic admiration and affection of his rough companions. He devoted himself, with the trained powers of the man of science, to the painstaking study of the natural features of the regions that he visited. The accounts of these expeditions were published subsequently in the proceedings of the Russian and Siberian Geographical Society. After five years in Siberia he returned to St. Petersburg, with an established reputation as an explorer and

a scientist, although he was but twenty-five years of age. He had given himself unreservedly to the cause of administrative reform, and had discovered that his best efforts had been in vain. He then turned to science for consolation and occupation.

On his arrival at St. Petersburg Prince Kropotkin was warmly received. Although the favor of the Tsar toward him was already waning, he was popular in the court circle. He was made a chamberlain to the Tsarina; decorations were bestowed upon him, and he was made the recipient of many attentions. His brilliant conversation and charming manners won friends for him everywhere. Interesting tales were current of his daring and chivalrous exploits in Siberia. All sorts of romantic adventures were attributed to him. On account of his conspicuous services to science, he was elected a member of the Geographical Society, and later the secretary of the Physical Geography section of the society. He was a student for four years at the University of St. Petersburg, where he won distinction in the mathematical department. His father disapproved strongly of his course in entering the university, and emphasized his disapproval by withholding from that time the least contribution to his support, but there was no formal rupture between father and son. He and his brother Alexander, who was also a student, supported themselves by writing for the press and by teaching. After completing his university course, Prince Kropotkin was sent by the Geographical Society to Finland to investigate certain geological phenomena. It was his ambition at this time to be appointed secretary of the Geographical Society, a position which would give him congenial occupation and assure him a livelihood. He was offered the coveted appointment while in Finland, but the offer came too late; an inward change made its acceptance impossible. The

condition of the Finnish peasantry was most pitiable. Abject poverty and hopeless suffering abounded everywhere. The sight of this misery made an irresistible appeal to the heart of the young prince. What could geology do for the relief of these poor people? Love for his fellow men was stronger in him than love for science, and the stronger love prevailed. At about this time news came of the death of General Kropotkin, and his son became the inheritor of a large fortune in his own right. He decided to accept this inheritance, but to use it only for the good of mankind. The inward command to devote himself to the cause of human liberty had grown, until now its sway over him was absolute and destined to be permanent.

But what was to be done? He had made trial of administrative reform and found it impossible. He must have some positive programme, some definite scheme of social reconstruction. The Paris Commune of 1871 had an influence on the revolutionary movement in Russia and in other countries. To Kropotkin, the Commune, despite its overthrow, seemed to demonstrate the ability of the people to cast off the yoke of oppression, and to assert their own sovereignty. In the spring of 1872 he visited Belgium and Switzerland, and came into contact with the International Workingmen's Association. It will be recalled that there were two parties in this famous revolutionary organization, each of which was struggling for supremacy: the Socialist party, led by Karl Marx, and the Anarchist party, led by Bakunin. Kropotkin was at first inclined toward the Socialists, but soon found his faith and work with the Anarchists. This was not a case of sudden conversion, — an aristocrat and a scholar one day becoming the next day a democrat and a revolutionist. When Kropotkin embraced the Anarchist doctrine, he simply took the final step in a process which began in his youth. It is not



difficult to understand why Anarchism should have attracted him rather than Socialism. The Russian government was the embodiment of the principle of centralized authority; since under this government the people were oppressed, and reform was impossible, the only effectual remedy was to sweep away government altogether. But the Socialists under Marx proposed to establish the Socialist régime and maintain it through a Socialist state; they clung to the principle of centralization, and carried it to its furthest limit. That programme, as Kropotkin regarded it, meant the breaking of old fetters only to substitute new ones.

He could now devote himself to a definite propaganda. He returned to St. Petersburg, and was admitted to membership in the revolutionary party known as the Tchaikovsky. He drew up the plan of organization and the programme of the party, but he was not at this time, nor ever in his life, connected with any conspiracy. Indeed, the revolutionists had not yet been driven to engage in the policy of terrorism sometimes called the "propaganda of the deed." It was a campaign of education upon which Kropotkin entered. His gift of popular speech fitted him for effective work of this kind. Under the assumed name of Borodin, he began to lecture to workmen upon the history of the International Association and the principles of the revolutionary movement. They listened to him with the greatest interest, and spread the news of the agitation among their fellows in the Alexander-Nevsky district of the city. The only crime Kropotkin committed was to have radical convictions regarding the cause of and the cure for social injustice, and to utter his convictions freely. The despotism, however, with perfect consistency, recognized free speech as its most formidable foe. Borodin was, of course, a seditious character, and it was not long before he discovered that the police were on his track; but he was able to

evade them until the lectures were finished. He was then about to go into the country in the disguise of an itinerant artist, to continue the agitation among the peasants, when he was pointed out to a policeman on the street, one day, by a workingman who had been bribed to betray him. Borodin at first refused to disclose his real name, but his landlady was the innocent means of revealing to the authorities that their captive was Prince Kropotkin. His arrest occurred in March, 1874, when he was thirty-two years old. He was never tried, but was imprisoned in the bastille of St. Petersburg, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he remained for more than two years. The news that one of the most eminent scientific men and best known noblemen in the empire was a political prisoner caused a great sensation. The Tsar himself was profoundly moved. The most subtle and persistent persuasions were used by persons of the highest rank, who visited Kropotkin in his confinement, to induce him to abandon his errors, but without effect. His cell, which was in a casemate, was badly lighted, imperfectly ventilated, and never free from dampness. The food was almost intolerable. Little wonder that he fell ill, and that his health became permanently impaired. To the day of his death, he will never be free from the terrible effects of that imprisonment.

In addition to his bodily suffering, Prince Kropotkin was racked with anxiety concerning the fate of his brother Alexander, who was in Switzerland at the time of the arrest. On hearing what had happened, Alexander Kropotkin hastened home. Knowing that it was idle to work for the release of his brother, he strove to secure some mitigation of the hardships of his situation. His request that books and writing material be given to the prisoner was seconded by the Geographical Society, and was finally granted. Thus it came about that a large part of Kropotkin's great-

est scientific work, a treatise on the Glacial Period, — subsequently published in the proceedings of the Geographical Society, — was written within prison walls. Alexander Kropotkin was not sparing in his denunciation of the government for its treatment of his brother. A letter which he wrote fell into the hands of the police. No other incriminating papers were found, and there was no other evidence against him. Yet he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to exile in Siberia. While in prison word was brought him that one of his children was dying. He asked permission to go to the child and bid it a last farewell: he would promise, as a man of honor, to come back; they might send with him as large a guard as they pleased. But his request was refused. After twelve years of exile, Alexander Kropotkin sought the only relief possible to him, and took his own life.

The report of his brother's arrest reached Prince Kropotkin, but all information as to his fate was denied him. After he had spent more than two years in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, his illness became so serious that, most fortunately, he was transferred to the military hospital. Forthwith he began to devise plans for escape. He feigned the greatest weakness, so as to lessen the watchfulness of the officers, and he established communication by ingenious methods with friends on the outside. Every day he was permitted to walk in the court-yard, and then, if at all, was his opportunity for escape. At this time of year the winter's supply of wood was being taken in, and the gate was open. He worked out with thorough care the chances of being shot by the sentinel at the critical instant, and he concluded that they were in favor of escape. He determined by a delicate calculation the point in the march of the sentinel most timely for his making the rush to the gate. Friends without were to have a carriage in waiting, and the signal was

to be given by sending up a red air-ball. The appointed day came, but, when too late to make any change in details, it was ascertained that a red air-ball could not be obtained at any toy-shop in the city. The second attempt was successful. A room was hired in an upper story of a building overlooking the hospital, and a friend kept watch from the window. At the right moment he was to play upon a violin, ceasing when danger appeared. Once more the time agreed upon arrived. When circumstances seemed most propitious, the prisoner dashed for the gate; but he was so feeble that the sentinel almost overtook him, and barely missed thrusting him through with his bayonet. His friends hurried the fugitive into the carriage, and he was safe. When the alarm was sounded in the hospital, the officer in charge was panic-stricken, and did not recover self-possession until successful pursuit was hopeless. Kropotkin was smuggled out of the country, in the disguise of a military officer. He passed through Sweden and Norway, crossed over to Hull, and thence went to Edinburgh. His property, of course, had been confiscated by the government, and he earned a precarious subsistence in Edinburgh and London by writing for *Nature* and the *Times*. Expecting to return to Russia at some time in the near future, he concealed his identity, and this gave rise to an amusing circumstance. He was asked by the editor of the *Times* to write a review of his own book on the *Orography of Eastern Siberia*! This dilemma forced him to tell his real name; but the editor promised to keep the secret, and thought it not improper that the author should review himself.

One who had endured so much for his convictions could not easily forget them. After remaining a short time in Great Britain, Prince Kropotkin went to Switzerland, which was the centre of the revolutionary movement outside of Russia. There the Russian police began



a systematic espionage upon his movements, which has not ceased up to the present time, and this compelled him to abandon all thought of returning home. He has not visited his native land since 1876. As an escaped prisoner he is excluded from the amnesty granted to some of the other political offenders, and there is probably no man whom the Russian government would more gladly get within its power. The following incident shows the eagerness of the secret police to seize him. A friend of his, in high official position in Russia, conveyed to him the particulars of a plot by which he was to be kidnapped. Police sent from Russia into Switzerland in disguise were to waylay him in some solitary place, and he was simply to disappear. The names of persons involved in the plot and all details were given. Kropotkin, on the advice of a friend, placed in the hands of a prominent representative of the *London Times* a full account of the affair, and then informed the plotters what he had done; stating that if any harm befell him the *Times* would publish the inner history of the matter, with the names of the persons concerned in it. That put an end to the plot.

During the three or four years that he remained in Switzerland, Kropotkin carried on a vigorous propaganda of Anarchist ideas by means of lectures, conferences, and writing for the press. He began at Geneva the publication of a journal called *Le Révolté*, in which he set forth the evils of the present social system, and appealed with intense earnestness to all who cared for justice to abolish these evils by abolishing law and government. A series of papers entitled *Les Paroles d'un Révolté* were published in this journal, and afterward collected and issued in book form. Kropotkin was now recognized by Anarchists everywhere as their intellectual leader. March 13, 1881, Alexander II. was killed by a dynamite bomb. There was not only no evidence to implicate any

of the Russian refugees in this affair, but it was impossible, in the nature of the case, that they should have had any connection with it. As Stepniak has shown, no persons outside of Russia could direct or even have previous knowledge of Nihilist undertakings. Such terrible secrets could not be communicated by post or telegraph; orders could not be given or received except in person and on the ground. Kropotkin believed and said that the death of the Tsar was an inevitable result of his reactionary and oppressive policy, and that in this sense his fate was deserved. In the panic which followed this event the Russian government remembered Kropotkin, always a prominent object of suspicion and hatred, and Switzerland was informed that it would be very acceptable to Russia if he were invited to leave the country. The Swiss authorities could not disregard such a request, and the prince was compelled to depart. After a brief visit to England, he returned to the Continent and took up his abode in France, at Thonon, near the Swiss border, continuing his propaganda among French workmen. He advocated, as before, a social revolution which should sweep away the organized state, and abolish the right of private property and all external authority. "Do what you like," said Kropotkin. Such was his confidence in human nature that he believed that if the individual were freed from all restraint, peace and good will would prevail universally among men; the Golden Rule would become the unconscious and natural law of life. With unwearied energy he urged the adoption of these ideas, in public addresses and in print. The journal which was suppressed at Geneva was revived at Paris under the name *La Révolte*. Again suppressed, it was once more revived as *Les Temps Nouveaux*, the publication of which is still continued at Paris. This paper is edited with much ability, and is the leading organ of the Anarchists. It is issued

weekly, with a literary supplement, and is comparatively moderate in tone.

During the winter of 1882 labor disorders were rife in the vicinity of Lyons. Numerous strikes occurred, and the feeling of working people toward the capitalist class became intensely bitter. Revolutionary utterances were freely indulged in at public meetings, and the government was unsparingly denounced. The crisis was reached when dynamite explosions took place at Montceau-les-Mines and in a café at Lyons. These disorders, it was affirmed by the authorities, were to be traced to the incendiary teaching of Kropotkin, and in consequence he and many others were arrested. Their trial began at Lyons, January 8, 1883, and lasted eleven days. The accused, fifty-two in number, among whom was Louise Michel, were charged with affiliation with the International Association, which aimed at the "suspension of labor, the abolition of property, the family, country, and religion," and of being guilty of an attack upon the public peace. The International Association, to be sure, had ceased to exist some years before, but the judgment declared that the law of 1872 against the International applied also to the Lyons Revolutionary Federation, of which it was really a branch or survival. It was proved that Prince Kropotkin was in London at the time of the dynamite explosions, and that he had no connection with the persons responsible for these explosions. He was convicted, however, of the charge of reorganizing the International Association, in spite of the fact that the chief of the Lyons police admitted that he did not believe the International had been reorganized. The mere trial of the case before the Cour Correctionnelle was equivalent to conviction. The fact was, there were reasons of state, as afterward appeared, which made the imprisonment of Kropotkin desirable, and this was practically decided upon before the trial. He was

condemned to five years in prison, ten years of police supervision, five years' deprivation of civil rights, and the payment of a fine of two thousand francs. It was significant that all who took part in the prosecution received Russian decorations.

For the next three years Kropotkin was again a prisoner, this time in republican France, at Clairvaux. The governor of the prison, perhaps because he feared that the Anarchists committed to his care might make reprisals upon him on their release if they were treated with severity, was inclined to be lenient toward them. Nevertheless, this second imprisonment had its peculiar trials. Princess Kropotkin took lodgings in the village, and every unusual sound within the prison inclosure filled her with terror. When a guard fired at a prisoner who, in defiance of the regulations, ventured to stand too near the window of his cell, she was in an agony of apprehension lest it was her husband who had been shot. He passed his time in writing, reading, and making experiments in intensive agriculture on a patch of ground fifty feet square. The privilege of walking with his wife in the governor's garden was proposed to him, but he declined the favor because it could not be shared by his comrades in misfortune. Meantime, agitation for the release of Kropotkin never ceased in France and in England. A petition for his pardon was signed by every scientific man of eminence in Great Britain, and by learned associations almost without number, including the Council of the British Museum. In the public prints his cause was pleaded earnestly and unceasingly by able men. Immediately after his imprisonment, M. Clémenceau and his friends organized a movement in his behalf in the Chamber of Deputies, and every time the question was agitated many votes were gained for him. No rest was given to the government: "Kropotkin, Kropotkin," was the incessant



challenge of the opposition. Under all this pressure he would soon have been set free, but for the real cause of his condemnation, the influence of Russia. After three years, one day when the question of amnesty to prisoners was being debated in the Chamber, and the government was hard pushed, in an unguarded moment M. de Freycinet said that Kropotkin could not be released on account of a "question of diplomacy." This rash admission was a blunder which could be remedied only by the immediate pardon of Kropotkin; for the government could not permit itself to avow that it kept a man in prison solely to please Russia. He was therefore liberated by a decree of the President of the Republic, January 15, 1886. Immediately the French ambassador at St. Petersburg was treated with such marked discourtesy by the Tsar that he gave up his post and returned to Paris.

For the past twelve years Prince Kropotkin has lived quietly in England with his wife and child. Although an exile from his native land, and unable to enter with safety two, perhaps three other European countries, with impaired health, forced to rely upon his own exertions for the maintenance of his family, held accountable for deeds he did not commit and could not have prevented, he is neither an embittered nor an unhappy man. Even now the Russian government keeps watch upon his movements, and when he came to America followed him with watchfulness. He lives an almost ideal existence in his vine-clad cottage in Kent, respected and loved by a multitude of friends in high places and among humble folk. Princess Kropotkin is in hearty sympathy with her husband's beliefs, and is a sharer in his intellectual pursuits.

The published work of Kropotkin is of a twofold character, relating in part to science and in part to social reform. His earlier scientific works were written in the Russian language, and published

in the proceedings of the Russian and Siberian Geographical Society, and have not been translated into English. Among these are accounts of his various explorations in Siberia. His chief geographical work is a *Sketch of the Geography of Eastern Siberia*; the most important of all his scientific writings is his *Researches in the Glacial Period*, the first volume of which was written when he was in prison, and published by the Geographical Society. His articles on recent science have been for some years a feature of the *Nineteenth Century Review*. It is significant not only of his learning, but also of his character, that he should have been the first to study and to write concerning *Mutual Aid among Animals*. He has been a frequent contributor to *Nature*; his name appears often in the proceedings of the London Geographical Society; he is the author of important articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, the *Statesman's Year Book*, and *Chisholm's Gazetteer*. In the domain of science he considers himself primarily a geographer, like his intimate friend and fellow Anarchist, Professor Elisée Reclus. His studies in intensive agriculture are exceedingly suggestive and valuable, and connect the man of science and the revolutionist. His contention is that the cultivation of the soil is in its infancy; that the earth has practically unlimited powers of production, which await development by science and industry; and therefore, during the early stages of the social revolution as well as forever after, the problem of the food supply will present no difficulty. Up to the present time he has written and published but one book in the English language, and that has had a curious history. It is entitled *In Russian and French Prisons*, and it appeared in London in 1887, bearing the imprint of a well-known publishing house. But one edition, although a rather large one, was issued, and soon afterward the firm of

publishers ceased to exist. The book had been upon the market only a short time, when it vanished suddenly; not a single copy could be purchased. The author himself advertised in order to secure one, offering a considerable premium above the publishers' price, but to no purpose. This book is in the Boston Public Library, but it is rarely found even in the best libraries, and probably a copy could not now be obtained at any price. What is the meaning of this mysterious disappearance? The only plausible explanation is that, as the book gave a truthful account of Russian prisons, it was bought up and destroyed by agents of the Russian government.

Kropotkin has written extensively upon Anarchism, and is considered by Anarchists everywhere as the leading expositor of their ideas. His two books upon this subject, written in French and published in Paris, are *Les Paroles d'un Révolté* and *La Conquête du Pain*. The first of these is directed against the present social order, and is an appeal to the people to throw off the fetters of government, and to inaugurate a new and better era. *La Conquête du Pain*, with a preface by Elisée Reclus, has been called by Zola *un vrai poème*. It has been translated into German, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese, and a Norwegian translation has recently appeared, which contains a preface by Georg

Brandes. This book is constructive; it gives a picture of society under the Anarchist régime, when "everything is everybody's," and brotherly consideration of each for all others prevails. In addition to these two books, he has written constantly for the Anarchist press, and many pamphlets and tracts, which sell at a low price and have a large circulation, have come from his hand. Of one of these pamphlets, *An Appeal to the Young*, more than one hundred thousand copies have been distributed. It is characteristic of the man that he should find time to write without compensation for obscure Anarchist journals, when all that he can produce with his pen on scientific subjects finds a ready market, and he is frequently forced to decline remunerative offers for review articles.

Kropotkin's range of knowledge is very wide. He is more or less conversant with upwards of twenty languages, and in several of these is entirely at home; he is an accomplished mathematician; he draws and paints skillfully, and is something of a musician. His industry and versatility are amazing. Yet one does not wish to turn away from the consideration of such a man with reference merely to his attainments. Rather, one would like to dwell upon his unselfishness, his faith in humanity, his intuitive and unfaltering devotion to the most exalted moral ideals.

*Robert Erskine Ely.*

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

### I.

Moscow is a city of slow historical growth, and down to the present time its different parts have wonderfully well retained the features which have been stamped upon them in the slow course of history. The Trans-Moskva River dis-

trict, with its broad, sleepy streets and its monotonous gray-painted, low-roofed houses, of which the entrance-gates remain securely bolted day and night, has always been the secluded abode of the merchant class, and the stronghold of the outwardly austere, formalistic, and despotic Nonconformists of the "Old Faith."



The citadel, or Kreml, is still the stronghold of church and state; and the immense space in front of it, covered with thousands of shops and warehouses, has been for centuries a crowded beehive of commerce, — the heart of a great internal trade which spreads over the whole surface of the vast empire. The Tverskáya and the Smiths' Bridge have been for hundreds of years the chief centres for the fashionable shops; while the artisans' quarters, the Pluschíkha and the Dorogomilovka, retain the very same features which characterized their uproarious populations in the times of the Moscow Tsars. Each quarter is a little world in itself; each has its own physiognomy, and lives its own separate life. Even the railways that have made an irruption into the old capital have grouped apart, in special centres on the outskirts of the old town, their stores and machine-works, their heavily loaded carts and engines.

However, of all parts of Moscow, none, perhaps, is more typical than that labyrinth of clean, quiet, winding streets and lanes which lies at the back of the Kreml, between two great radial streets, the Arbát and the Prechístenka, and is still called the Old Equerries' Quarter, — the Stáraya Konyúshennaya. Some fifty years ago, there lived in this quarter, and slowly died out, the old Moscow nobility, whose names were so frequently mentioned in the pages of Russian history before the times of Peter I., but who subsequently disappeared to make room for the newcomers, "the men of all ranks" who were called into service by the founder of the Russian state.

Feeling themselves supplanted at the St. Petersburg court, these old nobles retired either to the Old Equerries' Quarter in Moscow, or to their picturesque estates in the country round about the capital, and they looked with a sort of contempt and secret jealousy upon the motley crowd of families which came "from no one knew where" to take possession of the highest functions of the

government, in the new capital on the banks of the Neva.

In their younger days, of course, all of these old nobles had tried their fortunes in the service of the state, chiefly in the army; but for one reason or another they had soon abandoned it, without having risen to high rank. The more successful ones obtained some quiet, almost honorary position in their mother city, — my father was one of these, — while most of the others simply retired from active service. But wheresoever they might have been shifted, in the course of their careers, over the wide surface of Russia, they always somehow managed to spend their old age in a house of their own in the Old Equerries' Quarter, under the shadow of the church where they had been baptized, and where the last prayers had been pronounced at the burial of their parents.

New branches budded from the old stocks. Some of them achieved more or less distinction in different parts of Russia; some owned more luxurious houses in the new style in other quarters of Moscow or at St. Petersburg; but the branch which continued to reside in the Old Equerries' Quarter, somewhere near to the green, the yellow, the pink, or the brown church which was endeared through family associations, was considered as the true representative of the family, irrespective of the position it occupied in the family's genealogic tree. Its old-fashioned head was treated with the utmost respect, not devoid of a slight tinge of irony, even by those younger representatives of the same stock who had left their mother city, and looked for a more brilliant career in the St. Petersburg Guard or in the court circles.

In these quiet streets, far away from the noise and bustle of the commercial Moscow, all the houses had much the same appearance. They were mostly built of wood, with bright green sheet-iron roofs, the exteriors stuccoed and decorated with columns and porticoes; all were

painted in gay colors. In nearly every case there was but one story, with seven or nine big, gay-looking windows facing the street. A second story was admitted only in the back part of the house, which looked upon a spacious yard, surrounded by numbers of small buildings, used as kitchens, stables, cellars, coach-houses, and as dwellings for the servants. A wide gate opened upon this yard, and a brass plate on it usually bore the inscription, "House of So and So, Lieutenant or Colonel, and Commander," — very seldom "Major-General" or any similarly elevated civil rank. But if a more luxurious house, embellished by a gilded iron railing and an iron gate, stood in one of those streets, the brass plate on the gate was sure to bear the name of "Commerce Counsel" or "Honorable Citizen" So and So. These were the intruders, those who came unasked to settle in this quarter, and were therefore ignored by their neighbors.

No shops were allowed in these select streets, except that in some small wooden house, belonging to the parish church, a tiny grocer's or greengrocer's shop might have been found; but then, the policeman's lodge stood on the opposite corner, and in the daytime the policeman himself, armed with a halberd, would appear at the door to salute with his inoffensive weapon the officers passing by, and would retire inside when dusk came, to employ himself either as a cobbler, or in the manufacture of some special snuff patronized by the elder male servants of the neighborhood.

Life went on quietly and peacefully — at least for the outsider — in this Moscow Faubourg Saint-Germain. In the morning nobody was seen in the streets. About midday the children made their appearance under the guidance of French tutors and German nurses, who took them out for a walk on the snow-covered boulevards. Later on in the day the ladies might be seen in their two-horse sledges, with a valet standing behind on a small

plank fastened to the back of the vehicle, or ensconced in an old-fashioned carriage, immense and high, suspended on big curved springs and dragged by four horses, with a postilion in front and two valets standing behind. In the evening most of the houses were brightly illuminated, and, the blinds not being drawn down, the passers-by could admire the card-players or the waltzers in the saloons. "Opinions" were not in vogue in those days, and we were yet far from the years when in each one of these houses a struggle began between "fathers and sons," — a struggle that usually ended either in a family scene or in a nocturnal visit of the state police. Fifty years ago nothing of the sort was thought of; all was quiet and smooth, — at least on the surface.

In this Old Equerries' Quarter I was born in 1842, and here I passed the first fifteen years of my life. Even when our father had sold the house in which our mother died, and bought another, and when again he sold that house, and we spent several winters in hired houses, until he found a third one to his taste, within a stone's-throw of the church where he had been baptized, we remained all the time in the Old Equerries' Quarter, leaving it only during the summer to go to our country-seat.

## II.

A high, spacious bedroom, the corner room of our house, with a wide bed upon which our mother is lying, our baby chairs and tables standing close by, and the neatly served tables covered with sweets and jellies in pretty glass jars, — a room into which we children are ushered at a strange hour, — this is the first half-distinct reminiscence of my life.

Our mother was dying of consumption; she was only thirty-five years old. Before parting with us forever, she had wished to have us by her side, to caress us, to feel happy for a moment in our joys, and she had arranged this little



treat by the side of her bed which she could leave no more. I remember her pale, thin face, her big, dark brown eyes. She looked at us with love, and invited us to eat, to climb upon her bed; then all of a sudden she burst into tears and began to cough, and we were told to go.

Some time after, we children — that is, my brother Alexander and myself — were transferred from the big house to a small side house in the court-yard. The April sun filled the little rooms with its rays, but our German nurse Madame Búrman, and Uliána our Russian nurse, told us to go to bed. Their faces wet with tears, they were sewing for us black shirts bordered with broad white tassels. We could not sleep: the unknown frightened us, and we listened to their subdued talk. They said something about our mother which we could not understand. We jumped out of our beds, asking, "Where is mamma? Where is mamma?"

Both of them burst into sobs, and began to pat our curly heads, calling us "poor orphans," until Uliána could hold out no longer, and said, "Your mother is gone there, — to the sky, to the angels."

"How to the sky? Why?" our infantile imagination in vain demanded.

This was in 1846. I was only three and a half years old, and my brother Sáscha not yet five. Where our elder brother and sister, Nicholas and Hélène, had gone I do not know: perhaps they were already at school. Nicholas was twelve years old, Hélène was eleven; they kept together, and we knew them but little. So we remained, Alexander and I, in this little house, in the hands of Madame Búrman and Uliána. The good old German lady, homeless and absolutely alone in the wide world, took toward us up as well as she could, buying us from time to time some simple toys, and over-feeding us with ginger cakes whenever another old German, who used to sell such cakes, — probably as homeless and

solitary as herself, — paid an occasional visit to our house. We seldom saw our father, and the next two years passed without leaving any impression on my memory.

### III.

Our father was very proud of the origin of his family, and would point with solemnity to a piece of parchment which hung on a wall of his study. It was decorated with our arms, — the arms of the principality of Smolensk covered with the ermine mantle and the crown of the Monomachs, — and there was written on it, and certified by the Heraldry Department, that our family originated with a grandson of Rostisláv Mstislávich the Bold (a name familiar in Russian history as that of a Grand Prince of Kieff), and that our ancestors had been Grand Princes of Smolensk.

"It cost me three hundred rubles to obtain that parchment," our father used to say. Like most people of his generation, he was not much versed in Russian history, and valued the parchment more for its cost than for its historical associations.

As a matter of fact, our family is of very ancient origin indeed; but, like most descendants of Rurik who may be regarded as representative of the feudal period of Russian history, it was driven into the background when that period ended, and the Románoffs, enthroned at Moscow, began the work of consolidating the Russian state. In recent times, none of the Kropótkins seem to have had any special liking for state functions. Our great-grandfather and grandfather both retired from the military service when quite young men, and hastened to return to their family estates. It must also be said that of these estates the main one, Ouroúsovo, situated in the government of Ryazán, on a high hill at the border of fertile prairies, might tempt any one by the beauty of its shadowy forests, its winding rivers, and its endless meadows. Our grandfather was only a

lieutenant when he left the service, and retired to Ouroúsovo, devoting himself to his estate, and to the purchase of other estates in the neighboring provinces.

Probably our generation would have done the same; but our grandfather married a Princess Gagárin, who belonged to a quite different family. Her brother was well known as a passionate lover of the stage. He kept a private theatre of his own, and went so far in his passion as to marry, to the scandal of all his relations, a serf, — the genial actress Semenova, who was one of the creators of dramatic art in Russia, and undoubtedly one of its most interesting figures. To the horror of "all Moscow," she continued to appear on the stage.

I do not know if our grandmother had the same artistic and literary tastes as her brother, — I remember her when she was already paralyzed and could speak only in whispers; but it is certain that in the next generation a leaning toward literature became a characteristic of our family. One of the sons of the Princess Gagárin was a minor Russian poet, and issued a book of poems, — a fact which my father was ashamed of and always avoided mentioning; and in our own generation several of our cousins, as well as my brother and myself, have contributed more or less to the literature of our period.

Our father was a typical officer of the time of Nicholas I. Not that he was imbued with a warlike spirit or much in love with camp life; I doubt whether he spent a single night of his life at a bivouac fire, or took part in one battle. But under Nicholas I. that was of quite secondary importance. The true military man of those times was the officer who was enamored of the military uniform, and utterly despised all other sorts of attire; whose soldiers were trained to perform almost superhuman tricks with their legs and rifles (to break the wood of the rifle into pieces while "presenting arms" was one of those famous tricks);

and who could show on parade a row of soldiers as perfectly aligned and as motionless as a row of toy-soldiers. "Very good," the Grand Duke Mikhael said once of a regiment, after having kept it for one hour presenting arms, — "only, *they breathe!*" To respond to the then current conception of a military man was certainly our father's ideal.

True, he took part in the Turkish campaign of 1828; but he managed to remain all the time on the staff of the chief commander; and if we children, taking advantage of a moment when he was in a particularly good temper, asked him to tell us something about the war, he had nothing to tell but of a fierce attack of hundreds of Turkish dogs which one night assailed him and his faithful servant, Frol, as they were riding with dispatches through an abandoned Turkish village. They had to use swords to extricate themselves from the hungry beasts. Bands of Turks would assuredly have better satisfied our imagination, but we accepted the dogs as a substitute. When, however, pressed by our questions, our father told us how he had won the cross of Saint Anne "for gallantry," and the golden sword which he wore, I must confess we felt really disappointed. His story was decidedly too prosaic. The officers of the general staff were lodged in a Turkish village, when it took fire. In a moment the houses were enveloped in flames, and in one of them a child had been left behind. Its mother uttered despairing cries. Thereupon, Frol, who always accompanied his master, rushed into the flames and saved the child. The chief commander, who saw the act, at once gave father the cross for gallantry.

"But, father," we exclaimed, "it was Frol who saved the child!"

"What of that?" replied he, in the most naïve way. "Was he not my man? It is all the same."

He also took some part in the campaign of 1831, during the Polish Revo-



lution, and in Warsaw he made the acquaintance of, and fell in love with, the youngest daughter of the commander of an army corps, General Sulíma. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, in the Lazienki palace; the lieutenant-governor, Count Paskiévich, acting as nuptial godfather on the bridegroom's side. "But your mother," our father used to add, "brought me no fortune whatever."

Surely not. Her father, Nikolai Semenovitch Sulíma, was not versed in the art of making a career or a fortune. He must have had in him too much of the blood of those Cossacks of the Dnieper, who knew how to fight the well-equipped, warlike Poles or armies of the Turks, three times more than themselves, but knew not how to avoid the snares of the Moscow diplomacy, and, after having fought against the Poles in the terrible insurrection of 1648, which was the beginning of the end for the Polish republic, lost all their liberties in falling under the dominion of the Russian Tsars. One Sulíma was captured by the Poles and tortured to death at Warsaw, but the other "colonels" of the same stock only fought the more fiercely on that account, and Poland lost Little Russia. As to our grandfather, he knew how, with his regiment of cuirassiers during Napoleon I.'s invasion, to cut his way into a French infantry square bristling with bayonets, and to recover, after having been left for dead on the battlefield, with a deep cut in his head; but he could not become a valet to the favorite of Alexander I., the omnipotent Arakchéeff, and was consequently sent into a sort of honorary exile, first as a governor-general of West Siberia, and later of East Siberia. In those times such a position was considered more lucrative than a gold-mine, but our grandfather returned from Siberia as poor as he went, and left but modest fortunes to his three sons and three daughters. When I went to Siberia, in 1862, I often

heard his name mentioned with respect. He was simply driven to despair by the wholesale stealing which went on in those provinces, and which he had no means to repress.

Our mother was undoubtedly a remarkable woman for the times she lived in. Many years after her death, I discovered, in a corner of a storeroom of our country house, a mass of papers covered with her firm but pretty handwriting: diaries in which she wrote with ecstasy of the scenery of Germany, and spoke of her sorrows and her thirst for happiness; books which she had filled with Russian verses that no one was allowed to print then, — among them the beautiful historical ballads of Ryléeff, the poet, whom Nicholas I. hanged in 1826; other books containing music, French dramas, verses of Lamartine, and Byron's poems that she had copied; and a great number of water-color paintings.

Tall, slim, adorned with a mass of dark chestnut hair, with dark brown eyes and a tiny mouth, she looks quite lifelike in a portrait in oils that was painted *con amore* by a good artist. Always lively and often careless, she was fond of dancing, and the peasant women in our village would tell us how she would admire from a balcony their ring-dances, — slow and full of grace as an old minuet, — and how finally she would herself join in them. She had the nature of an artist. It was at a ball that she caught the cold that produced the inflammation of the lungs which brought her to the grave.

All who knew her loved her. The servants simply worshiped her memory. It was in her name that Madame Búrman took care of us, and in her name the Russian nurse bestowed upon us her love. While combing our hair, or signing us with the cross in our beds, the latter would often say, "And your mamma must now look upon you from the skies, and shed tears on seeing you, poor orphans." Her memory passed through our childhood and cheered it. How of-

ten, in some dark passage, the hand of a servant would touch Alexander or me with a caress ; or a peasant woman, on meeting us in the fields, would ask, "Will you be as good as your mother was ? She took compassion on us. You will, surely." "Us" meant, of course, the serfs. I do not know what would have become of us if we had not found in our house, amidst the serf servants, that atmosphere of love which children must have around them. We were her children, we bore likeness to her, and they lavished their care upon us, sometimes in a touching form, as will be seen later on.

Men passionately desire to live after death, but they often pass away without noticing the fact that the memory of a really good person always lives. It is impressed upon the next generation, and is transmitted again to the children. Is not that an immortality worth striving for ?

#### IV.

Two years after the death of our mother our father married again. He had already cast his eyes upon a nice-looking young person, this time belonging to a wealthy family, when the fates decided another way. One morning, while he was still in his dressing-gown, the servants rushed madly into his room, announcing the arrival of General Timoféeff, the commander of the sixth army corps, to which our father belonged. This favorite of Nicholas I. was a terrible man. He would order a soldier to be flogged almost to death for a mistake made during a parade, or he would degrade an officer and send him as a private to Siberia because he had met him in the street with the hooks of his high, stiff collar unfastened. With Nicholas General Timoféeff's word was all-powerful.

The general, who had never before been in our house, came to propose to our father to marry his wife's niece, Mademoiselle Elisabeth Karandinó, one of several daughters of an admiral of the Black Sea fleet, — a young lady with

a classical Greek profile, said to have been very beautiful. Father accepted, and his second wedding, like the first, was solemnized with great pomp.

"You young people understand nothing of this kind of thing," he said in conclusion, after having told me the story more than once, with a very fine humor which I will not attempt to reproduce. "But do you know what it meant at that time, — the commander of an army corps ? Above all, that one-eyed devil, as we used to call him, coming himself to propose ? Of course she had no dowry ; only a big trunk filled with their ladies' rags, and that Martha, her one serf, dark as a gypsy, sitting upon it."

I have no recollection whatever of this event. I only remember a big drawing-room in a richly furnished house, and in that room a young lady, attractive, but with a rather too sharp southern look, gamboling with us, and saying, "You see what a jolly mamma you will have ;" to which Sáscha and I, sulkily looking at her, replied, "Our mamma has flown away to the sky." We regarded so much liveliness with suspicion.

Winter came, and a new life began for us. Our house was sold, and another was bought and furnished completely anew. All that could convey a reminiscence of our mother disappeared, — her portraits, her paintings, her embroideries. In vain Madame Búrman implored to be retained in our house, and promised to devote herself to the baby our stepmother was expecting as to her own child : she was sent away. "Nothing of the Sulímas in my house," she was told. All connection with our uncles and aunts and our grandmother were broken. Uliána was married to Frol, who became a major-domo, while she was made housekeeper ; and for our education a richly paid French tutor, M. Poulain, and a miserably paid Russian student, N. P. Smirnóff, were engaged.

Many of the sons of the Moscow nobles



were educated at that time by Frenchmen, who represented the débris of Napoleon's Grande Armée. M. Poulain was one of them. He had just finished the education of the youngest son of the novelist Zagóskin, and his pupil, Serge, enjoyed in the Old Equerries' Quarter the reputation of being so well brought up that our father did not hesitate to engage M. Poulain for the considerable sum of six hundred rubles a year.

M. Poulain brought with him his setter Trésor, his coffee-pot Napoléon, and his French textbooks, and he began to rule over us and the serf Matvéi who was attached to our service.

His plan of education was very simple. After having awakened us he attended to his coffee, which he used to take in his room. While we were preparing the morning lessons he made his toilet with minute care: he shampooed his gray hair so as to conceal his growing baldness, put on his tail-coat, sprinkled and washed himself with eau-de-cologne, and then escorted us downstairs to say good-morning to our parents. We used to find our father and stepmother eating their breakfast, and on approaching them we recited in the most official way, "Bonjour, mon cher papa," and "Bonjour, ma chère maman," and kissed their hands. M. Poulain made a most complicated and elegant obeisance in pronouncing the words, "Bonjour, monsieur le prince," and "Bonjour, madame la princesse," after which the procession immediately withdrew and retired upstairs. This ceremony was repeated every morning.

Then our work began. M. Poulain changed his tail-coat for a dressing-gown, covered his head with a leather cap, and dropping into an easy-chair said, "Recite the lesson."

We recited it "by heart," from one mark which was made in the book with the nail to the next mark. M. Poulain had brought with him the grammar of Noël and Chapsal, memorable to more than one generation of Russian boys and

girls; a book of French dialogues; a history of the world, in one volume; and a universal geography, also in one volume. We had to commit to memory the grammar, the dialogues, the history, and the geography.

The grammar, with its well-known sentences, "What is grammar?" "The art of speaking and writing correctly," went all right. But the history book, unfortunately, had a preface, which contained an enumeration of all the advantages which can be derived from a knowledge of history. Things went on smoothly enough with the first sentences. We recited: "The prince finds in it unanimous examples for governing his subjects; the military commander learns from it the noble art of warfare." But the moment we came to law all went wrong. "The jurisconsult meets in it" — but what the learned lawyer meets in history we never came to know. That terrible word "jurisconsult" spoiled all the game. As soon as we reached it we stopped.

"On your knees, *gros pouff!*" exclaimed Poulain. (That was for me.) "On your knees, *grand dada!*" (That was for my brother.) And there we knelt, shedding tears and vainly endeavoring to learn all about the jurisconsult.

It cost us many pains, that preface! We were already learning all about the Romans, and used to put our sticks in Uliána's scales when she was weighing rice, "just like Brennus;" we jumped from our table and other precipices for the salvation of our country, in imitation of Curtius; but M. Poulain would still from time to time return to the preface, and again put us on our knees for that very same jurisconsult. Was it not therefore to be expected that later on both my brother and I should entertain an undisguised contempt for jurisprudence?

I do not know what would have happened with geography if Poulain's book had had a preface. But happily the first twenty pages of the book had been torn

away (Serge Zagóskin, I suppose, rendered us that notable service), and so our lessons commenced with the twenty-first page, which began, "of the rivers which water France."

It must be confessed that things did not always end with kneeling. There was in the class-room a birch rod, and Poulain resorted to it when there was no hope of progress with the preface or with some dialogue on virtue and propriety; but one day sister Hélène, who by this time had left the Catherine Institut des Demoiselles, and now occupied a room underneath ours, hearing our cries, rushed, all in tears, into our father's study, and bitterly reproached him with having handed us over to our stepmother, who had abandoned us to "a retired French drummer." "Of course," she cried, "there is no one to take their part, but I cannot see my brothers being treated in this way by a drummer!"

Taken thus unprepared, our father could not make a stand. He began to scold Hélène, but ended by approving her devotion to her brothers. Thereafter the birch rod was reserved for teaching the rules of propriety to the setter Trésor.

No sooner had M. Poulain discharged himself of his heavy educational duties than he became quite another man, — a lively comrade instead of a gruesome teacher. After lunch he took us out for a walk, and there was no end to his tales: we chattered like birds. Though we never went with him beyond the first pages of syntax, we soon learned, nevertheless, "to speak correctly;" we used to *think* in French; and when he had dictated to us half through a book of mythology, correcting our faults by the book, without ever trying to explain to us why a word must be written in a particular way, we had learned "to write correctly."

After dinner we had our lesson with the Russian teacher, a student of the faculty of law in the Moscow Univer-

sity. He taught us all "Russian" subjects, — grammar, arithmetic, history, and so on. But in those years serious teaching had not yet begun. In the meantime he dictated to us every day a page of history, and in that practical way we quickly learned to write Russian quite correctly.

Our best time was on Sundays, when all the family, with the exception of us children, went to dinner at Madame la Générale Timoféeff's. It would also happen occasionally that both M. Poulain and N. P. Smirnóff would be allowed to leave the house, and when this occurred we were placed under the care of Uliána. After a hurriedly eaten dinner we hastened to the great hall, to which the younger housemaids soon repaired. All sorts of games were started, — blind man, vulture and chickens, and so on; and then, all of a sudden, Tikhon, the Jack-of-all-trades, would appear with a violin. Dancing began; not that measured and tiresome dancing, under the direction of a French dancing-master "on india-rubber legs," which made part of our education, but free dancing which was not a lesson, and in which a score of couples turned round any way; and this was only preparatory to the still more animated and rather wild Cossack dance. Tikhon would then hand the violin to one of the older men, and would begin to perform with his legs such wonderful feats that the doors leading to the hall would soon be filled by the cooks and even the coachmen, who came to see the dance so dear to the Russian heart.

About nine o'clock the big carriage was sent to fetch the family home. Tikhon, brush in hand, crawled on the floor, to make it shine with its virgin glance, and perfect order was restored in the house. And if, next morning, we two had been submitted to the most severe cross-examination, not a word would have been spoken of the previous evening's amusements. We never would have betrayed any one of the servants, nor would they



have betrayed us. One Sunday, my brother and I, playing alone in the wide hall, ran against a bracket which supported a costly lamp. The lamp was broken to pieces. Immediately a council was held by the servants. No one scolded us; but it was decided that early next morning Tikhon should slip out of the house, at his risk and peril, and run to the Smiths' Bridge in order to buy another lamp of the same pattern. It cost fifteen rubles, — an enormous sum for them; but it was done, and we never heard a word of reproach about it.

When I think of it now, and all these scenes revive in my memory, I notice that we never heard coarse language in any of the games, nor saw in the dances anything like the kind of dancing which children are now taken to admire in the theatres. In the servants' house, among themselves, they assuredly used coarse expressions; but we were children, — *her* children, — and that protected us from anything of the sort.

In those days children were not bewildered by a profusion of toys, as they are now. We had almost none, and were thus compelled to rely upon our own inventiveness. Besides, we both had early acquired a taste for the theatre. The inferior carnival theatres, with the thieving and fighting shows, seem to have produced no lasting impression upon us: we ourselves played enough at robbers and soldiers. But the great star of the ballet, Fanny Elssler, came to Moscow, and we saw her. When father took a box in the theatre, he always secured one of the best, and paid for it well; but then he insisted that all the members of the family should enjoy it to its full value. Small though I was at that time, Fanny Elssler left upon me the impression of a being so full of grace, so light, and so artistic in all her movements that ever since I have been unable to feel the slightest interest in a dance which belongs more to the domain of gymnastics than to the domain of art.

Of course, the ballet that we saw — Gitana, the Spanish Gypsy — had to be repeated at home; its substance, not the dances. We had a ready-made stage, as the doorway which led from our bedroom into the class-room had a curtain instead of a door. A few chairs put in a half-circle in front of the curtain, with an easy-chair for M. Poulain, became the hall and the imperial lodge, and an audience could easily be mustered with the Russian teacher, Uliána, and a couple of maids from the servants' rooms.

Two scenes of the ballet had to be represented by some means or other: the one where the little Gitana is brought by the gypsies into their camp in a wheelbarrow, and that in which Gitana makes her first appearance on the stage, descending from a hill and crossing a bridge over a brook which reflects her image. The audience burst into frantic applause at this point, and the cheers were evidently called forth — so we thought, at least — by the reflection in the brook.

We found our Gitana in one of the youngest girls in the maid servants' room. Her rather shabby blue cotton dress was no obstacle to personifying Fanny Elssler. An overturned chair, pushed along by its legs, head downwards, was an acceptable substitute for the wheelbarrow. But the brook! Two chairs and the long ironing-board of Andrei, the tailor, made the bridge, and a piece of blue cotton made the brook. The image in the brook, however, would not appear full size, do what we might with M. Poulain's little shaving-glass. After many unsuccessful endeavors we had to give it up, but we bribed Uliána to behave as if she saw the image, and to applaud loudly at this passage, so that finally we began to believe that perhaps something of it could be seen.

Racine's *Phèdre*, or at least the last act of it, also went off nicely; that is, Sásha recited the melodious verses beautifully, —

"*A peine nous sortions des portes de Trézène;*"

and I sat absolutely motionless and unconcerned during the whole length of the tragic monologue intended to apprise me of the death of my son, down to the place where, according to the book, I had to exclaim, "O, dieux!"

But whatsoever we might impersonate, all our performances invariably ended with hell. All candles save one were put out, and this one was placed behind a transparent paper to imitate flames, while my brother and I, concealed from view, howled in the most appalling way as the condemned. Uliána, who did not like to have any allusion to the evil one made at bedtime, looked horrified; but I ask myself now whether this extremely concrete representation of hell, with a candle and a sheet of paper, did not contribute to free us both at an early age from the fear of eternal fire as it is figured in Russian churches. Our conception of it was too realistic to resist skepticism.

I must have been very much of a child when I saw the great Moscow actors, Schépkin, Sadóvskiy, and Shúmiski, in Gogol's *Revisor* and another comedy; still, I remember not only the salient scenes of the two plays, but even the figures and expressions of these great actors of the realistic school which is now so admirably represented by Duse. I remembered them so well that when, at St. Petersburg, I saw the same plays given by actors belonging to the French declamatory school, I found no pleasure in their acting, always comparing them with Schépkin and Sadóvskiy, by whom my taste in dramatic art was settled.

This makes me think that parents who wish to develop artistic taste in their children ought to take them occasionally to really well-acted, good plays, instead of feeding them on a profusion of so-called "children's pantomimes."

#### V.

When I was in my eighth year, the next step in my career was taken, in a

quite unforeseen way. I do not know exactly on what occasion it happened, but probably it was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Nicholas I.'s reign, when great festivities were arranged for at Moscow. The imperial family were coming to the old capital, and the Moscow nobility intended to celebrate this event by a fancy-dress ball, in which children were to play an important part. It was agreed that the whole motley crowd of nationalities of which the population of the Russian Empire is composed should be represented at this ball to greet the monarch. Great preparations went on in our house, as well as in all the houses of our neighborhood. Some sort of remarkable Russian costume was made for our step-mother. Our father, being a military man, had to appear, of course, in his uniform; but those of our relatives who were not in the military service were as busy with their Russian, Greek, Caucasian, and Mongolian costumes as the ladies themselves. When the Moscow nobility gives a ball to the imperial family, it must be something extraordinary. As for my brother Alexander and myself, we were considered too young to take part in so important a ceremonial.

And yet, after all, I did take part in it. Our mother was a warm friend of Madame Nazímoff, the wife of the officer who was governor-general of Wilno during the Polish insurrection of 1863. Madame Nazímoff, who was a very beautiful woman, was expected to assist at the ball with her child, about ten years old, and to wear some wonderfully beautiful costume of a Persian princess; a costume of a young Persian prince, exceedingly rich, with a belt covered with jewels, was made ready for her son. But the boy fell ill just before the ball, and Madame Nazímoff thought that one of the children of her most intimate friend would be the best substitute for her own child. Alexander and I were taken to her house to try on the costume. It proved to be too short for Alexander, who



was much taller than I, but it fitted me perfectly well, and therefore it was decided that I should impersonate the Persian prince.

The immense hall of the house of the Moscow nobility was crowded. Each of the children received a standard bearing at its top the arms of one of the sixty provinces of the Russian Empire. I had an eagle floating over a blue sea, which represented, as I learned later on, the arms of the government of Astrakhan, on the Caspian Sea. We were then ranged at the back of the great hall, and slowly marched in two rows toward the raised platform upon which the Emperor and his family stood. As we reached it we marched right and left, and thus stood aligned in one row before the platform. At a given signal all standards were lowered before the Emperor. The apotheosis of autocracy was made most impressive: Nicholas was enchanted. All provinces of the empire worshiped the supreme ruler. Then we children slowly retired to the rear of the hall.

But here some confusion occurred. Chamberlains in their gold-embroidered garments were running about, and I was taken out of the ranks; my uncle, Prince Gagárin, dressed as a Tungus (I was dizzy with admiration of his fine leather coat, his bow, and his quiver full of arrows), lifted me up in his arms, and planted me on the imperial platform.

Whether it was because I was the tiniest in the row of boys, or that my round face, framed in curls, looked funny under the high Astrakhan fur bonnet I wore, I know not, but Nicholas wanted to have me on the platform; and there I stood amidst generals and ladies looking down upon me with curiosity. I was told later on that the Emperor, who was always fond of barrack jokes, took me by the arm, and, leading me to Marie Alexándrovna (the wife of the heir to the throne), who was then expecting her third child, said in his military way, "That is the sort of boy you must bring

me," — a joke which made her blush deeply. I well remember, at any rate, Nicholas asking me whether I would have sweets; but I replied that I should like to have some of those tiny biscuits which were served with tea (we were never overfed at home), and he called a waiter and emptied a full tray into my tall bonnet. "I will take them to Sáscha," I said to him.

However, the soldier-like brother of Nicholas, Mikhael, who had the reputation of being a wit, managed to make me cry. "When you are a good boy," he said, "they make you so," and he passed his big hand over my face downwards; "but when you are naughty, they make you so," and he passed the hand upwards, rubbing my nose, which already had a marked tendency toward growing in that direction. Tears, which I vainly tried to stop, came into my eyes. The ladies at once took my part, and the good-hearted Marie Alexándrovna placed me under her protection. She set me by her side, in a high velvet chair with a gilded back, and our people told me afterward that I very soon put my head in her lap and went to sleep. She did not leave her chair during the whole time the ball was going on.

I remember also that, as we were waiting in the entrance-hall for our carriage, our relatives petted and kissed me, saying, "Pétya, you have been made a page;" but I answered, "I am not a page. I will go home," and was very anxious about my bonnet which contained the pretty little biscuits that I was taking home for Sáscha.

I do not know whether Sáscha got many of those biscuits, but I recollect how warmly he embraced me when he was told about my anxiety concerning the bonnet.

To be inscribed as a candidate for the corps of pages was then a great favor, which Nicholas seldom bestowed on the Moscow nobility. My father was delighted, and already dreamed of a brilliant

court career for his son; and my step-mother, every time she told the story, never failed to add, "It is all because I gave him my blessing before he went to the ball."

Madame Nazímoff was delighted, too, and insisted upon having her portrait painted in the costume in which she looked so beautiful, with me standing at her side.

My brother Alexander's fate, also, was settled not long after this ball. The jubilee of the Izmáylovsk regiment, to which my father had belonged in his youth, was celebrated about this time at St. Petersburg. One night, while all the household was plunged in deep sleep, a three-horse carriage, ringing with the bells attached to the harnesses, stopped at our gate. A man jumped out of it, loudly shouting, "Open! An ordinance from his Majesty the Emperor."

One can easily imagine the terror which this nocturnal visit spread in our house. My father, trembling, went down to his study. "Court-martial, degradation as a soldier," were words which rang then in the ears of every military man; it was a terrible epoch. But Nicholas simply wanted to have the names of the sons of all the officers who had once belonged to the regiment, in order to send the boys to military schools, if that had not yet been done. A special messenger had been dispatched for that purpose from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and now he called day and night at the houses of the ex-Izmáylovsk officers.

With a shaking hand my father wrote that his eldest son, Nicholas, was already in the first corps of cadets at Moscow; that his youngest son, Peter, was a candidate for the corps of pages; and that there remained only his second son, Alexander, who had not yet entered the military career. A few weeks later came a paper informing father of the "monarch's favor." Alexander was ordered to enter a corps of cadets in Orel, a small

provincial town. It made my father a deal of trouble, and cost a large sum of money, to get Alexander sent to a corps of cadets at Moscow. This new "favor" was obtained only in consideration of the fact that our elder brother was in that corps.

And thus, owing to the will of Nicholas I., we had both to receive a military education, though, before we were many years older, we simply hated the military career for its absurdity. But Nicholas was watchful that none of the sons of the nobility should embrace any other profession than the military one, unless they were of infirm health; and so we had all three to be officers, to the great satisfaction of my father.

#### VI.

Wealth was measured in those times by the number of "souls" which a landed proprietor owned. So many "souls" meant so many male serfs: women did not count. My father, who owned nearly twelve hundred souls, in three different provinces, and who had, in addition to his peasants' holdings, large tracts of land which were cultivated by these peasants, was accounted a rich man. He lived up to his reputation, which meant that his house was open to any number of visitors, and that he kept a very large household.

We were a family of eight, occasionally of ten or twelve; but fifty servants at Moscow, and half as many more in the country, were considered not one too many. Four coachmen to attend a dozen horses, three cooks for the masters and two more for the servants, a dozen men to wait upon us at dinner-time (one man, plate in hand, standing behind each person seated at the table), and girls innumerable in the maid servants' room, — how could any one do with less than this?

Besides, the ambition of every landed proprietor was that everything required for his household should be made at home, by his own men.



"How nicely your piano is always tuned! I suppose Herr Schimmel must be your tuner?" perhaps a visitor would remark.

To be able to answer, "I have my own piano-tuner," was in those times the correct thing.

"What beautiful pastry!" the guests would exclaim, when a work of art, composed of ices and pastry, appeared toward the end of the dinner. "Confess, prince, that it comes from Tremblé" (the fashionable pastry-cook).

"It is made by my own confectioner, a pupil of Tremblé, whom I have allowed to show what he can do," was the reply, which elicited general admiration.

To have embroideries, harnesses, furniture,—in fact, everything,—made by one's own men was the ideal of the rich and respected landed proprietor. As soon as the children of the servants attained the age of ten, they were sent as apprentices to the fashionable shops, where they were obliged to spend five or seven years chiefly in sweeping, in receiving an incredible number of thrashings, and in running about town on errands of all sorts. I must own that few of them became masters of their respective arts. The tailors and the shoemakers were found only skillful enough to make clothes or shoes for the servants, and when a really good pastry was required for a dinner-party it was ordered at Tremblé's, while our own confectioner was beating the drum in the music band.

That band was another of my father's ambitions, and almost every one of his male servants, in addition to other accomplishments, was a bass-viol or a clarinet in the band. Makar, the piano-tuner, alias under-butler, was also a flutist; Andrei, the tailor, played the French horn; the confectioner was first put to beat the drum, but he misused his instrument to such a deafening degree that a tremendous trumpet was bought for him, in the hope that his lungs would not have the power to make the same

noise as his hands; when, however, this last hope had to be abandoned, he was sent to be a soldier. As to "spotted Tikhon," in addition to his numerous functions in the household as lamp-cleaner, floor-polisher, and footman, he rendered himself useful in the band,—to-day as a trombone, to-morrow as a bassoon, and occasionally as second violin.

The two first violins were the only exceptions to the rule: they were "violins," and nothing else. My father had bought them, with their large families, for a handsome sum of money, from his sisters (he never bought serfs from nor sold them to strangers). In the evenings when he was not at his club, or when there was a dinner or an evening party at our house, the band of twelve to fifteen musicians was summoned. They played very nicely, and were in great demand for dancing-parties in the neighborhood; still more when we were in the country. This was, of course, a constant source of gratification to my father, whose permission had to be asked to get the assistance of his band.

Nothing, indeed, gave him more pleasure than to be asked for help, either in the way mentioned or in any other: for instance, to obtain free education for a boy, or to save somebody from a punishment inflicted upon him by a law court. Although he was liable to fall into fits of rage, he was undoubtedly possessed of a natural instinct toward leniency, and when his patronage was asked for he would write scores of letters in all possible directions, to all sorts of persons of high standing, in favor of his protégé. At such times, his mail, which was always heavy, would be swollen by half a dozen special letters, written in a most original, semi-official, and semi-humorous style; each of them sealed, of course, with his arms, in a big square envelope, which rattled like a baby-rattle on account of the quantity of sand it contained,—the use of blotting-paper being then unknown. The more difficult the

case, the more energy he would display, until he secured the favor he asked for his protégé, whom in many cases he never saw.

My father liked to have plenty of guests in his house. Our dinner-hour was four, and at seven the family gathered round the *samovar* (tea-urn) for tea. Every one belonging to our circle could drop in at that hour, and from the time my sister Hélène was again with us there was no lack of visitors, old and young, who took advantage of the privilege. When the windows facing the street showed bright light inside, that was enough to let people know that the family was at home and friends would be welcome.

Nearly every night we had visitors. The green tables were opened in the hall for the card-players, while the ladies and the young people stayed in the reception-room or around Hélène's piano. When the ladies had gone, card-playing continued sometimes till the small hours of the morning, and considerable sums of money changed hands among the players. Father invariably lost. But the real danger for him was not at home: it was at the English Club, where the stakes were much higher than in private houses, and especially when he was induced to join a party of "very respectable" gentlemen, in one of the "most respectable" houses of the Old Equerries' Quarter, where gambling went on all night. On an occasion of this kind his losses were sure to be heavy.

Dancing-parties were not infrequent, to say nothing of a couple of obligatory balls every winter. Father's way, in such cases, was to have everything done in a good style, whatever the expense. But at the same time such niggardliness was practiced in our house in daily life that if I were to recount it, I should be accused of exaggeration. It is said of a family of pretenders to the throne of France, renowned for their truly regal hunting-parties, that in their every-day

life even the tallow candles are minutely counted. The same sort of miserly economy ruled in our house with regard to everything; so much so that when we, the children of the house, grew up, we detested all saving and counting. However, in the Old Equerries' Quarter such a mode of life only raised my father in public esteem. "The old prince," it was said, "seems to be sharp over money at home; but he knows how a nobleman ought to live."

In our quiet and clean lanes that was the kind of life which was most in respect. One of our neighbors, General D——, kept his house up in very grand style; and yet the most comical scenes took place every morning between him and his cook. Breakfast over, the old general, smoking his pipe, would himself order the dinner.

"Well, my boy," he would say to the cook, who appeared in snow-white attire, "to-day we shall not be many; only a couple of guests. You will make us a soup, you know, with some spring delicacies, — green peas, French beans, and so on. You have not given us any as yet, and madam, you know, likes a good French spring soup."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, anything you like as an entrée."

"Yes, sir."

"Of course, asparagus is not yet in season, but I saw yesterday such nice bundles of it in the shops."

"Yes, sir; eight shillings the bundle."

"Quite right! Then, we are sick of your roasted chickens and turkeys; you ought to get something for a change."

"Some venison, sir?"

"Yes, yes; anything for a change."

And when the six courses of the dinner had been decided on, the old general would ask, "Now, how much shall I give you for to-day's expenses? Six shillings will do, I suppose?"

"One pound, sir."

"What nonsense, my boy! Here are



six shillings ; I assure you that's quite enough."

"Eight shillings for asparagus, five for the vegetables."

"Now, look here, my dear boy, be reasonable. I'll go as high as seven-and-six, and you must be economical."

And the bargaining would go on thus for half an hour, until the two would agree upon fourteen shillings and sixpence, with the understanding that the morrow's dinner should not cost more than three shillings. Whereupon the general, quite happy at having made such a good bargain, would take his sledge, make a round of the fashionable shops, and return quite radiant, bringing for his wife a bottle of exquisite perfume, for which he had paid a fancy price in a French shop, and announcing to his only daughter that a new velvet mantle — "something very simple" and very costly — would be sent for her to try on that afternoon.

All our relatives, who were numerous on my father's side, lived exactly in the same way ; and if a new spirit occasionally made its appearance, it usually took the form of some religious passion. Thus, a Prince Gagárin joined the Jesuit order, again to the scandal of "all Moscow ;" another young prince entered a monastery, while several older ladies became fanatic devotees.

There was a single exception. One of our nearest relatives, Prince — let me call him Mírski, had spent his youth at St. Petersburg as an officer of the guard. He took no interest in keeping his own tailors and cabinet-makers, for his house was furnished in a grand modern style, and his wearing apparel was all made in the best St. Petersburg shops. Gambling was not his propensity, — he played cards only to keep company with ladies ; but his weak point was his dinner-table, upon which he spent incredible sums of money.

Lent and Easter were his chief epochs of extravagance. When the Great Lent came, and it would not have been proper

to eat meat, cream, or butter, he seized the opportunity to invent all sorts of delicacies in the way of fish. The best shops of the two capitals were ransacked for that purpose ; special emissaries were dispatched from his estate to the mouth of the Vólga, to bring back on post-horses (there was no railway at that time) a sturgeon of great size or some extraordinarily cured fish. And when Easter came, there was no end to his inventions.

Easter, in Russia, is the most venerated and also the gayest of the yearly festivals. It is the festival of spring. The immense heaps of snow which have been lying during the winter along the streets of Moscow rapidly thaw, and roaring streams run down the streets ; not like a thief who creeps in by insensible degrees, but frankly and openly spring comes, — every day bringing with it a change in the state of the snow and the progress of the buds on the trees ; the night frosts only keep the thaw within reasonable bounds. The last week of the Great Lent, Passion Week, was kept in Moscow, in my childhood, with extreme solemnity ; it was a time of general mourning, and crowds of people went to the churches to listen to the impressive reading of those passages of the Gospels which relate the sufferings of the Christ. Not only were meat, eggs, and butter not eaten, but even fish was refused ; some of the most rigorous taking no food at all on Good Friday. The more striking was the contrast when Easter came.

On Saturday every one attended the night service, which began in a mournful way. Then, suddenly, at midnight, the resurrection news was announced. All the churches were at once illuminated, and gay peals of bells resounded from the hundreds of sacred edifices. General rejoicing began. All the people kissed one another thrice on the cheeks, repeating the resurrection words, and the churches, now flooded with light, shone with the gay toilettes of the ladies. The

poorest woman had a new dress ; if she had only one new dress a year, she would get it for that night.

At the same time, Easter was, and is still, the signal for a real debauch in eating. Special Easter cream cheeses (*paskha*) and Easter bread (*koolich*) are prepared ; and every one, no matter how poor he or she may be, must have be it only a small *paskha* and a small *koolich*, with at least one egg painted red, to be consecrated in the church, and to be used afterward to break the Lent. With most old Russians, eating began at night, after a short Easter mass, immediately after the consecrated food had been brought from church ; but in the houses of the nobility the ceremony was postponed till Sunday morning, when a table was covered with all sorts of viands, cheeses and pastry, and all the servants came to exchange with their masters three kisses and a red-painted egg. Throughout Easter week a table spread with Easter food stood in the great hall, and every visitor was invited to partake.

On this occasion Prince Mírski surpassed himself. Whether he was at St. Petersburg or at Moscow, messengers brought to his house, from his estate, a specially prepared cream cheese for the *paskha*, and his cook managed to make out of it a piece of artistic confectionery.

Other messengers were dispatched to the province of Novgorod to get a bear's ham, which was cured for the prince's Easter table. And while the princess, with her two daughters, visited the most austere monasteries, in which the night service would last three or four hours in succession, and spent all Passion Week in the most mournful condition of mind, eating only a piece of dry bread between the visits she paid to Russian, Roman, and Protestant preachers, her husband made every morning the tour of the well-known Milutin shops at St. Petersburg, where all possible delicacies are brought from the ends of the earth. There he used to select the most extravagant dainties for his Easter table. Hundreds of visitors came to his house, and were asked "just to taste" this or that extraordinary thing.

The end of it was that the prince managed literally to eat up a considerable fortune. His richly furnished house and beautiful estate were sold, and when he and his wife were old they had nothing left, not even a home, and were compelled to live with their children.

No wonder that when the emancipation of the serfs came, nearly all these families of the Old Equeuries' Quarter were ruined. But I must not anticipate events.

*P. Kropotkin.*

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## TO THOSE WHO KNOW.

GREETING to those who know, —

Whose liberated eyes look backward here  
And see us as we are! We from below  
Need send no pity to those seers, but fear  
Lest, guarding not secure our trust, we show  
But alien faces to such vision clear,  
And see a distance growing in their eyes,  
Not born of parting, but of death's surprise.

*Henrietta Christian Wright.*



## A LAWYER WITH A STYLE.

SIR HENRY MAINE was a lawyer with a style, and belongs, by method and genius, among men of letters. The literary world looks askance upon a lawyer, and is slow to believe that the grim and formal matter of his studies can by any alchemy of style be transmuted into literature. Calfskin seems to it the most unlikely of all bindings to contain anything engaging to read. Lawyers, in their turn, are apt to associate the word "literature" almost exclusively with works of the imagination, and to think "style" a thing wholly misleading and unscientific. They demand plain business of their writers, and suspect a book that is pleasing of charlatantry. And yet a really great law writer will often make his way easily and at once into the ranks of men of letters. Blackstone's Commentaries have been superseded and superseded, again and again, by all sorts of changes and restatements of the law of England, but they have lived serenely on through their century and more of assured vitality, and must still be read by every student of the law, in America no less than in England, because of their scope, their virility, their luminous method, their easy combination of system with lucidity, their distinction of style, their quality as of the patriciate of letters. It does not seem to make any difference whether they are correct or not, and we return to them, after reading Bentham and Austin, their arch-critics, — a little shamefacedly, it may be, — to find our zest and relish for them not a whit abated. It is noteworthy that, though the profession has so thumbed and subsisted upon them, they were not written for the profession, but for the young gentlemen of England, whom the learned Vinerian professor wished to instruct in the institutions of their country. They are stripped as much as might be

of technical phrase and detail, and are meant to stand in the general company of books, the servants and instructors of all comers. They are meant for the world, and seem instinctively to make themselves acceptable to it.

Sir Henry Maine, whether he was conscious of it or not, won his way to a like standing among men of letters by a like disposition and object. Without exception, I believe, his books were made up out of lectures delivered either to young law students, not yet masters of the technicalities of the law, or to lay audiences, to which professional erudition would have been unintelligible. He never seemed to stand inside the law, while he wrote, but outside; not explaining its interior mysteries, but setting its history round about it, — showing whence it came, whence it took its notions, its forms, its stringent sanctions, what its youth had been, and its growth, and why its maturity showed it come to so hard a fibre of formal doctrine. He viewed it always as something that the general life of man had brought forth, as a natural product of society; and his thought went round about society to compass its explanation. He moves, therefore, in a large region, where it is refreshing to be of his company, where wide prospects open with every comment, and you seem, as he talks, to be upon a tour of the world.

Of course this does not explain the style of the man, but that is in any case a mystery. His method of thinking carries with it that style; thinking in that way, he *must* write in that way. You shall not find a near-sighted man looking out for landscapes, nor a man without gift of speech sallying forth to explore the thoughts which he cannot express. I am not going to attempt the heart of the mystery; I do not know whether

men can think without words or not. I only know that flight is a question of wings, and that you do not find minds without strong pinions poised very high in the spaces of the air.

I do not think that Sir Henry Maine himself understood this matter; it was not necessary that he should. In an address which he delivered to the native students at Calcutta, he warned them, very sensibly, to beware, if they wished to write effective English, of too deliberately striving to write well. "What you should regard," he says, "is, not the language, but the thought; and if the thought be clearly and vividly conceived, the proper diction, if the writer be an educated man, will be sure to follow. You have only to look to the greatest masters of English style to satisfy yourselves of the truth of what I have said," — and yet his example is not very convincing. "Look at any one page of Shakespeare. After you have penetrated beneath the poetry and beneath the wit, you will find that the page is perfectly loaded with thought."

"After you have penetrated beneath the poetry and beneath the wit"! This is a dark saying; who shall receive it? After you have penetrated beneath the exquisite form of the features, have ceased to observe the curve of the cheek and the sweet bloom upon it, and the seductive light in the eye, no doubt you shall find flesh and blood; but there is everywhere flesh and blood to be found without line or color to give it distinction. Weight of thought, no doubt, but books by the thousand have been foundered and sunk by mere weight of matter. Sir Henry Maine himself shall not survive by reason of the abundance and validity of his thought, but by reason of his form and art. "Maine can no more become obsolete through the industry and ingenuity of modern scholars," Sir Frederick Pollock declared, "than Montesquieu could be made obsolete by the legislation of Napoleon.

Facts will be corrected, the order and proportion of ideas will vary, new difficulties will call for new ways of solution, useful knowledge will serve its turn and be forgotten; but in all true genius, perhaps, there is a touch of Art; Maine's genius was not only touched with Art, but eminently artistic; and Art is immortal." Ay, *art* is immortal, — not thought alone and of itself, but thought perfectly conceived, formed, and vivified. Maine disliked what is called "fine" writing, as every man of taste must; and he was no coiner of striking phrases. The only sentence he ever wrote which his friends claim to have seen going abroad upon its own merits as a saying is this: "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin," — which is neither epigrammatic nor true. Epigrams were not in his way. If the cat's question to the ugly duckling in the fairy tale had been put to him, and he had been asked, "Can you emit sparks?" he would have been obliged to admit, with the duckling, that he could not; but, like the ugly duckling, he turned out to be a swan, sovereign in grace, if not in dexterity. His style does not play in points of light, but acts far and wide and with a fine suffusion, like the sun in the open.

You will best understand the power and the art of the man if you study his life and work, what he did and the manner in which he did it. Not that you will know any better, after the story is told than before, how to analyze his power or explain his art; but you will know very clearly just what he was and stood for, — of just what he was a master, and how his mastery displayed itself. What a master in any art did is always inseparable, in the last analysis, from what he was. The life of a writer has in it little that can be told, and delicate health held Sir Henry Maine always to a very quiet level. He had no adventures as a boy, — except that



his mother and aunt came near killing him with an overdose of opium; and his youth was without any irregularity except overstudy, — which for a normal youth would be very irregular. His father was a Dr. James Maine, of whom we are told nothing except that he was born at Kelso, near the Scottish border, and that he lived for a short time after his son Henry's birth on the island of Jersey. The boy's full name was Henry James Sumner Maine, his godfather being the excellent Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born near Leighton, August 15, 1822. His mother was Eliza Fell, who came of a family of good position living in the neighborhood of Reading. She is said to have been a clever and accomplished woman, and it turned out that she was to be her gifted son's sole guardian. Family difficulties separated her from her husband, and she removed while the lad was in his second year to a residence at Henley-on-Thames. There Henry Maine got his first schooling; thence he went, when he was but seven, to Christ's Hospital, where Dr. Sumner had been able to place him; and from Christ's Hospital he went, as Exhibitioner, to Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1840, at the age of eighteen, — a slender, clear-voiced, alert lad, as fragile, almost, as a tender girl, but full of a masculine energy, which showed in his lively eye, at once bright and deep, perceiving and thoughtful, and in his speech, which was very definite and sure of its mark, — a lad whom one could have wished to see much in the sun, to put color in his cheeks, but who could not often be drawn away from his books, and showed pale, like the student. He went in for all the prizes, and got most of them; was elected Foundation Scholar of his college; won medals for English verse, Latin hexameters, Latin odes, Greek and Latin epigrams; became Craven University Scholar and Senior

Classic; and finally won the Chancellor's Senior Classical Medal, putting himself through the unpalatable discipline of taking the honors in mathematics necessary to qualify him for winning it. Pembroke had no vacant fellowship to offer him, but he was made tutor at Trinity Hall immediately upon his graduation, in 1844; and three years later, when he was but twenty-five, was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law.

"I was curious," said a gentleman who had had the good luck to be coached by Maine at Trinity Hall, "I was curious to see how this tutor of mine, so young as he was, about two years my junior, would get on at first. . . . The result removed all doubts and surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I could feel that I was being admirably jockeyed. He had the greatest dexterity in impressing his knowledge upon others, made explanations that came to the point at once and could not be misunderstood, corrected mistakes in a way one was not apt to forget, supplied you with endless variety of happy expressions for composition and dodges in translation;" in short, was just the man to make the pace for a pupil who wanted to study. "Dodges in translation"! Are we to understand that this young gentleman of twenty-two had already learned how to march straight across a subject; how to avoid details, and yet imply them within a general proposition? Here is certainly the Henry Maine we have read, with his explanations that come "to the point at once and cannot be misunderstood," and his skill at inclusive statement. He was "backward to speak before his elders," the same witness tells us, and "had the rare merit of being a talker or a listener, as circumstances demanded, but when he did speak" put in "keen and rapid remarks that told like knock-down blows." This will not do for a description of Maine's written style. That is not keen and rapid, and there is nothing like the accent of a blow about it. It is

deliberate, rather, and calm, and makes serene show of strength. But men who write thus, with a sort of restrained and chastened force, often speak in forms more direct and eager. It may well be, besides, that mere illumination has the effect of point, as a perfect illustration acts like a stroke of wit, and Maine's conversational hits may have seemed keen simply because they shone with light. A crystal will often give out the same sharp line of light that will flash to you from the edge of a sword's blade. But we are not concerned with that. There is enough in this picture of the young tutor to make it evident that the boy was, as always, father to the man. "Those who were intimate with him during these years," says another who knew him then, "will not easily forget his face and figure, marked with the delicacy of weak health, but full to overflowing with sensitive nervous energy, — his discursive brilliancy of imagination and intellect, his clear-cut style and precise accuracy of expression, and his absolute power of concentrating himself on the subject immediately before him. His mind was so graceful that strangers might have overlooked its strength, while the buoyancy of his enthusiasm was never beyond the control of the most critical judgment. . . . It was hard to drag him away from his rooms and his books, even for the ordinary minimum of constitutional exercise, though his spirits and width of interest made him at all times a joyous companion." Here was no "dig," who loved a book because he liked to sit still and save himself the trouble of thinking, but a youth to whom books were quick; not stuffing him, but setting his faculties in the way to satisfy themselves. It was reported of him, many years afterward, that he could pluck all the heart out of a thick volume while another man was reading a hundred pages; and no doubt he liked it, not because it was a book and thick, but because it had a heart in it.

It is in such a way and at such a time that 'a mind fit for mastery learns how to use books.

Maine married in 1847, the year he was chosen Regius Professor of Civil Law, — married his cousin, Miss Jane Maine. His marriage led him to look for wider fields of employment, and by 1850 he had qualified for and been called to the bar. He soon found practice of his profession go hard with his health, however, and turned more and more away from it, to write for the more serious public prints and exercise his high gifts as a lecturer. Like Walter Bagehot, he had first tried his hand as a writer for the public upon an exposition of the character and purposes of Louis Napoleon, condemning from the outset the unconstitutional aims which Bagehot was afterward to justify. Bagehot tried to look at the whole matter from a French point of view; Maine looked at it always as an English constitutionalist, and could find no tolerant word for the imperial charlatan, who was just then calling himself "president." So long, he said, as the French common weal "moves steadily forward, to strike it down or trip it up, at the cost of turning into gall the best and wholesomest blood in the whole of France, would be a great piece of foolishness no less than a great crime." He showed his political sympathies at home by hating Mr. Disraeli very heartily. "Already you are manifesting considerable aptitude for the policy which has conducted your leader to eminence," he says to Disraeli's followers in 1849, with a biting sneer; "already the Jacobinical coloring of your language and argument shows that you are not indisposed to alternate conservative commonplace with revolutionary verse and radical prose. All you have to learn is the art of diverting attention while you shift your views, the unintelligible gabble of the thimblerrigger as he changes his peas. When you have mastered this accomplishment, the rest is quite simple."



There is here good partisan vigor. The strokes are direct and palpable, and show the true zest of the political journalist. In 1852, two years after his call to the bar, Mr. Maine was appointed reader in Roman law and jurisprudence to the Inns of Court, and began courses of public lectures, in that beautiful hall of the Middle Temple in which *Twelfth Night* was first acted, which were to lead him to the chief work of his life. But the serious studies of his lectureship did not draw him away from his writing for the public journals. In 1855 the *Saturday Review* was established, with an extraordinary staff of writers, — among them the accomplished gentleman who is now the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Sir James Stephen, Goldwin Smith, Walter Bagehot, Professor Owen, and Henry Maine. Maine did no less than the rest of this brilliant company to give immediate prestige to the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Bagehot used to declare his nerves much too delicate to take the direct impact of the *Spectator*. Its contents were much too pungent and sanguine to be received without due preparation, and “he always got his wife to ‘break’ it to him” at breakfast; and some of the rest of us have felt much the same way about the *Saturday Review*. Not that it kept the spanking pace given it by these men when they were young; it grew dense in substance, rather, as it grew old, and had finally to be taken in about the proportion of one part to ten parts of water. Maine turned his hand to almost every kind of writing to quicken its pages, and for six years made it his business to enrich it with every matter of thought he could contribute.

At the very outset of his service as lecturer at the Inns of Court he had been stricken with an illness which nearly cost him his life; but he came out of it with undaunted spirits and energies not a whit dulled, — his thoughts burning within him like flame within an ala-

baster vessel. Those who heard him read his lectures were struck by the musical power of his voice, and by the unimpeded flow of his sentences, running clear as crystal; and those who conversed with him marveled at the ease, the lucidity, the telling force of his talk. “It was singularly bright, alert, and decided,” one of these reports; “you could not walk a couple of hundred yards with him without hearing something that interested you, and he had the enviable power of raising every subject that was started into a higher atmosphere. In later life he became much more silent, and did not seem to put his intelligence as quickly alongside that of the person to whom he was talking.” But it was in this time of high tension and quick play of mind that he did the work which has since held the attention of the world; for in 1861, at the age of thirty-nine, he published his now celebrated volume on *Ancient Law*, — his first book, and unquestionably his greatest. It was the condensed and perfected substance of his lectures at the Inns of Court. It was in one sense not an original work: it was not founded on original research. Its author had broken no new ground and made no discoveries. He had simply taken the best historians of Roman law, — great German scholars chiefly, — had united and vivified, extended and illustrated, their conclusions in his own comprehensive way; had drawn, with that singularly firm hand of his, the long lines that connected antique states of mind with unquestioned but otherwise inexplicable modern principles of law; had made obscure things luminous, and released a great body of cloistered learning into the world, where common students read and plod and seek to understand. What Bagehot says of Sydney Smith we may apply to Maine: “he had no fangs for recondite research.” “No man of our time did so much for the revival of the study of Roman law,” said a close friend and intimate of Maine’s,

after his death ; " but it is greatly to be doubted whether he had any special familiarity with the Pandects or the Code." He " had a power of seeing the general in the particular," says the same friend, " which we do not think has been equaled in literary history. His works are full of generalizations which are as remarkable for their clearness and sobriety as for their intrinsic probability, and which are reached, not by any very elaborate study of detailed evidence, but by a kind of intuition." Men who tear the heart out of a thick volume while a slow and careful man reads a hundred pages are not the men to pause over details with a nice scrutiny : they go eagerly on in search of the defining borders of the large land of detail.

Persons who suppose that Maine's Ancient Law is merely a textbook for lawyers will be very much and very delightfully surprised if they will but take it down from the shelf and read it, — as much surprised as young law students are who plunge into Blackstone because they must, and find to their astonishment that those deep waters are not a little refreshing, and that the law, after all, is no dismal science. The book has that dignity, that spirit, that clear and freshened air, that untechnical dress and manner of the world which belong to the writing of cultured gentlemen who know the touch that makes literature. It is hard to explain, apart from a reading of the book itself, what it is that gives this quality of distinction and charm to Ancient Law. You cannot easily illustrate it by quotations from the book, unless you quote a whole chapter ; for Maine was no coiner of phrases, as I have said, and one passage is much like another, — no one page of the volume contains its method condensed, its art displayed in little.

No doubt, the most typical and admirable parts of the book are those which constitute the warp and woof of the sustained passages of reasoning which

are the body of every chapter ; but no part of them can easily or fairly be detached. In speaking of Maine's great work, soon after his death, the London Times says : " The style was so lucid, the reasoning was so clear and cogent, the illustrative matter was so aptly chosen, the analogies were so dexterously handled, the survey was so broad, the grasp of principles was so firm, the whole fabric of the argument was articulated in so masterly a fashion, that the reader was easily tempted to suppose that Ancient Law must have been as easy to write as it was fascinating to read." But Maine was not a rapid or an easy writer, we are told (and the article was evidently written by some friend who spoke from personal knowledge) ; it was a matter of infinite pains with him to rear the symmetrical structures he has left us in his published works. But when the work was done, he " took the scaffolding away," gathered up his tools, cleared the ground, and left no trace of daily labor. There are no footnotes ; there is no discussion of the books and materials out of which he took the finely fitted pieces of his structure ; no seams or joints show, no traces of the tool : the work stands single, self-consistent, and complete, as if it were a fine, unassisted piece of creation. Everything he wrote reads like the utterance of " a very superior person," who speaks always out of his own knowledge, observes from a high coign of vantage, and concludes the matter with an authoritative judgment. And so you get the feeling that he has had no predecessors, and fears no successors.

I do not say this in disparagement of this great writer ; it seems to me necessary to say it simply by way of exegesis, — the manner is there, and we shall not understand Maine unless we reckon with it. It is partly, perhaps chiefly, due to the absence of footnotes and references. He seems to have covered all this wide field without assistance from other authors, and to feel the



need of no support of extraneous authority in any statement. He seems to have found it all out himself. "Starting with a little fact here and a venerable tradition there," as one of his critics has said, "he lays a foundation with these, and proceeds to build up an edifice from stage to stage, till those who do not watch the process very closely imagine a great deal proved which, in reality, is highly plausible conjecture," with the result that "much that the author himself puts forward as only theory has been assumed to be settled doctrine." You get much the same impression in reading Mommesen's *History of Rome*. Here, too, you are without references, and a bold master of statement confidently builds up the great story of Rome before your eyes, age by age, the earliest times as definitely as the latest, with the air of one who remembers rather than with the caution of one who has heard and been led to infer, until at last you are fairly awed, and wonder whether the master will ever graciously vouchsafe to you any hint of his sources of information.

But it is more than the mere absence of footnotes : it is also the tone, — the tone of perfect confidence. Maine's books are one and all books of generalization, — of the sort of generalization which sweeps together the details of centuries into a single statement and interpretation. Maine is seldom, in fact, daring or beyond the evidence in his broad judgments : they were come at ; you shall find, if you will take the pains to test them, by slow consideration and a careful elimination of the elements of error ; they are sober, too, and without flavor of invention or of radical fancy. They spring always from the reason, never from the literary imagination. There is the air of a scientific calm and dispassionateness about them. But, for all that, they are so confidently spoken, they range over such spaces of time and inference, look so far abroad upon the fortunes and policies of men and nations,

have such a spacious way of thought about them, and are set to so high a tune of stately diction that they quite overwhelm us with a sense of their importance not only, but of the importance of their author also. "A man of the calibre of Montesquieu and de Tocqueville," the *Times* calls him. "He brought," it says, "to the study of law, politics, and institutions an intelligence as penetrating as theirs, a grasp of mind as comprehensive, a judgment as sober and impartial, and a method incomparably more searching and fruitful," — a style, it might have added, less personal, more cosmic, as if it were conceived by some general intelligence. And this, let it be said at once, is Maine's greatness. It would be easy to show that he got practically all of the material of *Ancient Law* at second hand ; it would doubtless be possible to prove that he had no gift for investigation, and, though a man of the widest reading, possessed no real erudition. His power lay in the art and mystery of divination. It has been said that he did nothing more than interpret for English lawyers and students of institutions the work of the great students of comparative jurisprudence in Germany ; but this is not a judgment that can be held by those who are sensible of the effects which lie beyond detail. Without interpretation detail is dead, and Maine was a master of interpretation. Interpretation does not merely give details significance ; it adds something of its own, and shows that, at any rate in divination, the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. It is fact enhanced and vitalized by thought. It is the face of learning quickened and made eloquent by the suffused color, the swift play of light in the eye, the subtle change of line about the mouth that bring the spirit forth which dwells within. It is, to change the figure, a guide to the high places from which the details of the plain may be seen massed and in proportion not only, but made more significant also in their relations

than they are in themselves, — *added* to by the touch of perspective. This is the highest function of learning.

It is this, no doubt, which gives us the sense of exhilaration we get in reading Maine: we are moving in high spaces, and command always a broad outlook. And yet we are not in the air; there is no uneasy sense of having our feet off the ground. There is in every generalization that Maine makes a reassuring *implication of detail*, — just as there is in a towering mass of crag and mountain: we know somehow that the fine, aspiring lines are carried by granite and rooted in the centre of the solid globe. There is in such writing more than a sense of elevation, however: there is also a sense of movement, — the steady drawing on of a great theme, — a movement strong, regular, smooth, inevitable, like that of a great river, sweeping from view to view, but never turning upon its course, never doubting of its direction, unimpeded, noiseless, more powerful than swift. This large and general power was characteristic of Maine in all that he did. The year after the publication of *Ancient Law*, he was offered, and accepted, the post of law member in the council of the governor-general of India. He removed to India, and the next seven years of his life were spent in a deep absorption in the affairs of that great dependency, which has drawn to its administration so much of the best genius of the English race. He showed in council the same gifts that made him a great writer, — those singular gifts of generalization, which are, after all, in their last analysis, executive in kind. "His method, his writings, and his speeches at the Indian council board," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "have had a strong and lasting effect upon all subsequent ways of dealing with" matters pertaining to India, "whether in science or practical politics. He possessed an extraordinary power of appreciating unfamiliar facts and apparently irrational beliefs, of ex-

tracting their essence and the principle of their vitality, of separating what still has life and use from what is harmful or obsolete, and of stating the result of the whole operation in some clear and convincing sentence." "The local expert," he adds, almost with a smile, "the local expert, who, after years of labor in the field of observation, found himself with certain indefinite impressions of the meaning or outcome of his collected facts, often found the whole issue of the inquiry exactly and conclusively stated in one of Maine's lucid generalizations." It is odd to learn, after hearing of the mass of difficult work he crowded into those seven years in India, that Maine was sometimes privately charged with indolence and idleness by his colleagues: and yet the charge carries with it a certain interesting significance. To those whose idea of labor is, to be forever poring upon a task, forever plodding from record to record, from memorandum to memorandum, he must of course have seemed idle. For all he loved reading and preferred his books to a walk abroad, his was not a mind for searching and sorting and annotating. It was a mind, rather, for brooding, and did its work with no outward show of being busy. No man bustles at thinking. The greater sorts of flight are made without noisy beat of wing.

Maine's appointment in 1862 to be law member of the governor-general's council in India determined the rest of his career: from that time till the end of his life, in 1888, his chief energies were given to the great and arduous business of governing India. A writer in the *Spectator* declares him to have been "for seven years the avowed, and for twenty-six years the actual, English law-maker" for that troublesome dependency, and ascribes to him nearly three hundred successful statutes. He left India in 1869, and upon his return to England accepted, in 1870, the position of Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at



Oxford, — a position specially created that he might occupy it; but in the autumn of the next year, 1871, he was appointed to a seat in the council of the secretary of state for India, and returned to the work for which he had so singularly fitted himself. He continued to lecture at Oxford for seven or eight years, speaking every year to an eager and steadily increasing company of serious students in the quiet little hall of Corpus Christi College, and the fruits of his work appeared from time to time in that series of interesting volumes which we now always read along with *Ancient Law*, as expanded gloss and commentary: *Village Communities*, East and West, published in 1871; *The Early History of Institutions*, published in 1875; and *Early Law and Custom*, published in 1883. These all grew out of his Oxford lectures, or out of articles which he had contributed to the reviews, and are rich with the knowledge he had taken from India and from the later students of institutions in the West. "Every man," he says, in an interesting passage to be found in his *Village Communities*, "every man is under a temptation to overrate the importance of the subjects which have more than others occupied his own mind; but it certainly seems to me that two kinds of knowledge are indispensable, if the study of historical and philosophical jurisprudence is to be carried very far in England, — knowledge of India and knowledge of Roman law: of India, because it is the great repository of verifiable phenomena of ancient usage and ancient juridical thought; of Roman law, because, viewed in the whole course of its development, it connects these ancient usages and this ancient juridical thought with the legal ideas of our own day." Ignorance of India he thought more discreditable to Englishmen than ignorance of Roman law, and at the same time more unintelligible in them. "It is more discreditable," he said, "because it requires no very intimate ac-

quaintance with contemporary foreign opinion to recognize the abiding truth of de Tocqueville's remark, that the conquest and government of India are really the achievements in the history of a people which it is the fashion abroad to consider unromantic. The ignorance is, moreover, unintelligible, because knowledge on the subject is extremely plentiful and extremely accessible, since English society is full of men who have made it the study of a life pursued with an ardor of public spirit which would be exceptional even in the field of British domestic politics." It is evident from the strong pulse that beats in these sentences that a new spirit and a new and absorbing interest have come into the writer's mind because of his actual contact with the life of the East. It colors henceforth every part of his thought. "If there were an ideal Toryism," he writes, in the midst of the general election of 1885, "I should probably be a Tory; but I should not find it easy to say which party I should wish to win now. The truth is, India and the India Office make one judge public men by standards which have little to do with political opinion."

It was in 1885 that his volume on *Popular Government* showed us how far India and the India Office had formed his opinions. No doubt he was by constitution and temperament a Tory, — most men of delicate health and cautious thought must be. Now and again some invalid touched with genius gets the air of the sea and the quick currents of the out-of-door world into his blood, as Robert Louis Stevenson did; but men like Maine dull their blood while they are young by close, confining study, and no subsequent experience can take them out of the atmosphere of rooms and books. *Popular Government* is the only book in which Maine leaves his accustomed fields of study to make practical test of his opinions in the field of politics, — which is, after all, an out-of-door, and not an in-

door world. The book abounds in good things. Its examination of the abstract doctrines which underlie democracy is in his best manner, — every sentence of it tells. The style is pointed, too, and animated beyond his wont, — hurried here and there into a quick pace by force of feeling, by ardor against an adversary. He finds, besides, with his unerring instinct for the heart of a question, just where the whole theory and practice of democracy show the elements that will make it last or fail. "After making all due qualifications," he says, "I do not deny to Democracies some portion of the advantage which so masculine a thinker as Bentham claimed for them. But, putting this advantage at the highest, it is more than compensated by one great disadvantage. Of all the forms of government, Democracy is by far the most difficult. Little as the governing multitude is conscious of this difficulty, prone as the masses are to aggravate it by their avidity for taking more and more powers into their direct management, it is a fact which experience has placed beyond all dispute. It is the difficulty of democratic government that mainly accounts for its ephemeral duration." Unquestionably this is true, and is the central truth of the whole matter. He is right, too, beyond gainsaying, when he says that "the fact that what is called the will of the people really consists in their adopting the opinion of one person or a few persons admits of a very convincing illustration from experience." "The ruling multitude will only form an opinion by following the opinion of somebody: it may be, of a great party leader; it may be, of a small local politician; it may be, of an organized association; it may be, of an impersonal newspaper." But he is wrong — and the error is very radical — in supposing that democracy really rests on a theory, and is *nothing but* "a form of government." It is a form of character, where it is successful, — a form of national

character; and is based, not upon a theory, but upon the steady evolutions of experience. Mr. Morley was not just in describing the book as a rattling political pamphlet, — though he did say some fine things about it. His review of it brought forth, among other things, that fine remark of his, that any human institution will look black if held up against the light that shines in Utopia. But Maine cannot in fairness be called a partisan. The real and very astonishing fault of the book is, that its criticism rings false to the standards he had so greatly set up in the works which gave him his high fame. He speaks of democracy in the United States as if it were only one success amidst a host of failures, and had been nullified by the lamentable experiences of France and Spain and the republics of turbulent South America. The stability of the government of the United States is, he admits, "a political fact of the first importance; but the inferences which might be drawn from it," he says, "are much weakened, if not destroyed, by the remarkable spectacle furnished by the numerous republics set up from the Mexican border-line to the Straits of Magellan." The democracy of North America — to be found in Canada no less than in the United States — is as natural, as normal, as inevitable a product of steady, equable, unbroken history as the *Corpus Juris* of Justinian; and the heady miscarriages of attempted democracy in Spanish countries are as easily and as satisfactorily explicable as the principles of contract or the history of inheritance by will. No champion of the comparative method of historical study ought to have discredited his own canons by comparing things incomparable.

Maine's style in *Popular Government* is, as I have said, much more spirited than his style elsewhere, and smacks sometimes with a very racy flavor. "The short history of the United States," he



says, "has established one momentous negative conclusion. When a democracy governs, it is not safe to leave unsettled any important question concerning the exercise of public powers. I might give many instances of this, but the most conclusive is the war of secession, which was entirely owing to the omission of the 'fathers' to provide beforehand for the solution of certain constitutional problems, lest they should stir the topic of negro slavery. It would seem that, by a wise Constitution, democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir; but if there is a weak point anywhere in the structure, the mighty force which it controls will burst through it and spread destruction far and near." It was perhaps his style in this book that led the writer of his memoir in the *Times* to say that "his conversation was less epigrammatic than his writings. He did not strive at epigram, and his presence and influence irradiated the society in which he moved rather with a diffused and steady effulgence than with brilliant but evanescent flashes." This is probably spoken of the later days, in which he had fallen rather silent, the effervescence of youth being quieted and the meditative habit grown strong; but it is a very questionable choice of words to call anything he ever wrote epigrammatic. We are so accustomed to dull writers that when we find any vivid significance in what we read, we are apt to attribute it to some trick or turn in the way the thing is put. Maine's sentences, in *Popular Government*, as well as elsewhere and upon less lively themes, break with no sudden light, but are radiant, rather, from end to end, burning steadily and without flash. We see the whole page irradiated, find point in every sentence, and say, out of habit, that it is epigrammatic. But no one sentence carries the meaning; it is spread upon the whole page.

Honors came thick and fast upon Maine after his return from India. In

the spring of 1871, the year in which he accepted a seat in the council at the India Office, he was gazetted Knight Commander of the Star of India, and was henceforth Sir Henry Maine. In 1877 he was chosen Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, — the college in which, thirty years before, he had coached youngsters in the best "dodges in translation," and had delighted a select circle of friends with his luminous talk, — and he of course gave up the Corpus Professorship at Oxford to accept it. He still kept his seat and sedulously attended to his work at the council board of the India Office, and continued to reside in London; but he made himself felt at Cambridge none the less, and let no one feel that he was neglecting the duties or letting down the social traditions of the Mastership of Trinity Hall. He was offered the permanent under-secretaryship of the Home Office in 1885, and in 1886 the chief clerkship of the House of Commons, to succeed Sir Thomas Erskine May. No doubt, as one of his friends has suggested, it was well understood that Sir Henry would himself know whether he was fitted for these offices, and could be relied upon to decline them if he was not. He accepted, in 1887, the Whewell Professorship of International Law at Cambridge, but just made vacant by the retirement of Sir William Harcourt, and in the same year delivered those lectures on disputed questions of international obligation and practice now preserved in a thin volume which we should be very loath to miss from our shelves. It is said that before going to India, in 1862, "he had projected, and to a great extent prepared, a work on International Law, intended as a companion to" his *Ancient Law*, and "conceived in the same spirit," but that "when he returned from India the manuscript of this work could not be found," and was never recovered. Like the true scholar he was, he took the loss very cheerfully, assured that what he could

write upon the subject now would be much more full-bodied and much more abreast of the best scholarship than what he had written then; but alas! he was not to do the work he had projected, after all. He died suddenly, of apoplexy, February 3, 1888, at Cannes, whither he had gone, alone, expecting to recuperate, not looking for the end; and we have only his first lectures, unrevised. They are singularly finished in tone, manner, and substance, like everything he wrote, but they are only a fragment of what he meant to do.

His friends thought, when he was gone, not of the great writer whom the world had lost, but of the genial, sweet-spirited, enlightened gentleman who would never again make their gatherings bright with his presence. The general world of society and of affairs had never known Sir Henry Maine. He gave the best energies of his life to public duty, — to the administration of India; but he rendered his service at quiet council boards, whose debates were of business, not of questions of politics, and did not find their way into the public prints. He had no taste for publicity; preferred the secluded groups that gathered about him in the little hall of Corpus Christi to any assembly of the people. He did not have strong popular sympathies, indeed, and disdained to attempt the general ear. He loved knowledge, and was indifferent to opinion. It perhaps went along with his delicate physique and sensitive temperament that he should shrink from crowds and distrust the populace. His "quickness of apprehension, power of expression, and luminous intuition," the writer in the *Saturday*

*Review* tells us, would perhaps have led "an uninformed observer to the conclusion that their possessor had the temperament of a poetical enthusiast." But "no greater mistake," he declares, "could have been made. They were associated with a temperament which was liable to err on the side of caution, regard to actual circumstances, and a total absence of any sort of enthusiasm or illusion." And certainly no man who is without any sort of enthusiasm or illusion can easily be a democrat or a politician; for he will take democracy in the abstract, as Maine did, instead of taking it practically and in the bulk, and will lack that serviceable confidence in good average sense and sober second thought on the part of the people, which leaders have and are justified in having among a self-possessed populace accustomed to the drill and orderly action of self-government. But immediate leadership was not Maine's function. It was his suitable part in the world to clarify knowledge, to show it in its large proportions and long significance to those who could see. His mind was an exquisitely tempered instrument of judgment and interpretation. It touched knowledge with a revealing, almost with a creative, power, and as if the large relationships of fact and principle were to it the simple first elements of knowledge. He thought always so like a seer, moved always in so serene an air! His world seemed to be kept always clear of mists and clouds, as if it were blown through with steady trade-winds, which brought with them not only pure airs, but also the harmonious sounds and the abiding fragrance of the great round world.

*Woodrow Wilson.*



## SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

It is my intention to give some idea of the man himself, and of his early formative influences, rather than to attempt a critical estimate of his work. Of the man, I may say at once that he was a prince among his fellows. In nobility of nature, in sweetness and charm of temperament, in distinction of sentiment, in his spiritual outlook, tender, strong, earnest, with an exquisite kindly humor, he won the love as well as the admiration of all who knew him. He had a life so uneventful in external vicissitudes that its main features may be told in a few words. "What is there to say," he exclaimed once of a great man who had suddenly passed from among us, "what is there to say beyond this, — that between youth and old age he ever failed nobly, or nobly succeeded? Nothing else is called for. His work is his commentary on life, his biography, his record of spiritual adventure. As for the private individual, he and those dear to him are entitled to look upon the privacies of his intimate life as not only sacred, but as having absolutely no concern with the public curiosity."

Of Edward Burne-Jones this is certainly true, — that his work is his spiritual biography; nor could any one who had the privilege of his friendly regard violate wishes so often and emphatically expressed. But, as a matter of fact, he need not have feared those rents in the privacy of his intimate life which death so often discloses. There were none to be revealed.

"I have been happy in my life," I have heard him say, "happy in my friendships, happy in my art; and the only unhappiness I have known, apart from those sorrows which we all have in common, is the unhappiness of that spirit within one which is forever haunted by the discrepance between the dream, the

vision, and the possible, and therefore far less the ideal, accomplishment."

There could be few greater contrasts than between the presumptive Burne-Jones, as he was fashioned after the public fancy, and the Burne-Jones of reality. Partly because of the dreamlike beauty and remoteness of most of his work, partly because he was seldom seen in public or at social gatherings, and partly because he was known to be a recluse who was never so happy as when in his studio in a quiet region of remoter Kensington, the idea had developed into a common belief that as a man he was a mere dreamer, wholly preoccupied with poetic and symbolical vision, and in his individual outlook as remote from his fellows as in the imaginative expression of his spiritual ideas he was remote from the sterile actualities of the commonplace.

This popular view was as baseless as that which regarded William Morris, because he was the author of *The Earthly Paradise* and *Love is Enough*, as "the idle dreamer of an empty day." The two friends were in every sense of the word men of the hour as well as of their day, and of that larger day wherein the great and noble endure.

A good deal has been said as to Sir Edward Burne-Jones having been a distinguished Welshman. There is too much license in this designation. He was born in England, of parents themselves born and bred in England; and though it is fairly certain that his recent ancestors were of Cymric stock, there seems to be no absolute surety.

What is of interest is his own conviction that in nature and temperament he was Celtic, and not English. He held, as some others hold, that the finest spiritual influences at work in the moulding of contemporary British life, and pre-eminently in the æsthetic expression of

that life, have been, and are, in no small degree, either Celtic or foreign to the Anglo-Saxon. He always maintained that William Morris and Rossetti had done far more to influence the development of the true spirit of art, howsoever expressed, than Tennyson or Browning. When a friend pointed out to him that Morris, though by birth and blood a Welshman, was English of the English, he would rebut the assertion with humorous emphasis, declaring that he was only one of the Welsh Morrises who had conquered England; and that if he was n't that, he was certainly a Scandinavian viking who had unexpectedly cropped up among the much enduring Saxons. Morris used to laugh, and exclaim, "Paint's the thing, Ned, after all!" Whereat his friend would suddenly desert the whole question in eager agreement, though before parting he might shoot a Parthian shaft in the guise of "But after all, Topsy, you are a viking, and you know it!" In other words, he took the wider view. "Nationality," I heard him say on one occasion, "is an endless snare in art. It's all mere accident. The only inevitable thing, independent of race, time, or circumstance, though of course influenced by these, is genius."

It may be as well to add that Celtic sympathies took practical expression in his keen understanding of and eager wish to be in line with Irish, Welsh, and Scottish nationalist aspirations. Charles Stuart Parnell had no stancher adherent in England, and Gladstone had no more eager follower in his dream of a late retribution to unfortunate Ireland, than this "painter of other-worldism."

It was on August 28, 1833, and in a Birmingham very different from the Birmingham of to-day, that Edward Coley Burne Jones was born. I do not know what authority there is for the statement which I have frequently heard, though I have never seen it in print, — which I first heard, indeed, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, from Rossetti,

— that the third baptismal name was not Burne, but Bryn. It may or may not be true, also, that it was Rossetti who urged him, at the outset of his career, to drop the "Coley," and connect with a hyphen "Burne" and "Jones." "Jones" is nobody," Rossetti would declare, — "only a particle of a vast multiple! But 'Burne-Jones,' — that is unmistakable!" It was an amusing trait in Rossetti that he was wont to designate the good work of this or that friend as the work of — and he would mention the most distinctive name or part name of the person concerned. Thus he would say, "Yes, that is Burne-Jones, but this, this here, you know, is only Jones;" or, "That, now, is the real Holman Hunt, but this here is only Hunt;" or, "You can hear Tennyson in that, but Alfred wrote the other lines."

I recall two amusing instances where Burne-Jones more or less unconsciously adopted the same method. He was asked once if he thought William Bell Scott more eminent as a poet or as an artist. "I never thought very highly of Bell," he said; then, seeing a look of surprise, added, with a humorous twinkle, "I liked old Bell Scott — old Scotus, as we always called him — immensely, and I think William Bell Scott wrote some very fine verse, but I always thought it was a pity that Bell took to painting!" The other instance occurred when some one remarked to him that "Parnell was only an agitator." "Charles Stuart Parnell," he replied, with emphasis, "was one of the greatest public men of our day, and far and away the ablest Irish leader." "But Parnell," resumed the objector; to be again corrected by the other disputant, "Charles Stuart Parnell."

On the other hand, Rossetti rarely, if ever, called his friend Burne Jones in intimate life or intimate correspondence. He was always Jones or Ned Jones. Perhaps Ned Jones was the man; Jones, the friend who painted; Burne Jones,



the man of genius. And as with Rossetti, so was it with other early friends of the artist. Burne Jones was only a distinctive name for the benefit of outsiders. Although the name is now generally hyphenated, I do not think that its owner ever wrote it so himself. In any case, long before he became Sir Edward he had ceased to call himself anything other than Burne Jones, as though that were his single surname.

His father, Richard Edward Jones, who married Miss Elizabeth Coley, was in business in Birmingham; and it was a dull environment into which his only son was born, for the Birmingham of the early Victorian era was an unlovely place; but the lad's childhood and early boyhood were undisturbed by bitter dreams of the beautiful unattainable, for the good reason that he was brought up in complete ignorance of such a factor in life as Art. As I have heard Sir Edward declare, his early boyhood was perturbed only on the intellectual side. He had a great desire for knowledge, for mental adventure and excitement, — a desire continuously starved in his home circle, and for long thwarted by circumstances. "My ideal, like that of thousands of other boys," he was wont to add, "was to be a pirate; but at the back of that craving was, I think, the mere desire to raid the bookshops, and carry off all the stories of adventure, and stirring histories of what boys who had become men had achieved, — with, perhaps, as a tapestry background to that, again, a vision of an ideal world of romance, situate nowhere, perhaps, with certainty, but quite certainly beyond the confines of Birmingham."

In childhood, his mental need was sustained, so far as he could remember, by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Book of Martyrs*, and *Sandford and Merton*. No *Robinson Crusoe*, not even a *Swiss Family Robinson*, cheered his evenings. "I think," he said once, with a twinkle

in his eyes, "I must have been a very healthy child; for when I was n't eating I was sleeping. Perhaps sometimes I pretended to be sleepy."

"If I had not become a painter, assuredly I should have become a bookworm," he said, on an occasion when an eminent Oxford professor was expressing gratified surprise at the discovery that the man whom he so much admired as a painter was also a scholar, and not only a classical scholar and an eager student of the literature of all ages, but a scholar in the difficult science of philology. It was, if I remember right, at the time when Sir Edward was painting the last of the Briar Rose series. Of the two visitors to his studio, one was Mr. Gladstone. The great statesman quoted two lines in Greek, to the effect that he too was caught in the maze; when Sir Edward at once responded with another Greek couplet, the drift of which was that, deep as the maze was, Theseus found his way therefrom the moment he found the clue. In this quotation occurred a very archaic word, which at once arrested the attention of the eminent Oxonian. "Yes," returned the painter, "that is a far-traveled word. It came to Greece from beyond the Himalayas; it so-journed in Carthage, and had a long residence in Rome; it may now be found at any moment in any of the Latin tongues; the Welsh and Irish Celts use it, and in all probability it is known to the Finn and the Basque." It may be of general interest to add that two famous critics have expressed themselves emphatically as to the intellectual powers of the painter, apart from his art: Mr. Ruskin, who many years ago spoke of him as the most cultured artist whom he had ever known, — and it must be remembered that he was acquainted with Rossetti, G. F. Watts, and Holman Hunt; and James Russell Lowell, who declared that, apart from his eminence as a painter, Edward Burne-Jones was in every sense of the word a great man.

It is pleasant to think that what he lacked so much in his own childhood was given with royal largesse to his children. There could be few more fortunate childhoods than those of Philip and Margaret Burne-Jones. They had not only beautiful things about them, with the far more important spirit of beauty permeating their lives, and books of the kind to fascinate and stimulate imaginative children, but a father who took keen delight in amusing them with fantastic and often charming drawings, mostly of a humorous nature. There are, probably, very few of those nursery drawings now remaining, but those which I have seen are delightful in their humor and gay insouciance. At all times, Burne-Jones found pleasure in amusing his friends with grotesque sketches, skits of friends, acquaintances, and others, and humorous commentaries on topical events. It has been said of him that he might have been a great caricaturist, and, again, a great black-and-white artist, if he had not chosen the better part, and been true to the best that was in him to do. In his own words, written when he was in the early twenties, "our work, whatsoever it be, must be the best of its kind, the noblest we can offer." This absolute public severance from his work of all that was not on the same high level of aim has led many people to suppose that he lacked the sense of humor, and that he was, in a word, though so unconventional according to the academic standard, a slave to his own convention. This common accusation, however, generally comes, not from a keen sense of the value of humor, as might be supposed, but from a lack of the sense of art.

When Edward was about ten years old, his father thought of ultimately apprenticing him to a trade, or of getting him into some mercantile house. Happily for art, he decided, when his son was eleven, to send him to a good training school, in order that eventually he

might enter the Church. Fortunately, one of the best schools in the kingdom existed in Birmingham, King Edward's School, an ancient foundation established by King Edward in 1522. "It was not a leap into the dark; it was a leap into the light." In these words the painter himself was wont to allude to that momentous change in his life. Once he said to me: "Broadly speaking, the three determining factors in my life were, first, my father's decision to send me to King Edward's School and to Oxford; second, my early meeting and lifelong friendship with William Morris, and the influence upon me, both as man and artist, of Rossetti; and third, my relinquishing the idea of entering the ministry, and the definite adoption of art as my sole and inevitable vocation."

From the first young Burne-Jones proved himself an eager pupil. The head of King Edward's School, at that time, was a very remarkable man, Dr. Prince Lee, afterward to become distinguished as the Bishop of Manchester; and his intellectual enthusiasm and lofty ideals further enhanced the high qualities of those assistants whom he had obtained for the school. Any boy who showed eager aptitude was encouraged and helped to the utmost. Again and again the famous painter declared that he owed an almost incalculable debt to King Edward's. "I might say," he remarked to me once, "I swam right into that deep, wonderful sea of Greek literature and pagan mythology; and just as I have never forgotten my first visit to France, which gave me a sense of the poetry of background, or my first visit to Siena, where I found my spiritual ancestry in art, so I never can forget my introduction to the beautiful pagan mythology and lovely legends and literature of Greece."

In 1852, when he was in his nineteenth year, he won an Exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford. The impression made upon him by the ancient city



from the very beginning was ineffaceable. But a stranger and more memorable event happened just at that time; for on the day that Edward Burne-Jones went up to Exeter College another young man entered it, and with the same intent of taking orders, — a young man named William Morris. The two undergraduates became friends at once, — a friendship of supreme value to both, and to Burne-Jones in particular of incalculable importance. From that day till the death of William Morris the friendship grew in strength and beauty; and when, in 1896, Morris died, the surviving friend felt that he had sustained a loss which no lapse of time could ever set right for him. Sir Edward was never quite himself afterward. Especially did he miss Morris on Sunday mornings, because for many years it had been their wont to breakfast together and to talk over intimately all that so dearly concerned both. It is more than possible that the color-gloom and sombre sentiment pervading the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the last year or two was due more or less directly and paramously to the loss of his lifelong friend and comrade.

There was one personal subject on which William Morris, on his side, could always talk with enthusiasm, and that was his friend "Ned Jones." I remember that one day, when I was walking with him from Hyde Park Corner westward, near Sloane Street we met an acquaintance, who said he had just heard that Burne-Jones had died suddenly at Rottingdean.<sup>1</sup> The report had arisen through the misapprehension of a local Brighton reporter, who had heard of the death of a Mr. Penrhyn Jones. But, at the announcement, I thought Morris had received some mortal hurt. His whole expression changed: he seemed ten years older, and his eyes had a look in them I shall never forget. "I don't

believe it," he blurted out at last. "I'll be damned if I believe it! It's out of the question, I tell you!" Then, with an impatient gesture, he flung aside, with that strangely sea-captain-like turn he had, and crossed the road to a post-office, where he telegraphed to his friend. He soon had a reply which gave him infinite relief.

If Morris never tired of talking of his friend as he was in the early days, Burne-Jones never tired of talking of these memorable undergraduate days with Morris. The friendship then formed was doubly welcome to each from the disappointment both felt, but Burne-Jones in particular, at the mental apathy and spiritual sluggardliness of those in authority, — characteristics shared by the great majority of the undergraduates.

It seems to have been Morris who first definitely relinquished the idea of taking orders. He thought of becoming an architect, a painter, and already he had begun to write verse. For a while his friend thought of the pursuit of letters. However, in a relatively brief time both fell under the same spell, and life suddenly revealed definite vistas. Three names were already well known in the small art-loving world of Oxford: these were Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"One day Morris and I discovered that we were face to face with something new and wonderful. It was the opening of the first seal for each of us. It was Rossetti, the poet who was so new and strange a painter, and the painter who wrote poetry with so rare and strange a new note, who appealed to us most, who influenced us most; but we felt the charm, the originality, the novel creative spirit, of each of these men; and, perhaps more than all, the spirit common to them all, — in them, but yet be-

late years he had his nephew-in-law, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as his neighbor.

<sup>1</sup> Some years ago Sir Edward Burne-Jones made "a change and rest" home at Rottingdean, on the Sussex coast, near Brighton. Of

yond them, — the wonderful, fresh, re-creative spirit of a new day." Thus I have heard Edward Burne-Jones speak, and, to the same effect, William Morris.

It is not generally known that the artist made his first public appearance as an author. In that exceedingly rare periodical, *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1856 (twelve parts only were issued), there are two papers mainly on Thackeray, in the January and June numbers. These (and, as I was told by Rossetti, also the interesting article on Ruskin's third volume of *Modern Painters*) were written by Edward Burne-Jones. The few who know that he did write one literary essay have taken it for granted that the paper on *The Newcomes* alone was his; but the second was only the "leave-over" from the first. In this magazine, each monthly part of which is now literally worth its weight in gold, appeared three of the lovely archaic stories of William Morris and several of his poems, and, of Rossetti's, *The Blessed Damozel* (second lection), *The Burden of Nineveh*, and *The Staff and Scrip*. All the contributions were unsigned.

For *The Story of Chiaro*, which Rossetti entitled *Hand and Soul*, Burne-Jones had always the most profound admiration. A short time after Rossetti's death he thought of painting one or more pictures illustrative of *The Story of Chiaro*, but, so far as I am aware, he never did so. I recollect that, not long subsequent to the death of William Morris, Sir Edward spoke to me about the extraordinary impression *Hand and Soul* had made upon Morris and himself, when they first read it, which memorable event occurred one afternoon by Isis' side, William Morris being the reader. "We were both so overcome that we could not speak a word about it." It was on this occasion, too, that the painter told me he had never yet fulfilled an almost lifelong intention, —

namely, to paint a picture of the Death of Gertha.

No other of William Morris's early writings had so great a fascination for him as the beautiful romantic tale *Gertha's Lovers*, which his friend had written in his company, under the willows by the riverside. I asked him what particular scene or event he had wished to make the subject of his picture, and he replied: "The opening and the closing sentences always invited me in an indescribable way, but the motive *par excellence* was that of Gertha after death, in the chapter entitled *What Edith the Handmaiden saw from the War-Saddle*, where the beautiful queen lies on the battlefield with the blue speedwell about her pale face, while a soft wind rustles the sunset-lit aspens overhead."

Here is the passage alluded to: —

"So there lay down Gertha, and the blue speedwell kissed her white cheek; there her breath left her, and she lay very still, while the wind passed over her now and then, with hands laid across her breast. [And there Edith her handmaiden found her] lying dead among the flowers, with her hands crossed over her breast, and a soft wind that came from the place where the sun had set shook the aspen leaves."

"Yes, I must paint Gertha before I die," he added, "and the more so now that dear Morris is gone. It will be like living over my youth, our youth, again."

The writings of Ruskin, the strange new poetry and the strange new romantic art of Rossetti, the pictorial intensity and symbolism of Holman Hunt, were perhaps the chief causes which brought about that vital change in the life of Burne-Jones and of William Morris which resulted in their giving up the idea of entering the Church. But there were other personal influences of moment. There was, too, the spirit of change in the air, — the spirit of a new era, of a deep and potent renaissance. Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, — these great



ones, each in his own way, had already exercised an extraordinary influence upon the keenest spirits of the new generation. Charles Kingsley and others wrought to the same end. The world of art had awakened, and was full of rumors. A vast wave of resentment, almost of hostility, had begun to rise against this new, unexpected tide. It was a day of revolution.

Long before the two friends left Oxford they had discovered that they too were of those who had the shaping and making powers. The discovery was an intoxication to them, and from that moment their development was so rapid as to surprise both themselves and their friends. Morris was now almost ceaselessly preoccupied with both pen and pencil; for, like Rossetti, he had from the first a dual genius, as poet and painter. Burne-Jones hardly let pass a day in which, with swift if unregulated technical advance, he did not find some expression in "romantic pen-and-ink designs of remarkable richness and quality," as Mr. William Rossetti has recorded.

I am not sure whether it was before he left Oxford that Burne-Jones made another friendship, destined to be one of the three most noteworthy in his life, — the friendship of Mr. Swinburne. This great poet won the love and admiration of all that brilliant band whose work was to bring about a revolution in the art and literature of their country, and among those whose genius he at once recognized was the young painter. He already knew Rossetti, Morris, and others of only less wonderful power and promise; but it was to the still relatively unknown artist that, in 1866, he dedicated his *Poems and Ballads* "affectionately and admiringly."

Mr. Swinburne made Rossetti's acquaintance in 1857, while the painter was busy upon his fresco work in the Union at Oxford. In Rossetti's own words, it was his first meeting with

"immediately convincing and unmistakable genius." The meeting, in its after results, was a memorable one for the four greatest among these "new men," — Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, and Burne-Jones.

When, toward the end of 1855, Burne-Jones left Oxford for London, he had one great wish, — to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti, already his accepted leader, the pioneer. Modest and distrustful of his own powers, he did not think of seeking an interview with the poet-painter, but hoped to be able to obtain at least a glimpse, to see the face and hear the voice of the man who had so profoundly influenced him. The meeting took place at one of the evening classes for drawing at the College for Working Men, in Great Titchfield Street, where, the eager aspirant had heard, Rossetti gave instruction in design on certain evenings each week.

The young artist not only won the friendship of Rossetti, but was encouraged to devote himself wholly and enthusiastically to art. An instance of his rapid development, and at the same time of Rossetti's magnanimity, is afforded in an interesting anecdote, long familiar in the "circle:" that when Rossetti went to see how his young friend was getting on, and asked for the drawings of his own which he had lent him, he was so much impressed by the excellence of the work of his disciple that he tore up his sketches, remarking, "You have no more to learn from these."

It was Rossetti, too, who transformed Burne-Jones's vague dream of an ultimate art career into actuality. He had already made up his mind not to enter the Church, but he had still his degree to take and another half-year to spend at Oxford; and then, too, there was the keen disappointment of his father to reckon with. Carlyle with his gospel of work, Ruskin with his gospel of spiritual duty, Rossetti with his gospel of beauty, were not his masters for nothing. He

did as they would have done, and the outcome was his splendid justification.

Naturally, Rossetti being the generous and magnanimous man he was, he did everything he could to help the newcomer. It was he who was instrumental in procuring Burne-Jones's first commission in a branch of art that he afterward made peculiarly his own; for on the advice of the elder man one Mr. Powell entrusted to the young artist a commission for stained-glass windows. His friend also introduced him to Mr. Ruskin, who in time became a helpful patron as well as an ardent admirer of his work.

Burne-Jones painted mostly in water-colors till about 1868, when in the beautiful *Chant d'Amour* he made a new departure. In 1858-59 he painted in tempera his first Arthurian subject, that of Merlin and Nimue. Some of his drawings of this period are wonderful for their beauty and originality, notably the *Sidonia the Sorceress* drawings. Between 1858 and 1868 he painted some of his loveliest work in water-color: *The Annunciation*, *Summer Snow*, *Cupid's Forge*, *Blind Love*, *King René's Honey-moon*, *Theseus and Ariadne*, *Laus Veneris* (1861-78), *Tristram and Yseult*, *The Enchantments of Nimue*, *Fatima*, *Morgan le Fay*, *The Merciful Knight*, *The Wine of Circe*, *Le Chant d'Amour* (1865, first version), *Chaucer's Dream*, *Cupid and Psyche*, *Astrologia*, *St. Theophilus and the Angel*, and others. In 1866 he painted a *St. George and the Dragon* in oils, in 1868 *Green Summer*, and in the same year, a few months earlier, began the (small) *Mirror of Venus*, which, however, was not finished till 1877.

In this period, also, he achieved much lovely work in cartoons for stained-glass windows, beginning in 1857 with *Adam and Eve*, *The Tower of Babel*, and *King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*, for *St. Andrews College*, *Bradfield, Berks*. In extent, in beauty, in

endless imaginative fecundity, Burne-Jones's work in this branch is something to marvel at. From 1857 till 1897 he never ceased to work at these cartoons, and in those forty years he added more beauty to the churches, colleges, and public buildings of Great Britain than any other English artist, of any time or period, has done.

It was in 1868 that he began often to paint his pictures in oil, though he was always preëminently fond of water-color as a medium, and practiced it till the end. With the large oil picture of *Le Chant d'Amour* (begun in 1868, and finished in 1877) what a superb series of masterpieces is inaugurated! *Pygmalion and the Image*, *The Hours*, the first small *Briar Rose* series of three, *Pan and Psyche*, *The Beguiling of Merlin*, the noble *Feast of Peleus*, *The Mirror of Venus*, *Laus Veneris* (1873-78), *Hero, Danaë*, *The Golden Stairs*, *Fortune*, *King Cophetua* and the *Beggar Maid*, *Perseus and the Graiæ*, *The Briar Wood* (1884-90), *The Depths of the Sea*, *Flamma Vestalis*, *The Garden of Pan*, *Danaë and the Brazen Tower*, *The Heart of the Rose*, and so forth.

In water-color (mostly on a large scale) he achieved, in the last thirty years of his life, some of the most beautiful work ever painted in England: such, for instance, as *The Hesperides*, *The Heart Desires* (*Pygmalion*), *Love among the Ruins*, *Fortune*, *Fame*, *Oblivion*, *Love*, *Summer*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, the *Angels of Creation*, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, *The Bath of Venus*, *Dies Domini*, *The Star of Bethlehem*. From the wonderful little drawing of 1856, *The Waxen Image*, to *The Briar Rose* and the work of the last few years, what a record! No man in our time has given himself more wholly, more whole-heartedly, to the quest of beauty.

At the time of *The Waxen Image* drawing he shared rooms at 17 Red Lion Square with William Morris, and it was to this companionship he owed



his lifelong devotion to Chaucer, so often the source of his finest inspiration.

The next great influence in his life was a visit to Italy which he made in the autumn of 1859. He came back profoundly impressed by what he had seen in Pisa, Florence, and Siena; indeed, for the noble and dignified art of the great Siennese he conceived then, and ever maintained, a supreme admiration. A second visit, in the company of Mr. Ruskin, was made in the summer of 1862, and this time he went to Venice. Here Burne-Jones discovered that his truest powers lay, not in the direction of Venetian splendor, but in that of the dignity, the austerity, the lofty spiritual aristocracy of the art of Siena. From Venice he wrote to Rossetti a letter with an interesting note in it: "The other day I saw a letter of Titian's. The handwriting was, absolutely, exactly like yours, — as like as a forged letter of yours could be; the whole writing a little bit bigger, I think, but the shapes of the letters as exact as could be."

On his first return from Italy, Burne-Jones settled in rooms near Fitzroy Square, at the corner of Howland Street; and in 1861 he went to Great Russell Street, where his first public honor came to him in 1863, with his election to an associateship of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. In 1865 he moved again to a charming old house in Kensington Square, and in the autumn paid a long "painting visit" to Morris, who was then settled at The Red House, which he had built for himself at Bexley Heath, in Kent. It was in 1867 that he moved finally to the quietly situated and fascinating old house and garden in West Kensington, The Grange, which was his home ever after, and where he died. At The Grange, and at his country or seaside home at

Rottingdean, he spent the happiest years of his life.

Not long after his friend Rossetti had married the beautiful Miss Siddal, and his comrade William Morris had married the still more beautiful Miss Burden, he was himself wedded to a lady of great distinction and charm, Miss Georgina Macdonald. One of this lady's sisters is now Lady Poynter, wife of the director of the National Gallery, and another is the mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Of the two children of a very happy marriage, one, Margaret (whose lovely portrait is familiar to all admirers of her father's art), is now Mrs. Mackail, the wife of a distinguished scholar and man of letters; and the other, Philip, now Sir Philip, is a painter who has won repute for himself, handicapped though he was by the great name of his father.

From the time of his marriage Burne-Jones's career is a record of unbroken success, though for many years against a public sentiment of hostility or ignorant amusement, — a sentiment fed by ignorant and bigoted critics. It was not till the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1877, that he suddenly, though amid a still prevalent disparagement, became recognized as one of the greatest of English artists. The story of his work and triumphs is a stirring one. He won happiness, fame, and all the honors he could care for; he achieved an almost unparalleled success; from first to last he never pandered to any low tastes or unworthy demands, but was ever true to his own ideals; he enjoyed the friendship and sympathy of the greatest men of his time; and he died suddenly, in the midst of his work, leaving behind him a great and unsullied name, and a fame which we may confidently trust the future to estimate aright.

*William Sharp.*

## REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

## II.

As I have already remarked, we were going from England to Gibraltar to observe the total eclipse of the sun. A large party of English astronomers were going to Algeria for the same purpose. The government had fitted up a naval transport for their use, and as I was arranging for a passage on a P. & O. ship we received a cordial invitation to become the guests of the English party. Among those on board were Professor Tyndall; Mr. Huggins, the spectroscopist; Sir Erastus Ommaney, a retired English admiral, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; Father Perry, a well-known astronomer; and Lieutenant Wharton, who afterward became hydrographer to the Admiralty.

The sprightliest man on board was Professor Tyndall. He made up for the absence of mountains by climbing to every part of the ship he could reach. One day he climbed the shrouds to the main-top, and stood surveying the scene as if he fancied himself on top of the Matterhorn. A sailor followed him, and drew a chalk-line around his feet. I assume the reader knows what this means; if he does not, he can learn by straying into the sailors' quarters the first time he is on board an ocean steamer. But the professor absolutely refused to take the hint.

We had a rather rough passage, from which Father Perry was the greatest sufferer. One day he heard a laugh from the only lady on board, who was in the adjoining stateroom. "Who can laugh at such a time as this!" he exclaimed. He made a vow that he would never go on the ocean again, even if the sun and moon fought for a month. But the vows of a seasick passenger are forgotten sooner than any others I know of; and it was only four years later that Father Perry

made a voyage to Kerguelen Island, in the stormiest ocean on the globe, to observe a transit of Venus.

Off the coast of Spain, the leading-chains of the rudder got loose, during a gale in the middle of the night, and the steering apparatus had to be disconnected in order to tighten them. The ship veered round into the trough of the sea, and rolled so heavily that a table, twenty or thirty feet long, in the saloon, broke from its fastenings, and began to dance around the cabin with such a racket that some of the passengers feared for the safety of the ship. Just how much of a storm there was I cannot say, believing that it is never worth while for a passenger to leave his berth, if there is any danger of a ship foundering in a gale. But in Professor Tyndall's opinion we had a narrow escape. On arriving at Gibraltar, he wrote a glowing account of the storm to the *London Times*, in which he described the feelings of a philosopher while standing on the stern of a rolling ship in an ocean storm, without quite knowing whether she was going to sink or swim. The letter was anonymous, which gave Admiral Ommaney an excellent opportunity to write as caustic a reply as he chose, under the signature of "A Naval Officer." He said that sailor was fortunate who could arrange with the clerk of the weather never to have a worse storm in crossing the Bay of Biscay than the one we had experienced.

We touched at Cadiz, and anchored for a few hours, but did not go ashore. The Brooklyn, an American man-of-war, was in the harbor, but there was no opportunity to communicate with her, though I knew a friend of mine was on board.

Gibraltar is the greatest Babel in the world. I wrote home: "The principal



languages spoken at this hotel are English, Spanish, Moorish, French, Italian, German, and Danish. I do not know what languages they speak at the other hotels." Moorish and Spanish are the local tongues, and of course English is the official one; but the traders and commercial travelers speak nearly every language one ever heard.

I hired a Moor — who bore some title which indicated that he was a descendant of the Caliphs, and by which he had to be addressed — to do chores and act as general assistant. One of the first things I did, the morning after my arrival, was to choose a convenient point on one of the stone parapets for "taking the sun," in order to test the running of my chronometer. I had some suspicion as to the result, but was willing to be amused. A sentinel speedily informed me that no sights were allowed to be taken on the fortification. I told him I was taking sights on the sun, not on the fortification. But he was inexorable; the rule was that no sights of any sort could be taken without a permit. I soon learned from Mr. Sprague, the American consul, who the proper officer was to issue the permit, which I was assured would be granted without the slightest difficulty.

The consul presented me to the military governor of the place, General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars. He was a man whom it was very interesting to meet. His heroic defense of the town whose name was added to his own as a part of his title was still fresh in men's minds. It had won him the order of the Bath in England, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and a sword from Napoleon III., and the usual number of lesser distinctions. The military governor, the sole authority and viceroy of the Queen in the fortress, is treated with the deference due to an exalted personage; but this deference so strengthens the dignity of the position that the holder may be frank and hearty

at his own pleasure, without danger of impairing it. Certainly, we found Sir Fenwick a most genial and charming gentleman. The Alabama claims were then in their acute stage, and he expressed the earnest hope that the two nations would not proceed to cutting each other's throats over them.

There was no need of troubling the governor with such a detail as that of a permit to take sights; but the consul ventured to relate my experience of the morning. He took the information in a way which showed that England, in making him a general, had lost a good diplomatist. Instead of treating the matter seriously, which would have implied that we did not fully understand the situation, he professed to be greatly amused, and said it reminded him of the case of an old lady in Punch who had to pass a surveyor in the street, behind a theodolite. "Please, sir, don't shoot till I get past," she begged.

Before leaving England, I had made very elaborate arrangements, both with the Astronomer Royal and with the telegraph companies, to determine the longitude of Gibraltar by telegraphic signals. The most difficult part of the operation was the transfer of the signals from the end of the land line into the cable, which had to be done by hand, because the cable companies were not willing to trust to an automatic action of any sort between the land line and the cable. It was therefore necessary to show the operator at the point of junction how signals were to be transmitted. This required a journey to Port Curno, at the very end of the Land's end, several miles beyond the terminus of the railway. It was the most old-time place I ever saw; one might have imagined himself thrown back into the days of the Lancasters. The thatched inn had a hard stone floor, with a layer of loose sand scattered over it as a carpet in the bedroom. My linguistic qualities were put to a severe test in talking with the landlady. But

the cable operators were pleasing and intelligent young gentlemen, and I had no difficulty in making them understand how the work was to be done. I have not seen or heard of them since, but should any one of them chance to see these lines, I wish him to know how pleasantly I remember my visit to his little station.

The manager of the cable was Sir James Anderson, who had formerly commanded a Cunard steamship from Boston, and was well known to the Harvard professors, with whom he was a favorite. I had met him, or at least seen him, at a meeting of the American Academy ten years before, where he was introduced by one of his Harvard friends. After commanding the ship that laid the first Atlantic cable, he was made manager of the cable line from England to Gibraltar. He gave me a letter to the head operator at Gibraltar, the celebrated de Sauty.

I say "the celebrated," but may it not be that this appellation can only suggest the vanity of all human greatness? It just occurs to me that many of the present generation may not even have heard of the

"Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,  
Holding talk with nations,"

immortalized by Holmes in one of his humorously scientific poems. During the two short weeks that the first Atlantic cable transmitted its signals, his fame spread over the land, for the moment obscuring by its brilliancy that of Thomson, Field, and all others who had taken part in designing and laying the cable. On the breaking down of the cable he lapsed into his former obscurity. I asked him if he had ever seen Holmes's production. He replied that he had received a copy of *The Atlantic Monthly* containing it from the poet himself, accompanied by a note saying that he might find in it something of interest. He had been overwhelmed with invitations to continue his journey from Newfoundland to the

United States and lecture on the cable, but was sensible enough to decline them.

The rest of the story of the telegraphic longitude is short. The first news which de Sauty had to give me was that the cable was broken, — just where, he did not know, and would not be able soon to discover. After the break was located, an unknown period would be required to raise the cable, find the place, and repair the breach. The weather, on the day of the eclipse, was more than half cloudy, so that I did not succeed in making observations of such value as would justify my waiting indefinitely for the repair of the cable, and the project of determining the longitude had to be abandoned.

I had a mission which was vastly more important than any observation of the eclipse possibly could be. The question of the moon's motion was then, as it is now, one of the unsettled ones in mathematical astronomy. The British government, in 1857, had published tables of the moon by Hansen, which were supposed to settle the question, at least for one or more centuries. But ten years had not elapsed after the publication before something was found to be wrong, and I suspected that, if the facts could only be brought out, the tables would be found to have been very largely in error for times before the beginning of accurate observations in 1750. The most promising place to search for older observations was the Paris observatory; but the Franco-Prussian war made a visit thither impossible at the moment. So we determined to pass the winter at Berlin, waiting for the war to close.

We went by way of Italy. The Mediterranean is a charming sea in summer, but in winter is a good deal like the Atlantic. The cause of the blueness of its water is not completely settled; but its sharing this color with Lake Geneva, which is tinged with detritus from the shore, might lead one to ascribe it to substances held in solution. The color



is noticeable even in the harbor of Malta, to which we had a pleasant though not very smooth passage of five days. Here was our first experience of an Italian town of a generation ago. I had no sooner started to take my first walk than a so-called guide, who spoke what he thought was English, got on my track, and insisted on showing me everything. If I started toward a shop, he ran in before me, invited me in, asked what I would like to buy, and told the shopman to show the gentleman something. I could not get rid of him till I returned to the hotel, and then he had the audacity to want a fee for his services. I do not think he got it. Everything of interest was easily seen, and we only stopped to take the first Italian steamer to Messina. We touched at Syracuse and Catania, but did not land.

Ætna, from the sea, is one of the grandest sights I ever saw. Its snow-covered cone seems to rise on all sides out of the sea or the plain, and to penetrate the blue sky. In this it gives an impression like that of the Weissborn seen from Randa, but gains by its isolation.

At Messina, of course, our steamer was visited by a commissionaire, who asked me in good English whether I wanted a hotel. I told him that I had already decided upon a hotel, and therefore did not need his services. But it turned out that he belonged to the very hotel I was going to, and was withal an American, a regular Yankee, in fact, and so obviously honest that I placed myself unreservedly in his hands, — something which I never did, with one of his profession, before or since. He said the first thing was to get our baggage through the custom-house, which he could do without any trouble, at the cost of a franc. He was as good as his word. The Italian custom-house was marked by primitive rigor, and baggage was subjected to a very thorough search. But my man was evidently well known and fully trusted. I was asked to raise

the lid of one trunk, which I did; the official looked at it, with his hands in his pockets, gave a nod, and the affair was over. My Yankee friend collected one franc for that part of the business. He told us all about the place, changed our money so as to take advantage of the premium on gold, and altogether looked out for our interests in a way to do honor to his tribe. I thought there might be some curious story of the way in which a New Englander of such qualities could have got into such a place, but it will have to be left to imagination.

We reached the Bay of Naples in the morning twilight, after making an unsuccessful attempt to locate Scylla and Charybdis. If they ever existed, they must have disappeared. Vesuvius was now and then lighting up the clouds with its intermittent flame. But we had passed a most uncomfortable night, and the morning was wet and chilly. A view requires something more than the objective to make it appreciated, and the effect of a rough voyage and bad weather was such as to deprive of all its beauty what is considered one of the finest views in the world. Moreover, the experience made me so ill natured that I was determined that the custom-house officer at the landing should have no fee from me. The only article that could have been subject to duty was on top of everything in the trunk, except a single covering of some loose garment, so that only a touch was necessary to find it. When it came to the examination, the officer threw the top till contemptuously aside, and devoted himself to a thorough search of the bottom. The only unusual object he stumbled upon was a spyglass inclosed in a shield of morocco. Perhaps a gesture and a remark on my part roused his suspicions. He opened the glass, tried to take it to pieces, inspected it inside and out, and was so disgusted with his failure to find anything contraband in it that he returned everything to the trunk, and let us off.

It is commonly and quite justly supposed that the more familiar the traveler is with the language of the place he visits, the better he will get along. It is a common experience to find that even when you can pronounce the language, you cannot understand what is said. But there are exceptions to all rules, and circumstances now and then occur in which one thus afflicted has the advantage over the native. You can talk to him, while he cannot talk to you. There was an amusing case of this kind at Munich. The only train that would take us to Berlin before nightfall of the same day left at eight o'clock in the morning, by a certain route. There was at Munich what we call a union station. I stopped at the first ticket-office where I saw the word "Berlin" on the glass, asked for a ticket good in the train that was going to leave at eight o'clock the next morning for Berlin, and took what the seller gave me. He was a stupid-looking fellow, so when I got to my hotel I showed the ticket to a friend. "That is not the ticket that you want at all," said he; "it will take you by a circuitous route in a train that does not leave until after nine, and you will not reach Berlin until long after dark." I went directly back to the station and showed my ticket to the agent.

"I — asked — you — for — a — ticket — good — in — the — train — which — leaves — at — eight — o' — clock. This — ticket — is — not — good — in — that — train. Sie — haben — mich — betrügen. I — want — you — to — take — the — ticket — back — and — return — me — the — money. What — you — say — can — I — not — understand."

He expostulated, gesticulated, and fumed, but I kept up the bombardment until he had to surrender. He motioned to me to step round into the office, where he took the ticket and returned the money. I mention the matter because taking back a ticket is said to be quite unusual on a German railway.

At Berlin, the leading astronomers, then, as now, were Förster, director of the observatory, and Auwers, permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences. I was especially interested in the latter, as we had started in life nearly at the same time, and had done much work on similar lines. It was several days before I made his acquaintance, as I did not know that the rule on the Continent is that the visitor must make the first call, or at least make it known by direct communication that he would be pleased to see the resident; otherwise it is presumed that he does not wish to see callers. This is certainly the more logical system, but it is not so agreeable to the visiting stranger as ours is. The art of making the latter feel at home is not brought to such perfection on the Continent as in England; perhaps the French understand it less than any other people. But none can be pleasanter than the Germans, when you once make their acquaintance; and we shall always remember with pleasure the winter we passed in Berlin.

To-day, Auwers stands at the head of German astronomy. In him is seen the highest type of the scientific investigator of our time, one perhaps better developed in Germany than in any other country. The work of men of this type is marked by minute and careful research, untiring industry in the accumulation of facts, caution in propounding new theories or explanations, and, above all, the absence of effort to gain recognition by being the first to make a discovery. When men are ambitious to figure as Newtons of some great principle, there is a constant temptation to publish unverified speculations which are likely rather to impede than to promote the advance of knowledge. The result of Auwers' conscientiousness is that, notwithstanding his eminence in his science, there are few astronomers of note whose works are less fitted for popular exposition than his. His specialty has been the treat-



ment of all questions concerning the positions and motions of the stars. This work has required accurate observations of position, with elaborate and careful investigations of a kind that offer no feature to attract public attention, and only in exceptional cases lead to conclusions that would interest the general reader. He considers no work as ready for publication until it is completed in every detail, showing in this a conscientiousness which his fellow astronomers may sometimes have reason to regret, owing to the length of time they have to wait for his conclusions.

The old astronomical observations of which I was in quest might well have been made by other astronomers than those of Paris, so while awaiting the end of the war I tried to make a thorough search of the writings of the mediæval astronomers in the Royal Library. If one knew exactly what books he wanted, and had plenty of time at his disposal, he would find no difficulty in consulting them in any of the great Continental libraries. But, at the time of my visit, notwithstanding the cordiality with which all the officials, from Professor Lepsius down, were disposed to second my efforts, the process of getting any required book was very elaborate. Although one could obtain a book on the same day he ordered it, if he went in good time, it was advisable to leave the order the day before, if possible. When, as in the present case, one book only suggests another, this a third, and so on, in an endless chain, the carrying on of an extended research is very tedious.

One feature of the library strongly impressed me with the comparatively backward state of mathematical science in our own country. As is usual in the great European libraries, those books which are most consulted are placed in the general reading-room, where any one can have access to them, at any moment. It was surprising to see amongst these books a set of Crelle's *Journal of Mathe-*

matics, and to find it well worn by constant use. At that time, so far as I could learn, there were not more than two or three sets of the *Journal* in the United States; and these were almost unused. Even the Library of Congress did not contain a set. There has been a great change since that time, — a change in which the Johns Hopkins University took the lead, by inviting Sylvester to this country, and starting a mathematical school of the highest grade. Other universities followed its example to such an extent that, to-day, an American student need not leave his own country to hear a master in any branch of mathematics.

I believe it was Dr. B. A. Gould who called the Pulkova observatory the astronomical capital of the world. This institution was founded in 1839 by the Emperor Nicholas, on the initiative of his greatest astronomer. It is situated some twelve miles south of St. Petersburg, not far from the railway between that city and Berlin, and gets its name from a peasant village in the neighborhood. From its foundation it has taken the lead in exact measurements relating to the motion of the earth and the positions of the principal stars. An important part of its equipment is an astronomical library, which is perhaps the most complete in existence. This, added to all its other attractions, induced me to pay a visit to Pulkova. Otto Struve, the director, had been kind enough to send me a message, expressing the hope that I would pay him a visit, and giving directions about telegraphing in advance, so as to insure the delivery of the dispatch. The time from Berlin to St. Petersburg is about forty-eight hours, the only through train leaving and arriving in the evening. On the morning of the day that the train was due I sent the dispatch. Early in the afternoon, as the train was stopping at a way station, I saw an official running hastily from one car to another, looking into each with

some concern. When he came to my door, he asked if I had sent a telegram to Estafetta. I told him I had. He then informed me that Estafetta had not received it. But the train was already beginning to move, so there was no further chance to get information. The comical part of the matter was that "Estafetta" merely means a post or postman, and that the directions, as Struve had given them, were to have the dispatch sent by postman from the station to Pulkova.

It was late in the evening when the train reached Zarsko-Selo, the railway station for Pulkova, which is about five miles away. The station-master told me that no carriage from Pulkova was waiting for me, which tended to confirm the fear that the dispatch had not been received. After making known my plight, I took a seat in the station and awaited the course of events, in some doubt what to do. Only a few minutes had elapsed when a good-looking peasant, well wrapped in a fur overcoat, with a whip in his hand, looked in at the door, and pronounced very distinctly the words, "Observatorio Pulkova." Ah! this is Struve's driver at last, thought I, and I followed the man to the door. But when I looked at the conveyance, doubt once more supervened. It was scarcely more than a sledge, and was drawn by a single horse, evidently more familiar with hard work than good feeding. This did not seem exactly the vehicle that the great Russian observatory would send out to meet a visitor; yet it was a far country, and I was not acquainted with its customs.

The way in which my doubt was dispelled shows that there is one subject besides love on which difference of language is no bar to the communication of ideas. This is the desire of the uncivilized man for a little coin of the realm. In South Africa, Zulu chiefs, who do not know one other word of English, can say "shilling" with unmistakable distinct-

ness. My Russian driver did not know even this little English word, but he knew enough of the universal language. When we had made a good start on the snow-covered prairie, he stopped, looked round at me inquiringly, raised his hand, and stretched out two fingers so that I could see them against the starlit sky.

I nodded assent.

Then he drew his overcoat tightly around him with a gesture of shivering from the cold, beat his hands upon his breast as if to warm it, and looked at me inquiringly.

I nodded again.

The bargain was complete. He was to have two rubles for the drive, and a little something besides to comfort his shivering breast. So he could not be Struve's man.

There is no welcome warmer than a Russian one, and none in any country warmer than that which the visiting astronomer receives at an observatory. Great is the contrast between the winter sky of a clear, moonless night and the interior of a dining-room, forty feet square, with a big blazing fire at one end and a table in the middle. The fact that the visitor had never before met one of his hosts detracted nothing from the warmth of his reception.

The organizer of the observatory, and its first director, was Wilhelm Struve, father of the one who received me, and equally great as man and astronomer. Like many other good Russians, he was the father of a large family. One of his sons was for ten years the Russian minister at Washington. The instruments which Struve designed sixty years ago still do the finest work of any in the world; but one may suspect this to be due more to the astronomers who handle them than to the instruments themselves.

The air is remarkably clear; the entrance to St. Petersburg, ten or twelve miles north, is distinctly visible; and Struve told me that during the Crimean war he could see, through the great tele-



scope, the men on the decks of the British ships besieging Kronstadt, thirty miles away.

One drawback from which the astronomers suffer is the isolation of the place. The village at the foot of the little hill is inhabited only by peasants, and the astronomers and employees have nearly all to be housed in the observatory buildings. There is no society but their own nearer than the capital. At the time of my visit the scientific staff was almost entirely German or Swedish, by birth or language. In the state, two opposing parties are the Russian, which desires the ascendancy of the native Muscovites, and the German, which appreciates the fact that the best and most valuable of the Tsar's subjects are of German or other foreign descent. During the past twenty years the Russian party has gradually got the upper hand; and the result of this ascendancy at Pulkova will be looked for with much solicitude by astronomers everywhere.

Once a year the lonely life of the astronomers is enlivened by a grand feast,—that of the Russian New Year. One object of the great dining-room which I have mentioned, the largest room, I believe, in the whole establishment, was to make this feast possible. My visit took place early in March, so that I did not see the celebration; but from what I have heard, the little colony does what it can to make up for a year of ennui. Every twenty-five years it celebrates a jubilee; the second came off in 1889.

There is much to interest the visitor in a Russian peasant village, and that of Pulkova has features some of which I have never seen described. Above the door of each log hut is the name of the occupant, and below the name is a rude picture of a bucket, hook, or some other piece of apparatus used in extinguishing fire. Inside, the furniture is certainly meagre enough, yet one could not see why the occupants should be otherwise than comfortable. I know of no good

reason why ignorance should imply unhappiness; altogether, there is some good room for believing that the less civilized races can enjoy themselves, in their own way, about as well as we can. What impressed me as the one serious hardship of the peasantry was their hours of labor. Just how many hours of the twenty-four these beings find for sleep was not clear to the visitor; they seemed to be at work all day, and at midnight many of them had to start on their way to St. Petersburg with a cartload for the market. A church ornamented with tinsel is a feature of every Russian village; so also are the priests. The only two I saw were sitting on a fence, wearing garments that did not give evidence of having known water since they were made. One great drawback to the growth of manufactures in Russia is the number of feast days, on which the native operators must one and all abandon their work, regardless of consequences.

The astronomical observations made at Pulkova are not published annually, as are those made at most of the other national observatories, but a volume relating to one subject is issued whenever the work is done. When I was there, the volumes containing the earlier meridian observations were in press. Struve and his chief assistant, Dr. Wagner, used to pore nightly over the proof sheets, bestowing on every word and detail a minute attention which less patient astronomers would have found extremely irksome.

Dr. Wagner was a son-in-law of Hansen, the astronomer of the little ducal observatory at Gotha, as was also our Bayard Taylor. My first meeting with Hansen, which occurred after my return to Berlin, was not devoid of interest. Modest as was the public position that he held, he may now fairly be considered the greatest master of celestial mechanics since Laplace. In what order Leverrier, Delaunay, Adams, and Hill should follow him, it is not neces-

sary to decide. To many readers, it will seem singular to place any name ahead of that of the master who pointed out the position of Neptune before a human eye had ever recognized it. But this achievement, great as it was, was more remarkable for its boldness and brilliancy than for its inherent difficulty. If the work had to be done over again to-day, there are a number of young men who would be as successful as Leverrier; but there are none who would attempt to reinvent the methods of Hansen, or even to improve radically upon them. Their main feature is the devising of new and refined methods of computing the variations in the motions of a planet produced by the attraction of all the other planets. As Laplace left this subject, the general character of these variations could be determined without difficulty, but the computations could not be made with mathematical exactness. Hansen's methods led to results so precise that, if they were fully carried out, it is doubtful whether any deviation between the predicted and the observed motions of a planet could be detected by the most refined observation.

At the time of my visit Mrs. Wagner was suffering from a severe illness, of which the crisis passed while I was at Pulkova, and left her, as was supposed, on the road to recovery. I was, of course, very desirous of meeting so famous a man as Hansen. He was expected to preside at a session of the German commission on the transit of Venus, which was to be held in Berlin about the time of my return thither from Pulkova. The opportunity was therefore open of bringing a message of good news from his daughter. Apart from this, the prospect of the meeting might have been embarrassing. The fact is that I was at odds with him on a scientific question, and he was a man who did not take a charitable view of those who differed from him in opinion.

He was the author of a theory, current

thirty or forty years ago, that the farther side of the moon is composed of denser materials than the side turned toward us. As a result of this, the centre of gravity of the moon was supposed to be farther from us than the actual centre of her globe. It followed that, although neither atmosphere nor water existed on our side of the moon, the other side might have both. Here was a very tempting field, into which astronomical speculators stepped, to clothe the invisible hemisphere of the moon with a beautiful terrestrial landscape, and to people it as densely as they pleased with beings like ourselves. If these beings should ever attempt to explore the other half of their own globe, they would find themselves ascending to a height completely above the limits of their atmosphere. Hansen himself never countenanced such speculations as these, but confined his claims to the simple facts he supposed proven.

In 1868 I had published a little paper showing what I thought a fatal defect, a vicious circle in fact, in Hansen's reasoning on this subject. Not long before my visit, Delaunay had made this paper the basis of a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, in which he not only indorsed my views, but sought to show the extreme improbability of Hansen's theory on other grounds.

When I first reached Germany, on my way from Italy, I noticed copies of a blue pamphlet lying on the tables of the astronomers. Apparently, the paper had been plentifully distributed; but it was not until I reached Berlin that I found it was Hansen's defense against my strictures, — a defense in which mathematics were not unmixed with scathing sarcasm at the expense of both Delaunay and myself. The case brought to mind a warm discussion between Hansen and Encke, in the pages of a scientific journal, some fifteen years before. At the time it had seemed intensely comical to see two enraged combatants — for so I amused



myself by fancying them — hurling algebraic formulæ, of frightful complexity, at each other's heads. I did not then dream that I should live to be an object of the same sort of attack, and that from Hansen himself.

To be revised, pulled to pieces, or superseded, as science advances, is the common fate of most astronomical work, even the best. It does not follow that it has been done in vain; if good, it forms a foundation on which others will build. But not every great investigator can look on with philosophic calm when he sees his work thus treated, and Hansen was among the last who could.

Under these circumstances, it was a serious question what sort of reception Hansen would accord to a reviser of his conclusions who should venture to approach him. I determined to assume an attitude that would show no consciousness of offense. Our meeting was not attended by any explosion; I gave him the pleasant message with which I was charged from his daughter, and, a few days later, sat by his side at a dinner of the German commission on the coming transit of Venus.

As Hansen was Germany's greatest master in mathematical astronomy, so was the venerable Argelander in the observational side of the science. He was

of the same age as the newly crowned Emperor, and the two were playmates at the time Germany was being overrun by the armies of Napoleon. He was held in love and respect by the entire generation of young astronomers, both Germans and foreigners, many of whom were proud to have had him as their preceptor. Among these was Dr. B. A. Gould, who frequently related a story of the astronomer's wit. When with him as a student, Gould was beardless, but had a good head of hair. Returning some years later, he had become bald, but had made up for it by having a full, long beard. He entered Argelander's study unannounced. At first the astronomer did not recognize him.

"Do you not know me, Herr Professor?"

The astronomer looked more closely. "Mein Gott! It is Gould mit his hair struck through."

Argelander was more than any one else the founder of that branch of his science which treats of variable stars. His methods have been followed by his successors to the present time. It was his policy to make the best use he could of the instruments at his disposal, rather than to invent new ones that might prove of doubtful utility. The results of his work seem to justify this policy.

*Simon Newcomb.*

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## SOIL-SONG.

I GIVE what ne'er was mine, —  
 To every seed the power  
 Of stem and leaf and flower,  
 Of fruit or fragrance fine;

And take what others loathe, —  
 Of death the foulest forms,  
 Wherewith to feed my worms,  
 And thus the world reclothe.

*John B. Tabb.*

## THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

## XXIX.

THE Isle of Jersey has the shape of a tiger on the prowl. The fore-claws of this tiger are the lacerating pinnacles of the Corbière and the impaling rocks of Portelet Bay and Noirmont; the hind-claws are the devastating diorite reefs of La Motte and the Banc des Violets. The head and neck, terrible and beautiful, are stretched out toward the west, as it were to scan the wild waste and jungle of the Atlantic seas. The nose is L'Étaq, the forehead is Grosnez, the ear is Plemont, the mouth is the dark cavern by L'Étaq, the teeth are the serried ledges of the Forêt de la Brequette. In truth, the sleek beast, with its feet planted in fearsome rocks and tides, and its ravening head set to defy the onslaught of the main, might, but for its ensnaring beauty, seem some monstrous footpad of the deep.

At a discreet distance from the head and the tail hover the jackals of La Manche, the Paternosters, the Dirouilles, and the Ecréhos; themselves destroying where they may, or filching the crumbs from the tiger's feast of shipwreck and ruin. To this day the tiger's head is the lonely part of Jersey; a hundred years ago, it was as distant from the Vier Marchi as is Penzance from Covent Garden. It would almost seem as if the people of Jersey, like the hangers-on of the king of the jungle, care not to approach too near the devourer's head. Even now there is but a dwelling here and there upon the lofty plateau, and none at all on the dark and menacing headland. But the ancient Royal Court, as if determined to prove its sovereignty even over the tiger's head, had stretched out its arms from the Vier Marchi to the neck of the beast, putting upon it a belt of defensive war: at the nape, a martello tower and barracks; underneath, two

other martello towers, to be the teeth of the buckle.

Jersey was bristling with armament. Tall platforms were erected at almost speaking distance one from another, where sentinels kept watch for the descent of French frigates or privateers. Redoubts and towers were within musket-shot of one another, with watch-houses between, and at intervals every able-bodied man in the country had perforce to leave his trade and act as sentinel, or go into camp or barracks with the militia for months at a time. British cruisers sailed the Channel; now a squadron under Barrington, again under Bridport, hovered upon the coast, hopeful that a French fleet might venture near.

But little of this was to be seen in the western limits of the parish of St. Ouen's. Plemont, Grosnez, L'Étaq, — all that giant headland could well take care of itself. A watch-house here and there sufficed. No one lived at L'Étaq, no one at Grosnez; they were too bleak, too distant and solitary. No houses, no huts, were there.

If you had approached Plemont from Vinchelez-le-Haut, making for the sea, you would have said that there also was no habitation. But when at last you came to a hillock near the point of Plemont, expecting to find nothing but sky and sea and distant islands, suddenly at your feet you came upon a small stone dwelling. Its door faced the west, looking toward the isles of Guernsey and Sark. Fronting the north was a window, like an eye, ever watching the tireless Paternosters. To the east was another tiny window, like a deep loophole or embrasure, set toward the Dirouilles and the Ecréhos.

The hut had but one room, of moderate size, with a vast hearth and chimney, the latter jutting out at the south end



like a buttress. At one side, between it and the western wall, was a *veille* hung with curtains, which was both lounge and bed. The eastern chimney-side was given over to a few well-polished kitchen utensils, a churn, and a bread-trough. The floor was of mother earth alone, but a strip of hand-made carpet was laid down before the fireplace, and there was another at the end opposite. There were also a table, a spinning-wheel, and a shelf of books.

It was not the hut of a fisherman, though upon the wall opposite the books there hung fishing-tackle, nets, and cords, while outside, on staples driven into the chimney, were some lobster-pots. Upon two shelves were arranged a carpenter's and a cooper's tools, polished and in good order. And yet you would have said that neither a cooper nor a carpenter kept them in use. Everywhere there were signs of man's handicraft as well as of woman's work, but over it all was the touch of a woman. Moreover, apart from the tools there was no sign of a man's presence in the hut. There was no coat hanging behind the door, no sabots for the fields and oilskins for the sands, no pipe laid upon a ledge, no shoemaker's awl or fisherman's needle fastening a calendar to the wall. The awl and the needle were there, but they were neatly put in their places upon the shelves. Whatever was the trade of the occupant, the tastes were above those of the ordinary dweller in the land. That was to be seen in a print of Raphael's *Madonna and Child*, taking the place of the usual sampler upon the walls of Jersey houses; in the old clock, nicely bestowed between a narrow cupboard and the tool-shelves; in a few pieces of rare old china, and a gold-handled sword hanging above a huge well-carved oak chair. This chair relieved the room of anything like commonness, and somehow in its rough carving was in sympathy with the simple surroundings, making for dignity and sweet quiet. It was clear that

only a woman could have so arranged the room and all therein. It was also clear that no man lived there.

If you had looked in at the doorway of this hut on a certain autumn day of the year 1796, the first thing to strike your attention would have been a dog lying asleep on the hearth; then a suit of child's clothes on a chair before the fire would have caught the eye. The only thing to distinguish this particular child's dress from that of a thousand others in the island was the fineness of the material. Every thread of it had been delicately and firmly knitted till it was like perfect cloth, gracious in texture and in color a soft blue, relieved by a little red silk ribbon attached to the collar.

The hut contained as well a child's chair, just so high that when placed by the window commanding the *Dirouilles* or the *Paternosters* its occupant might see the waves, like panthers, beating white paws against the ragged pinnacles of granite; the currents writhing below at the foot of the cliffs, or at half-tide, roaring and resounding, rush up and cover the sands of the *Grève aux Langons*, and, like animals in pain, howl through the caverns in the cliffs; the great northwester of November come breaking up the deep to batter the imperturbable cliffs of *Grosnez* and *Ple-mont*, to shriek to the witches who boiled their caldrons by the ruins of *Grosnez Castle* that the hunt of the seas was up. Just high enough was the little chair that its owner might, of a certain day in the year, look out and see the mystic fires that burned round the *Paternosters*, lighting up all the sea with a strange and awful radiance.

Scarce a rock to be seen from the hut but had such a legend: the burning ship at the *Paternosters*; the horse and its rider at *William's Rock* in *Boulay Bay*; the fleet of boats with tall prows and long oars that drifted upon the *Dirouilles*, and went down to the cry of the *Crusaders* "*Dahin! dahin!*" the *Roche des*

Femmes at the Ecréhos, where still you may hear the cries of the women and children in terror of the engulfing sea.

On this particular day, if you had looked into the hut, or waited by the fire of *vraic* burning so softly in the chimney hour after hour, no one would have welcomed you, neither woman nor child; but had you tired of waiting, and traveled along the coast, following its indentations for two miles or more from the hut, in a deep bay under tall cliffs, you would have seen a woman and a child coming quickly up the sands. Slung upon the woman's shoulders was a small fisherman's basket. The child ran before, eager to climb the hill and take the homeward path.

A man above was watching them. He had ridden up the cliff, had seen the woman in her boat making for the shore, had tethered his horse in the quarries near by, and now waited for her to come up. He chuckled to himself as she approached, for he had prepared a surprise for her. To make it more complete he hid himself behind some shrubs and boulders, and as she reached the top he sprang out before her with an ugly grin on his face.

The woman looked at him calmly, and waited for him to speak. There was no fear on her face, not even surprise; nothing but steady inquiry and a disconcerting self-possession. Presently, with an air of bluster, the man said, "Aha, my lady, I'm nearer than you thought — me!"

The child drew in to his mother's side and clasped her hand. There was no terror in the little fellow's eyes, however; rather, a shrinking from the man's brutal manner. He had something of the same self-possession as the woman, and his eyes were like hers, clear, unwavering, and with a frankness that consumed you; they were wells of sincerity. Open-eyed, you would have called the child, wanting a more subtle description.

"I'm not to be fooled — me! Come,

now, let's have the count," said the man, as he whipped a greasy leather-covered book from his pocket and opened it. "Ah bah, I'm waiting. Stay yourself!" he added roughly as she moved on, and his grayish-yellow face had an evil joy at thought of the ambush he had laid for her.

"Who are you?" she asked, but taking her time to ask.

"*Sacré matin!* you know who I am."

"I know what you are," she answered quietly.

He did not quite grasp her meaning, but the tone sounded contemptuous, and contempt sorted little with his ideas of his own importance.

"I'm the seigneur's bailiff, — that's who I am. Gad'rabotin, don't you put on airs with me! I'm for the tribute, so off with your bag and let's see your catch!"

"I have never yet paid tribute to the seigneur of this manor."

"Well, you'll begin now. I'm the new bailiff, and if you don't pay your tale, up you'll come to the court of the fief to-morrow."

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "If I were a man, I should not pay the tribute, and should go to the court of the fief to-morrow; but being a woman," — she clasped the hand of the child tightly to her for an instant; then, with a sigh, she took the basket from her shoulders, and, opening it, added, — "but being a woman, the fish I caught in the sea, which belongs to God and to all men, I will divide with the seigneur whose bailiff spies on poor fisherfolk."

The man growled an oath, and made a motion as though he would catch her by the shoulder in anger, or maybe strike her, but the look in her eyes stopped him. Counting out the fish, and setting apart for him three out of the eight she had caught, she said, "It matters not so much to me, but there are others poorer than I; they suffer."

With a leer, the fellow stooped, and,



taking up the fish, put them in the pockets of his *keminzolle*, all slimy from the sea as they were.

"Bà sù, you have n't got much to take care of, have you? It don't take much to feed two mouths, — not so much as it does three, *ma'm'selle*."

Before he had finished speaking, the woman, without a word in reply to the gross insult, took the child by the hand and walked along her homeward path toward Plemont.

"A bi'tôt, good-by!" the bailiff laughed brutally; then, standing with his legs apart and his hands thrust down till they fastened on the fish in the pockets of his *keminzolle*, he called after her in sneering comment, "Ma fistre! your *pride* did n't fall — bà sù!"

"Eh ben, I've got mackerel for supper," he added, as he mounted his horse.

The woman was Guida Landresse, the child was her child, and they lived in the little house upon the cliff at Plemont. They were hastening thither now.

### XXX.

A visitor was awaiting Guida, a man, who, first knocking at the door, then looking in and seeing the room empty save for the dog lying asleep by the fire, had turned slowly away, and going to the cliff edge looked out over the sea. His movements were deliberate, his body moved slowly; his whole appearance was that of great strength and nervous power. The face was preoccupied; the eyes were watchful, dark, penetrating. They seemed not only to watch, but to weigh, to meditate, even to listen, — as it were, to do the duty of all the senses at once. In them worked all the forces of his nature; they were crucibles in which every thought and emotion were consumed. The jaw was set and strong, yet it was not hard. The face contradicted itself. While not gloomy, it had lines like scars telling of past wounds.

It was not despairing, it was not morbid, and it was not resentful; it had the look of one both credulous and indomitable. Belief was stamped upon it; not expectation, or dreams, or ambition, but trust and fidelity. You would have said he was a man of one set idea, though the head had a breadth sorting little with narrowness of purpose. The body was too healthy to belong to a fanatic, too powerful to be that of a dreamer alone, too reposeful and firm for other than a man of action.

Several times he turned to look toward the house and up the pathway leading from the hillock to the door. Though he waited long he did not seem impatient; patience was part of him, and not the least part. At last he sat down on a boulder between the house and the shore, and scarcely moved as minute after minute passed, and then an hour, and more, and no one came. At last there was a soft footstep beside him, and he turned. A dog's nose thrust itself into his hand.

"Biribi, Biribi!" he said, patting its head with his big hand. "Watching and waiting, eh, Biribi?" The dog looked into his eyes as if it knew what was said and would speak, — or indeed was speaking in its own language. "That's the way of life, Biribi, — watching and waiting, and watching, always watching."

Suddenly the dog caught its head away from his hand, gave a short, joyful bark, and darted up the hillock.

"Guida and the child," the man said aloud, moving toward the house, — "Guida and the child."

He saw her and the little one before they saw him. Presently the child said, "See, maman!" and pointed.

Guida started. A swift flush passed over her face; then she smiled and made a step forward to meet her visitor.

"Maitre Ranulph — Ranulph!" she said, holding out her hand. "It's a long time since we met."

"A year," he answered simply, "just

a year." He looked down at the child ; then stooped and caught him up in his arms, and said, "He's grown. *Es-tu gentiment?*" he added to the child, — "*es-tu gentiment, m'sieu'?*"

The child did not quite understand this. "Please?" he said in true Jersey fashion, at which the mother was troubled.

"Oh, oh, Guilbert, is that what you should say?"

The child looked up quaintly at her, and, with the same whimsical smile which Guida had given to another so many years before, he looked at Ranulph and said, "*Pardon, monsieur?*"

"*Coum est qu'on êtes, m'sieu'?*" said Ranulph in another patois greeting.

Guida shook her head reprovingly. The child glanced swiftly at his mother, as though for permission to reply as he wished, then back at Ranulph, and was about to speak, when Guida said, "I have not taught him the Jersey patois, Ranulph; only English and French."

Her eyes met his clearly, meaningly. Her look said to him as plainly as words, "The child's destiny is not here." But as if he knew that in this she was blinding herself, and that no one can escape the influences of surroundings, he held the child back from him, and with a smile said, "*Coum est-ce qu'on est, m'sieu'?*"

Now the child, with his own elfish sense of the situation, replied in English, "Naicely, then kyou!"

"You see," said Ranulph to Guida, "there are things that are stronger than we are. There's a teaching deeper than anything we may show. The wind and earth and sea, and people we live with, they make us sing their song one way or another. It's in our bones."

A look of pain passed over Guida's face; she turned almost abruptly to the doorway, and said, with just the slightest hesitation, "You will come in?"

There was no hesitation on his part. "*Oui-gia!*" he returned, and stepped inside.

She hastily hung up the child's cap and her own; and as she gathered in the soft, waving hair, Ranulph noticed how the years had only burnished it more deeply and strengthened the beauty of the head. She had made the gesture unconsciously, but catching the look in his eye a sudden thrill of anxiety ran through her. Recovering herself, however, and with an air of bright friendliness and hospitality, she laid her hand upon the great armchair above which hung the ancient sword of her ancestor, the Comte Guilbert Mauprat de Chambréry, and said, "Sit here, Ranulph."

Seating himself he gave a heavy sigh, — one of those passing breaths of content which come to the hardest lives now and then; as though the spirit of life itself, in ironical apology for human existence, gave the instant of respite from which hope is born again. Not for four long years had Ranulph sat thus quietly in the presence of Guida. At first, when Maitresse Aimable had told him that Guida was leaving the Place du Vier Prison to live in this lonely place with her new-born child, he had gone to entreat her to remain; but Maitresse Aimable had been present then, and all that he could say — all that he might speak out of his friendship, out of the old love, now deep pitifulness and sorrow — was of no avail. It had been borne in upon him then that she was not morbid, but that her mind had a sane, fixed purpose which she was intent to fulfill. It was as though she had made some strange covenant with a little helpless life, with a little face that was all her face; and that covenant she would keep.

So he had left her, and so to do her service had been granted elsewhere. The Chevalier du Champsavoys, with a perfect wisdom and nobility, insisted on being to Guida what he had always been, speaking as naturally of her and the child as though there had always been a Guida and the child. Thus it was



that he counted himself her protector, though he sat far away in the upper room of Elie Mattingley's house in the Rue d'Egypte, thinking his own thoughts, biding the time when Guida should come back to the world, and mystery be over, and peace and happiness return; hoping only that he might live to see it.

Under his directions, Jean Touzel had removed the few things that Guida took with her to Plemont; instructed by him, Elie Mattingley sold at auction the house and its furniture, and Guida invested the proceeds with the fishing company which already received the yearly income from her mother's small property.

Thus Guida had settled at Plemont, and there three years of her life had passed.

"Your father, — how is he?" asked Guida presently.

"Feebler," replied Ranulph; "he goes abroad but little now."

"It was said that the Royal Court was to make him a gift in remembrance of the battle of Jersey."

Ranulph turned his head away from her to the child, and beckoned him over. The little one came instantly. As Ranulph lifted him on his knee he answered Guida: "My father did not accept."

"Then they said you were to be *conétable*, — the grand monsieur!" She smiled at him in a friendly way.

"I did not accept," replied Ranulph.

"Most people would be glad of it," rejoined Guida. "My mother used to say you would be bailly one day."

"Who knows? — perhaps I might have been!"

She looked at him half sadly, half curiously. "You — you have n't any ambition now, *Maître Ranulph*?"

It suddenly struck her that perhaps she was responsible for the maiming of this man's life; for clearly it was maimed. More than once she had thought of it, but it came home to her to-day with peculiar force. Years ago every one had spoken of Ranulph Delagarde as one

who might do great things; for to the eyes of a Jerseymen to be bailly was to be great, with six jurats sitting on either side of him, and more importance than any judge in the kingdom. As she looked back now, that day on the *Ecréhos*, when she had met Philip d'Avranche and Ranulph's father had returned, seemed to mark the change in him. He had never been the same since then.

A great bitterness welled up in her. Without intention, without blame or sin, she had brought suffering upon others. The untoward happenings of her life had killed her grandfather, had bowed and aged the old chevalier, had forced her to reject the friendship of Carterette Mattingley, — for Carterette's own sake, — had made the heart of one fat old woman heavy within her; and she felt now that it had taken hope and ambition from the life of this man before her. Love in itself is but a bitter pleasure: when it is given to the unworthy it becomes a torture; and so far as Ranulph and the world knew, she was wholly unworthy. Of late she had sometimes wondered if, after all, she had had the right to do as she had done: as though, indeed, she had asked herself whether any one person, in serene independence of conscience, may stand quite free to live regardless of all others in the world; whether to act for one's own heart, feelings, and life alone, no matter how perfect the honesty, is not a sort of noble cruelty, or cruel nobility, — an egotism which obeys but its own commandments, finding its own straight and narrow path by first disbarring the feelings and lives of others. It had now and again occurred to her, had she done what was best for the child? Any moment's misgiving upon this point made her heart ache bitterly. Was life, then, a series of triste condonings at the best, of humiliating compromises at the worst?

She repeated her question to Ranulph: "You have n't ambition any longer?"

"I'm busy building ships," he an-

swered evasively. "I build good ships, they tell me, and I am strong and healthy. As for being *connétable*, I should rather, I'm afraid, help prisoners free than hale them before the Royal Court. For somehow, when you get at the bottom of most crimes, — the small ones, leastways, — you find that they were n't quite meant. I expect — I expect that half the crimes ought never to be punished at all; for it's strange that those things which hurt most can't be punished by law."

"Perhaps it evens up in the long end," replied Guida, turning away from him to the fire, and feeling her heart beat faster as she saw how the child nestled in Ranulph's arms, — the child who had no father. "You see," she added, "if some are punished who ought n't to be, there are others who ought to be that are n't. And the worst of it is, we care so little for real justice that we would n't punish if we could, — I have come to feel that. Sometimes, if you do exactly what's right, you hurt some one you don't wish to hurt; and if you don't do exactly what's right, perhaps that some one else hurts you. So, often, we would rather be hurt than hurt."

With the last words she turned from the fire and involuntarily faced him. Their eyes met. In hers were only the pity of life, the sadness, the cruelty of misfortune, and friendliness for him. In his eyes was purpose, definite, strong.

He went over and put the child in his high-chair. Then coming a little nearer to Guida, he said, "There's only one thing in life that really hurts, — playing false."

Her heart suddenly stopped beating. What was Ranulph going to say? After all these years was he going to speak of Philip? But she did not reply according to her thought.

"Have people played false in your life, ever?" she asked.

"If you'll listen to me, I'll tell you how," he answered.

"Wait, wait," she said, in trepidation. "It — it has nothing to do with me?"

He shook his head. "It has only to do with my father and myself. When I've told you, then you must say whether you will have anything to do with it or with me. . . . You remember," he continued, without waiting for her to speak, "you remember that day upon the *Ecréhos*, four years ago? Well, that day I had made up my mind to tell you in so many words what I hoped you had always known, Guida. I did n't. Why? Not because of another man, — no, no, I don't mean to hurt you, but I must tell you the truth now, — not because of another man, for I should have bided my chance with him."

"Ranulph, Ranulph," she broke in, "you must not speak of this now! Do you not see it hurts me? It is not like you — it is not right of you" —

A sudden emotion seized him, and his voice shook.

"Not right? You should know that I would never say one word to hurt you, or do one thing to wrong you. But I must speak to-day, — I must tell you everything. I've thought of it for four long years, and I know now that what I mean to do is right."

She sat down in the great armchair. A weakness came upon her; she was being brought face to face with days of which she had never allowed herself to think, for she lived always in the future.

"Go on," she said helplessly. "Tell me what you have to say, Ranulph."

"I will tell you why I did n't speak of my love to you, that day we went to the *Ecréhos*. My father came back that day."

"Yes, yes," she returned; "of course you had to think of him."

"Yes, I had to think of him, but not in the way you mean. Be patient a little while," he added.

Then in a few words he told her the whole story of his father's treachery and crime, from the night before the battle of



Jersey up to their meeting again upon the Ecréhos.

Guida was amazed and moved. Her heart filled with pity. "Ranulph — poor Ranulph!" she cried, half rising in her seat.

"No, no, — wait," he rejoined. "Sit just where you are till I tell you all. Guida, you don't know what a life it has been for me these four years. I used to be able to look every man in the face without caring whether he liked me or hated me; for then I had never lied, I had never done a mean thing to any man; I had never deceived, — nannin-gia, never! But when my father came back, then I had to play a false game. He had lied, and to save him I either had to hold my peace or tell his story. Speaking was lying, and being silent was lying. Mind you, I'm not complaining. I'm not saying it because I want any pity. No; I'm saying it because it's the truth, and I want you to know the truth. You understand what it means to feel right in your own mind; feeling that way, the rest of life is easy. Eh ben, what a thing it is to get up in the morning, build your fire, make your breakfast, and sit down facing a man whose whole life is a lie, and that man your own father! Some morning perhaps you forget, and you go out into the sun, and it all seems good out there, and you take your tools and go to work, and the sea comes washing up the shingle, and you think that the *shir-r-r-r* of the water on the pebbles and the singing of the saw and the clanging of the hammer are the best music in the world. But all at once you remember! — and then you work harder, not because you love work now for its own sake, but because it uses up your misery and makes you tired; and being tired you can sleep, and in sleep you can forget. Yet nearly all the time you're awake it fairly kills you, for you feel some one always at your elbow, whispering, 'You'll never be happy again, — you'll never be

happy again.' And when you tell the truth about anything, that some one at your elbow laughs, and says, 'Nobody believes; your whole life's a lie.' And if the worst man you know passes you by, that some one at your elbow says, 'You can wear a mask, but you're no better than he — no better, no' —"

While Ranulph spoke, Guida's face showed a pity and a kindness as deep as the sorrow which had deepened her nature. She shook her head once or twice, as though to say, "Surely, what suffering!" And now this seemed to strike Ranulph, to convict him of selfishness, for he suddenly stopped. His face presently cleared, and, smiling with a little of his old-time unburdened cheerfulness, he said, "Yet one gets used to it, and one works on because one knows that it will all come right some time. I'm of the kind that waits."

She looked up at him with her old wide-eyed steadfastness, and replied, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

He stood gazing at her a moment without remark; then he said, "No, but it's like you to say I am." Then he added, "I've told you the whole truth about myself and about my father. He did a bad thing, and I've shielded him. At first, nursing my troubles and my shame, I used to think that I could n't live it out, that I had no right to have any happiness. But I've changed my mind about that, — *oui-gia*! As I hammered away at my ships, month in, month out, year in, year out, the truth came home to me at last. What right had I to sit down and brood over my miseries? I did n't love my father, but I've done wrong for him and I've stood by him; well, I did love — and I do love — some one else, and I should only be doing right to tell her so, and to ask her to let me stand with her against the world."

He was looking down at her with all his story in his face, and she put out her hand quickly as if in protest, and said, "Ranulph — ah no, Ranulph" —

"But yes, Guida," he replied, with stubborn tenderness, "it is you I mean, — it is you I have always meant. You have always been a hundred times more to me than my father, but I let you fight your fight alone. I've waked up now to my selfishness. But I tell you also that, though I love you better than anything in the world, if things had gone well with you, I'd never have come to you. I never have come, because of my father, and I'd never have come, because you are too far above me. I only come now because we're both apart from the world and lonely beyond telling, because we need each other. I come with just one thing to say, that we two should stand together. There are none that can be so near as those that have had hard troubles, that have had bitter wrongs. And when there's love, too, what can break the bond? You and I, Guida, are apart from the world, each in a black loneliness that no one understands. Let us be lonely no longer. Let us live our lives together. What shall we care for the rest of the world, if we know that we mean to do good, and not wrong? So I've come to ask you to let me care for you and the child, — to ask you to make my home your home. My father has n't long to live, and when he is gone we can leave this island forever. Will you come, Guida?"

She had not taken her eyes from his, and as his story grew her face lighted with emotion, — the glow of a moment's content, of a fleeting joy. In spite of all, this man loved her, he wanted to marry her, — in spite of all. Glad to know that such men lived, and with how sombre memories contrasting with this bright experience, she said to him once again, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

Coming near to her, he murmured in a voice husky with feeling, "You will be my wife, Guida?"

She stood up, one hand resting on the arm of the great chair, the other partly extended in pitying deprecation. "No,

Ranulph, no; I can never, never be your wife, — never in this world."

For an instant he looked at her, dumfounded, overwhelmed; then he turned away to the fireplace slowly and heavily. "I suppose it was too much to hope for," he said bitterly. He realized now how much she was above him, even in her sorrow and shame.

"You forget," she answered quietly, and her hand went out suddenly to the brown curls of the child, "you forget what the world says about me."

There was a kind of fierceness in his look as he turned to her again. "Me — I have always forgotten — everything," he returned. "Have you thought that for all these years I've believed one word? *Secours d'la vie!* of what use is faith, what use to trust, if you thought I believed! I do not know the truth, for you have not told me; but I do know, as I know I have a heart in me, I do know that there never was any wrong in you. It is you who forget," he added quickly, — "it is you who forget. I tried to tell you all this before, — three years ago I tried to tell you. You stopped me, you would not listen. Perhaps you have thought I did not know what was happening to you every week, almost every day of your life. A hundred times I have walked here, and you have not seen me: when you were asleep, when you were fishing, when you were working like a man in the fields and the garden, — you who ought to be cared for by a man, working like a slave at man's work! But no, no, you have not thought well of me, or you would have known that every day I cared, every day I watched, and waited, and hoped, and believed!"

She came to him slowly where he stood, his great frame trembling with his passion and the hurt she had given him, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she said, "Your faith was a blind one, Ro. I was either a girl who — who deserved nothing of the world, or I was a wife. I had no husband, had I? Then I must have been



a girl who — who deserved nothing of the world or of you. Your faith was blind, Ranulph, — you see it was blind.”

“What I know is this,” he replied, with dogged persistence, — “what I know is this: that whatever was wrong, there was no wrong in you. My life a hundred times on that!”

She smiled at him, the brightest smile that had been on her face these years past, and she answered softly, “I did not think there was so great faith; no, not in Israel!” Then the happiness passed from her lips to her eyes. “Your faith has made me happy, Ro; I am selfish, you see. Your love in itself could not make me happy, for I have no right to listen to words of love, because” —

She paused. It seemed too hard to say; the door of her heart inclosing her secret opened so slowly, so slowly. A struggle was going on in her. Every fibre of her nature was alive. Once, twice, thrice, she tried to speak, and could not. At last, with bursting soul and eyes swimming with tears, she said solemnly, “I can never marry you, Ranulph, and I have no right to listen to your words of love, because — because I am a wife.”

Then she gave a great sigh of relief, like some penitent who has for a lifetime hidden a sin or a sorrow, and suddenly finds the joy of a confessional that relieves the sick heart, takes away the hand of loneliness that clamps it, and gives it freedom again; that lifts the poor slave from the rack of secrecy, the most cruel Inquisition of Life and Time. She said the words once more, a little louder, a little clearer. She had vindicated herself to God; now she had vindicated herself to man, — though to but one man.

“I can never marry you, because I am a wife,” she repeated. There was a slight pause, and then the final word was said, — “I am the wife of Philip d’Avranche.”

Ranulph did not speak. He stood still and rigid, looking with eyes that scarcely saw her; for a mist of conflicting emo-

tions and numb impressions had clouded them.

“I had not intended to tell any one until the time should come,” — once more her hand reached out and tremblingly stroked the head of the child, — “but your belief in me has forced it from me. I could not now let you go from me ignorant of the truth, — you whose faith is beyond telling. Ranulph, I want you to know that I am at least no worse than you thought me.”

The look in his face was one of triumph, mingled with despair, hatred, and purpose, — hatred of Philip d’Avranche, and purpose concerning him. He gloried now in knowing that Guida might take her place among the honest women of this world, — as the world terms honesty, — but he had received the death-blow to his every hope. So he had lost her altogether, — he who had watched and waited; who had served and followed, in season and out of season; who had been the faithful friend, keeping his eye fixed only upon her happiness; who had given all; who had poured out his heart like water, and his life like wine, before her!

At first all he thought of was that Philip d’Avranche was the husband of the woman he loved, and that Philip had deserted her. Then a remembrance stunned him: Prince Philip d’Avranche, Duc de Bercy, had another wife! He remembered — it had been burned into his brain the day he saw it first in the *Gazette de Jersey* — that he had married the Comtesse Chantavoine, niece of the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, upon the very day, and but an hour before, the old Duc de Bercy suddenly died. It flashed across his mind now what he had felt then. He had always believed that Philip had wronged Guida; and long ago he would have gone in search of him, — gone to try the strength of his arm against this cowardly marauder, as he held him, — but his father’s ill health had kept him where he was, and Philip, too, was

at sea upon the nation's business. So the years had gone on until now.

His brain soon cleared. All that he had ever thought upon the matter now crystallized itself into the very truth of the affair. Philip had married Guida secretly; but his new future had opened up to him all at once, and he had married again, — a crime, but a crime which in high places sometimes goes unpunished. Yet how monstrous it was that such vile wickedness should be delivered against this woman before him, in whom beauty, goodness, power, were commingled! She was the real Princess Philip d'Avranche, and this child of hers — Ah, now he understood why she allowed the child to speak no patois!

They scarcely knew how long they stood silent: she with her hand stroking the child's golden hair; he white and dazed, looking — looking at her and the child, as the thing resolved itself to him. At last, in a voice which neither he nor she could quite recognize as his own, he said, "Of course you live now only for the child."

How she thanked him in her heart for the things he had left unsaid, — those things which clear-minded and great-minded folk, high or humble, always understand! There was no selfish lamenting upon his part; there were no reproaches, none of the futile banalities of the lover who fails to see that it is no crime for a woman not to love him. The thing he had said was the thing she most cared to hear.

"Only for that, Ranulph," she answered.

"When will you claim the child's rights?"

She shook her head sadly. "I do not know," she replied, with hesitation. "I will tell you all about it," she added hastily.

Then she told him of the lost register of St. Michael's and of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, but she said nothing as to why she had kept silence. She felt that,

man though he was, he might divine something of the truth. In any case he knew that Philip had deserted her.

After a moment he said, "I'll find Mr. Dow if he is alive, and the register too. Then the boy shall have his rights at once."

"No, Ranulph," she answered firmly, "it shall be in my own time. I must keep the child with me. I know not when I shall speak, — I am biding the day. Once I thought I never should speak, but then I did not see all, — did not wholly realize my duty toward Guilbert. It is so hard to do what is wise and just."

"When the proofs are found, your child shall have his rights," he continued, with grim insistence.

"I would never let him go from me," she said, and, leaning over, she impulsively clasped the little Guilbert in her arms.

"There'll be no need for the child to go from you," he rejoined; "for when your rights come to you, Philip d'Avranche will not be living."

"Will not be living!" she cried in amazement. She did not understand at first.

"I mean to kill him," he replied sternly.

She started violently, and the light of anger leaped into her eyes. "You mean to kill Philip d'Avranche, — you, Maitre Ranulph Delagarde!" she said. "Whom has he wronged? Myself and my child only, — his wife and his child. Men have been killed for lesser wrongs, but the right to kill does not belong to you. You speak of killing Philip d'Avranche, and yet you dare to say you are my friend!"

In that moment Ranulph learned more than he had ever guessed of life's subtle distinctions and the workings of a woman's mind; and he also knew that she was right. Her father, her grandfather, might have killed Philip d'Avranche, — any one but himself, he the man who



had but just declared his love for her. Clearly his selfishness had blinded him. Right was on his side, but not the formal codes by which men live. He could not avenge Guida's wrongs upon her husband, for all men knew that he had loved her for years.

"Forgive me," he said in a low tone; "you are right. But you will let me help you in those other things, — to have justice for your child?"

"You see you can do that for me, Ranulph," she answered gently.

A new thought came to him. "Do you think your not speaking all these years was best for the child?" he asked.

Her lips trembled. "Oh, that thought," she said, "that thought has made me unhappy so often! It comes to me sometimes at night, as I lie sleepless, and I wonder if my boy will grow up and turn against me one day. Yet I did what I thought was right, Ranulph, — I did the only thing I could do. I would rather have died than" —

She stopped short. No, not even to this man who knew all could she speak her whole mind, but sometimes the thought came to her with horrifying acuteness: was it possible that she ought to have sunk her own disillusion, misery, contempt, and hatred of Philip d'Avranche, for the child's sake? She shuddered even now as the reflection of that possibility came to her!

Of late she had felt that a crisis was near. She had had premonitions that her fate, whatever it was, was closing in upon her; that these days in this lonely spot with Guilbert, with her love for him and his love for her, were numbered; that dreams must soon give way to action, and this devoted peace would be broken, she knew not how.

Stooping, she kissed the little fellow upon the forehead and upon the eyes, and his hands came up and clasped her cheeks.

"Tu m'aimes, maman?" he asked. She had taught him the pretty question.

"Comme la vie, comme la vie!" she answered, with a half-sob, and drew him from his chair to her bosom.

Now she looked toward the window. Ranulph followed the look, and saw that the shades of night were falling.

"I have far to walk," he said; "I must be going."

As he held out his hand to Guida the child leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "What is your name, man?" he asked.

Ranulph smiled, and, taking the warm little hand in his own, he said, "My name is Ranulph, little gentleman, but you shall call me Ro."

"Good-night, Ro — man," the child answered, with the same mischievous smile that had once belonged to Guida.

The scene brought up another such scene in Guida's life, so many years ago. Instinctively she drew back, a look of pain crossing her face. But Ranulph did not see; he was going. At the doorway he turned, and said, "You may trust me."

Guida did not answer in words, but she nodded and smiled, saying more plainly than words could say, "You are a good man, Ranulph."

### XXXI.

When Ranulph returned to his little house at St. Aubin's Bay night had fallen. Approaching it, he saw that there was no light in the windows, that the blinds were not drawn, that there was no glimmer of a fire in the chimney. He hesitated at the door, for he instinctively felt that something must have happened to his father. He was just about to enter, however, when some one came hurriedly round the corner of the house.

"Whist, boy!" said a voice. "I've news for you." Ranulph recognized the voice as that of Dormy Jamais. Dormy plucked at his sleeve. "Come with me, boy!"

"No, no ; come inside, if you want to tell me something," returned Ranulph.

"Ah bah, not for me ! Stone walls have ears. I'll tell you and the wind that hears and runs away."

"I must speak to my father first," answered Ranulph.

"Then come with me. I've got him safe !" Dormy chuckled to himself.

Ranulph's heavy hand dropped on his shoulder. "What's that you're saying, — my father with you ? What's the matter ?"

As though oblivious of Ranulph's hand Dormy went on chuckling.

"Whoever burns me for a fool will lose their ashes. Des monz à fous, — I have a head ! Come with me."

Ranulph saw that he must humor the shrewd natural, so he said, "Et ben, put your four shirts in five bundles and come along." He was a true Jerseyman at heart, and speaking to such as Dormy Jamais he used the homely patois phrases. He knew there was no use hurrying the little man ; he would take his own time.

"There's been the devil to pay !" said Dormy, as he ran toward the shore, his sabots going *clac-clac, clac-clac*. "There's been the devil to pay in St. Helier's, boy !" He spoke scarcely above a whisper.

"Tehèche — what's that ?" said Ranulph.

But Dormy was not to uncover his pot of roses till his own time.

"That connétable's got no more wit than a square-bladed knife !" he rattled on. "But gache-à-penn, I'm hungry !" And as he ran he began munching a lump of bread he took from his pocket.

For the next five minutes they went on in silence. It was quite dark, and as they passed up Market Hill — called Ghost Lane because of the Good Little People who made it their highway — Dormy caught hold of Ranulph's coat and trotted along beside him. As they went up the hill, tokens of the life with-

in came out to them through doorway and window. Now it was the voice of a laughing young mother : —

"Si tu as faim  
Manges ta main  
Et gardes l'autre pour demain ;  
Et ta tête  
Pour le jour de fête ;  
Et ton gros ortée  
Pour le Jour Saint Norbè."

And again : —

"Let us pluck the bill of the lark,  
The lark from head to tail."

Ranulph knew the voice. It was that of a young wife of the parish of St. Saviour : married happily ; living simply ; given a frugal board, simple clothing after the manner of her kind, and a comradeship for life. For the moment he felt little but sorrow for himself. The world seemed to be conspiring against him : the chorus of Fate was singing behind the scenes, — singing of the happiness of others in sardonic comment on his own final unhappiness ; yet despite the pain of finality he felt something also of the apathy of despair.

From another doorway came fragments of a song sung at a veille. The door was open, and he could see within the happy gathering of lads and lasses. There was the spacious kitchen, its beams and rafters dark with age, adorned with fitches of bacon, huge loaves resting in the *raclyi* beneath the centre beam, the broad open hearth, the flaming fire of logs, and the great brass pan, shining like freshly coined gold, on its iron tripod over the logs. There were the lasses, in their short woolen petticoats, close caps, and *bedgônes* of blue and lilac ; the lads stirring with all their might the contents of the vast *bashin*, — many *cabots* of apples, together with sugar, lemon-peel, and cider ; the old ladies, in mob-caps tied under the chin, measuring out the nutmeg and cinnamon by the light of the *crasset*, to complete the making of the black butter, — a jocund recreation for all, and at all times.



In a corner was a fiddler, and on the *veille*, flourished for the occasion with flowers and ferns, sat two centeniers and the *prévôt*, singing an old song of the *veilles* in the patois of three parishes.

Ranulph looked at the scene lingeringly. Here he was, with mystery and peril to hasten his steps, loitering at the spot where the light of home streamed out upon the roadway. But though he loitered, somehow he seemed withdrawn from all these things; they were to him now almost like a picture of a distant past.

Dormy plucked at his coat. "Come, come, lift your feet, lift your feet," said he; "it's no time to walk in slippers. The old man will be getting scared, *ouï-gia!*"

Ranulph roused himself. Yes, yes, he must hurry on. He had not forgotten his father, but something had held him here a moment, — as though Fate had whispered in his ear, "What does it matter now? While yet you may, feed on the sight of happiness." Just so, the prisoner going to execution seizes one of the few moments left to him for prayer, to look lingeringly upon what he leaves, as though to carry into the dark a clear remembrance of it all.

Moving on quietly in a kind of dream, Ranulph was roused again by Dormy's voice: "On Sunday I saw three magpies, and there was a wedding that day. Tuesday I saw two, which is for joy, and that day fifty Jersey prisoners of the French comes back on Jersey. This morning one I saw. One magpie is for trouble, and trouble's here. One does n't have eyes for naught, — no, *bidemme!*"

Ranulph's patience was exhausted. He would no longer ask for Dormy's news; he would question if he had any.

"Bachouar!" he exclaimed roughly, "you make elephants out of fleas. You've got no more news than a conch shell has music, and when I've got to the end of this you shall have a backhander that'll put you to sleep, *Maitre Dormy!*"

If he had been asked politely, Dormy would have been still more cunningly reticent. To abuse him in his own argot was to make him loose his bag of mice in a flash.

"Bachouar yourself, *Maitre Ranulph!* You'll find out soon. No news — no trouble — eh! *Par madé*, Mattingley's gone to the Vier Prison — he! The baker's come back, and the *connétable's* after Olivier Delagarde! No trouble, *pardingue!* If no trouble, Dormy *Jamais's* a *bat d'la goule*, and no need for father of you to hide in a place that only Dormy *Jamais* knows — my good!"

So at last the blow had fallen, — after all these years of silence, sacrifice, and misery. The futility of all that he had done and suffered for his father's sake came home to Ranulph. Yet his brain was instantly alive. He questioned Dormy rapidly and adroitly, and got the story from him in patches.

The baker, who, with Olivier Delagarde, had betrayed the country into the hands of Rullecour, had been captured, with a French confederate of Mattingley's, in attempting to steal Jean Touzel's boat, the *Hardi Biauou*. The confederate had been mortally wounded at the capture. Before he died he implicated Mattingley in several robberies, and in one well-known case of piracy of three months before, committed within gunshot of the men-of-war lying in the tideway. The baker, seriously wounded, confessed to his crime, having been promised his life on condition that he disclosed the name of the ringleader in the treason which enabled Rullecour to land. He had straightway named Olivier Delagarde. After the capture, the prisoner had been carried to the courthouse and examined in private.

Hidden behind the great chair of the lieutenant-bailly himself, Dormy *Jamais* had heard the whole business. This had brought him hot-foot to St. Aubin's Bay, whence he had hurried Olivier Delagarde to a hiding-place in the hills above the

bay of St. Brelade. The fool had traveled more swiftly than Jersey justice, whose feet are heavy. Elie Mattingley and the baker were now in the Vier Prison. There was the whole story.

For fifteen years and more Ranulph Delagarde had been called a hero; his father, a hero and a patriot, — a figure of ancient loyalty that more than all else recalled the time when Pierson defeated Rullecour. It was but yesterday, as it were, that they had offered to make Ranulph connétable of St. Helier's. The mask had fallen, the game was up. Well, at least there would be no more hiding, no more lying, no more inward shame greater than outward obloquy. All at once it appeared to him madness that he had not taken his father away from Jersey long ago, — that he should have thus awaited here this inevitable hour.

Little good, however, could come of re-pining or lamenting. Nothing now was left but action. He must save his father; it was his duty and his right. Some men had yielded up their sons to the sword of justice, but what son could so yield up his father? — as though it were that he who begot might destroy, but he who was begotten must only save!

Walking fiercely on, thinking only of how he might save his father, he was conscious that the bûzard beside him was munching bread and apples with idle enjoyment. There came to his mind suddenly the scene of fifteen years before, when, locked and barred in the baker's shop, he had heard the *clac-clac, clac-clac*, of Dormy's sabots go by the doorway.

He must get his father clear of the island, and that soon. But how? and where should they go? He had a boat in St. Aubin's Bay; getting there under cover of darkness, he might embark with his father and set sail — whither? To Sark? There was no safety there. To Guernsey? That was no better. To England? He might join the English

navy, of course, — he had been three years a gunner at Elizabeth Castle. No, not that; for in the navy he should meet with Philip d'Avranche, and if they two met he might forget the promise he had made to Guida. To France? That was it, — to the war of the Vendée, to join Détricand, Comte Détricand de Tournay. No need to find the scrap of paper Détricand had given him once in the Vier Marchi. Wherever he might be, his great fame would be the highway to him. All France knew of the companion of La Rochejaquelein, the fearless Détricand de Tournay. Since in Jersey there was no longer a place for himself, shamed and dishonored, convicted of complicity in hiding his father's crime, fighting now in that holy war he would find something to kill thought, to take him out of life without disgrace. France, — his fate awaited him in France. But there was his father still! Well, he would take his father with him to France, and bide his fate.

By the time his mind was thus made up, they had reached the rocky point dividing Portelet Bay from St. Brelade's, — a lonely headland, not unlike that of Plemont at the north. Dark things were said of this spot, and the folk of the island were wont to avoid it. It had its ghostly lights, its pirates' caves, and all the *mise-en-scène* of criminal privacy. That strange lights were seen was undoubted. Beneath the cliffs in the sea was a rocky islet called Janvrin's Tomb. Here one Janvrin, ill of a fell disease, and with his fellows forbidden by the Royal Court to land, had taken refuge, and here died, wholly neglected and without burial. Afterward his body had lain exposed till the ravens and vultures picked the bones, and at last a great storm swept them off into the sea. Strange lights were to be seen by this rock, and though wise men guessed them mortal glimmerings, easily explained, they sufficed to give the headland immunity from invasion.



Here it was that Dormy Jamais had brought the trembling Olivier Delagarde, whimpering and senile, unrepenting and peevish, but with a craven fear of the Royal Court and a furious populace quickening his footsteps. Ranulph reached the cave which was his father's hiding-place, through the seemingly impossible entrance of another and larger cave. It was like a little vaulted chapel, floored with sand and shingle. A crevice through rock and earth to the world above let in the light, and let out the smoke. Only the highest tide in the year entered this retreat.

Here Olivier Delagarde sat crouched over a tiny fire, with some bread and a jar of water at his hand, gesticulating and talking to himself. The long white hair and beard, with the benevolent forehead, gave him the look of some latter-day St. Helier grieving for the sins and praying for the sorrows of mankind; but from the hateful mouth came infamous profanity, fit only for the dreadful communion of a Witches' Sabbath.

When he heard Ranulph and Dormy entering the cave, he cowered and shivered in terror; but Ranulph, who knew too well his disgusting cowardice, called to him reassuringly. He quieted a little, but went on muttering to himself. As Ranulph approached, he stretched out his talon-like fingers in a gesture of entreaty.

"You'll not let them hang me, Ranulph, — you'll save me?" he said.

"Don't be afraid; they shall not hang you," Ranulph replied quietly, and began warming his hands at the fire; for, though it was but early autumn, the cave was cold.

"You'll — you'll swear it, Ranulph?"

"I've told you they shall not hang you. You ought to know by this time whether I mean what I say," his son answered, more sharply.

Assuredly Ranulph meant that his father should not be hanged. Whatever

the law was, whatever wrong the old man had done, it had been atoned for; the price had been paid by both. He himself had drunk the cup of shame to the dregs, but now he would not swallow the dregs. An iron determination entered into him. He had endured all that he would endure from man. He had set out to defend Olivier Delagarde from the worst that might happen, and he was ready now to do so to the bitter end. His scheme of justice might not be that of the Royal Court, but he would defend it with his life. He had suddenly grown hard — and dangerous.

### XXXII.

The Royal Court was sitting late. Candles had been brought to light the long desk, or dais, where sat the lieutenant-bailly in his great chair, with six scarlet-robed jurats on either side of him. The attorney-general stood at his desk, mechanically scanning the indictment read against prisoners charged with capital crimes. His work was over, and, according to his lights, he had done it well. Not even the undertaker's apprentice could have been less sensitive to the struggles of humanity under the heel of fate and death. A little plaintive complacency joined to a righteous austerity and an agreeable expression of hunger made the attorney-general a figure in godly contrast to the prisoner awaiting his doom in the iron cage opposite.

There was a singular stillness in this sombre Royal Court, where only a tall candle or two and a dim lanthorn near the door filled the room with flickering shadows, — great heads upon the wall drawing close together, and vast lips murmuring awful secrets. Low whisperings came through the dusk, like mournful night-winds carrying tales of awe through a heavy forest. Once in the long silence a figure rose up, and, stealing

across the room to a door near the jury-box, tapped upon it with a pencil. A moment's pause, and the door opened slightly, and another shadowy figure appeared, whispered, and vanished. Then the first figure closed the door again quietly, and came and spoke softly up to the lieutenant-bailly, who yawned in his hand, sat back in his chair, and drummed with his fingers upon the arm. Thereupon the other — the greffier of the court — settled down at his desk beneath the jurats, and peered into an open book before him, his eyes close to the page, reading silently by the meagre light of a candle from the jurats' desk behind him.

Now a fat and ponderous avocat rose up and was about to speak; but the lieutenant-bailly, with a peevish gesture, waved him down, and he settled heavily into place again.

At last the door at which the greffier had tapped opened, and a gaunt figure in a red robe came out, and, standing in the middle of the room, motioned to the great pew opposite the attorney-general. Slowly the twenty-five men of the grand jury following him filed into place, and sat themselves down in the shadows. Then the gaunt figure, bowing to the lieutenant-bailly and the jurats, went over and took his seat beside the attorney-general. Whereupon the bailly leaned forward and droned a question to the grand enquête in the shadow. Then one rose from among the twenty-five, and out of the dusk there came a piping voice in reply to the judge: —

*"We find the prisoner at the bar more guilty than innocent."*

A shudder ran through the court. But some one not in the room shuddered still more violently; for at the gable window of a house in the Rue des Très Pigeons a girl had sat the livelong day, looking, — looking into the court-room. She had watched the day decline, the evening come, and the lighting of the crasset, and had waited to hear the words that meant more to her than her own life. At last the great moment came, and she could hear the voice of the foreman of the grand enquête whining the fateful words, *"More guilty than innocent."*

It was Carterette Mattingley, and the prisoner at the bar was her father. Not far from Mattingley sat the chief witness against him, Carcaud, the baker, who, with Olivier Delagarde, had betrayed his country, and had now turned King's evidence.

Carterette did not wait to see the figure issue from the barbarous iron cage grimly recalling the days of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, nor to see the twelve jurats put on their hats to hear the lieutenant-bailly pass sentence of death upon her father. She had other work to do. Even as Ranulph had declared that his father should not be hanged, in like manner she had made a vow. He had so far kept his word, and she would keep hers. She knew more concerning the Vier Prison than did the judges of the Royal Court — and she had laid her plans.

*Gilbert Parker.*

*(To be continued.)*



## BISMARCK.

ONE by one the nations of the world come to their own, have free play for their faculties, express themselves, and eventually pass onward into silence. Our age has beheld the elevation of Prussia. Well may we ask, "What has been her message? What the path by which she climbed into preëminence?" That she would reach the summit, the work of Frederick the Great in the last century, and of Stein at the beginning of this, portended. It has been Bismarck's mission to amplify and complete their task. Through him Prussia has come to her own. What, then, does she express?

The Prussians have excelled even the Romans in the art of turning men into machines. Set a Yankee down before a heap of coal and another of iron, and he will not rest until he has changed them into an implement to save the labor of many hands; the Prussian takes flesh and blood, and the will-power latent therein, and converts them into a machine. Such soldiers, such government clerks, such administrators, have never been manufactured elsewhere. Methodical, punctilious, thorough, are those officers and officials. The government which makes them relies not on sudden spurts, but on the cumulative force of habit. It substitutes rule for whim; it suppresses individual spontaneity, unless this can be transformed into energy for the great machine to use. That Prussian system takes a turnip-fed peasant, and in a few months makes of him a military weapon, the length of whose stride is prescribed in centimetres, — a machine which presents arms to a passing lieutenant with as much gravity and precision as if the fate of Prussia hinged on that special act. It takes the average tradesman's son, puts him into the educational mill, and brings him out a professor, — equipped even to the spectacles, — a

nonpareil of knowledge, who fastens on some subject, great or small, timely or remote, with the dispassionate persistence of a leech; and who, after many years, revolutionizes our theory of Greek roots, or of microbes, or of religion. Patient and noiseless as the earthworm, this scholar accomplishes a similarly incalculable work.

A spirit of obedience, which on its upper side passes into deference not always distinguishable from servility, and on its lower side is not always free from arrogance, lies at the bottom of the Prussian nature. Except in India, caste has nowhere had more power. The Prussian does not chafe at social inequality, but he cannot endure social uncertainty; he must know where he stands, if it be only on the bootblack's level. The satisfaction he gets from requiring from those below him every scrape and nod of deference proper to his position more than compensates him for the deference he must pay to those above him. Classification is carried to the fraction of an inch. Everybody, be he privy councilor or chimney-sweep, is known by his office. On a hotel register you will see such entries as "Frau X, widow of a school-inspector," or "Fräulein Y, niece of an apothecary."

This excessive particularization, which amuses foreigners, enables the Prussian to lift his hat at the height appropriate to the position occupied by each person whom he meets. It naturally develops acuteness in detecting social grades, and a solicitude to show the proper degree of respect to superiors and to expect as much from inferiors, — a solicitude which a stranger might mistake for servility or arrogance, according as he looked up or down. Yet, amid a punctilio so stringent, fine-breeding — the true politeness which we associate with the word "gentle-

man" — rarely exists; for a gentleman cannot be made by the rank he holds, which is external, but only by qualities within himself.

Nevertheless, these Prussians — so unsympathetic and rude compared with their kinsmen in the south and along the Rhine, not to speak of races more amiable still — kept down to our own time a strength and tenacity of character that intercourse with Western Europeans scarcely affected. Frederick the Great tried to graft on them the polished arts and the grace of the French: he might as well have decorated the granite faces of his fortresses with dainty Parisian wall-paper. But when he touched the dominant chord of his race, — its aptitude for system, — he had a large response. The genuine Prussian nature embodied itself in the army, in the bureaucracy, in state education, through all of which its astonishing talent for rules found congenial exercise. One dissipation, indeed, the Prussians allowed themselves, earlier in this century, — they reveled in Hegelianism. But even here they were true to their instinct; for the philosophy of Hegel commended itself to them because it assumed to reduce the universe to a system, and to pigeonhole God himself.

We see, then, the elements out of which Prussia grew to be a strong state, not yet large in population, but compact and carefully organized. Let us look now at Germany, of which she formed a part.

We are struck at once by the fact that until 1871 Germany had no political unity. During the centuries when France, England, and Spain were being welded into political units by their respective dynasties, the great Teutonic race in Central Europe escaped the unifying process. The Holy Roman Empire — at best a reminiscence — was too weak to prevent the rise of many petty princedoms and duchies and of a few large states, whose rulers were heredi-

tary, whereas the emperor was elective. Thus particularism — what we might call states' rights — flourished, to the detriment of national union. At the end of the last century, Germany had four hundred independent sovereigns: the most powerful being the King of Prussia; the weakest, some knight whose realm embraced but a few hundred acres, or some free city whose jurisdiction was bounded by its walls. When Napoleon, the great simplifier, reduced the number of little German states, he had no idea of encouraging the formation of a strong, coherent German Empire. To guard against this, which might menace the supremacy of France, he created the kingdoms of Bavaria and Westphalia, and set up the Confederation of the Rhine. After his downfall the German Confederation was organized, — a weak institution, consisting of thirty-nine members, whose common affairs were regulated by a Diet which sat at Frankfort. Representation in this Diet was so unequal that Austria and Prussia, with forty-two million inhabitants, had only one eighth of the votes, while the small states, with but twelve million inhabitants, had seven eighths. Four tiny principalities, with two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants each, could exactly offset Prussia with eight millions. By a similar anomaly, Nevada and New York have an equal representation in the United States Senate.

From 1816 to 1848 Austria ruled the Diet. Yet Austria was herself an interloper in any combination of German states, for her German subjects, through whom she gained admission to the Diet, numbered only four millions; but her prestige was augmented by the backing of her thirty million non-German subjects besides. Prussia fretted at this Austrian supremacy, fretted, and could not counteract it. Beside the Confederation, which so loosely bound the German particularists together, there was a Customs Union, which, though simply



commercial, fostered among the Germans the idea of common interests. The spirit of nationality, potent everywhere, awakened also in the Germans a vision of political unity, but for the most part those who beheld the vision were unpractical; the men of action, the rulers, opposed a scheme which enfolded among its possibilities the curtailing of their autocracy through the adoption of constitutional government. No state held more rigidly than Prussia the tenets of absolutism.

Great, therefore, was the general surprise, and among Liberals the joy, at the announcement, in February, 1847, that the King of Prussia had consented to the creation of a Prussian Parliament. He granted to it hardly more power than would suffice for it to assemble and adjourn; but even this, to the Liberals, thirsty for a constitution, was as the first premonitory raindrops after a long drought. Among the members of this Parliament, or Diet, was a tall, slim, blond-bearded, massive-headed Brandenburger, thirty-two years old, who sat as proxy for a country gentleman. A few of his colleagues recognized him as Otto von Bismarck; the majority had never heard of him.

Bismarck was born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. His paternal ancestors had been soldiers back to the time when they helped to defend the Brandenburg March against the inroads of Slav barbarians. His mother was the daughter of an employee in Frederick the Great's War Office. Thus, on both sides his roots were struck in true Prussian soil. At the age of six he was placed in a Berlin boarding-school, of which he afterward ridiculed the "spurious Spartanism;" at twelve he entered a gymnasium, where for five years he pursued the usual course of studies, — an average scholar, but already noteworthy for his fine physique; at seventeen he went up to the University at Göttingen. In the life of a

Prussian, there is but one period between the cradle and the grave during which he escapes the restraints of iron-grooved routine: that period comprises the years he spends at the university. There a strange license is accorded him. By day he swaggers through the streets, leering at the women and affronting the men; by night he carouses. And from time to time he varies the monotony of drinking-bouts by a duel. Such, at least, was the life of the university student in Bismarck's time. At Göttingen, and subsequently at Berlin, he had the reputation of being the greatest beer-drinker and the fiercest fighter; yet he must also have studied somewhat, for in due time he received his degree in law, and became official reporter in one of the Berlin courts. Then he served as referendary at Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed a year in military service.

At twenty-four he set about recuperating the family fortunes, which had suffered through his father's incompetence. He took charge of the estates, devoted himself to agriculture, and was known for many miles round as the "mad squire." Tales of his revels at his country house, of his wild pranks and practical jokes, horrified the neighborhood. Yet here, again, his recklessness did not preclude good results. He made the lands pay, and he tamed into usefulness that restless animal, his body, which was to serve as mount for his mighty soul. Some biographers, referring to his bucolic apprenticeship, have compared him to Cromwell; in his youthful roistering he reminds us of Mirabeau.

To the Diet of 1847 the mad squire came, and during several sittings he held his peace. At last, however, when a Liberal deputy declared that Prussia had risen in arms in 1813, in the hope of getting a constitution quite as much as of expelling the French, the blond Brandenburger got leave to speak. In a voice which seemed incongruously small for his stature, but which carried far and pro-

duced the effect of being the utterance of an inflexible will, he deprecated the assertions just made, and declared that the desire to shake off foreign tyranny was a sufficient motive for the uprising in 1813. These words set the House in confusion. Liberal deputies hissed and shouted so that Bismarck could not go on; but, nothing daunted, he took a newspaper out of his pocket and read it, there in the tribune, till order was restored. Then, having added that whoever deemed that motive inadequate held Prussia's honor cheap, he strode haughtily to his seat, amid renewed jeers and clamor. Such was Bismarck's parliamentary baptism of fire.

Before the session adjourned, the deputies had come to know him well. They discovered that the mad squire, the blunt "captain of the dykes," was doubly redoubtable; he had strong opinions, and utter fearlessness in proclaiming them.

His political creed was short, — it comprised but two clauses: "I believe in the supremacy of Prussia, and in absolute monarchy." More royalist than the King, he opposed every concession which might diminish by a hair's breadth the royal prerogative. Constitutional government, popular representation, whatever Liberals had been struggling and dying for since 1789, he detested. Democracy, and especially German democracy, he scoffed at. For sixty years reformers had been railing at the absurdities of the old régime; they had denounced the injustice of the privileged classes; they had made odious the tyranny of paternalism. Bismarck entered the lists as the champion of "divine right," and first proved his strength by exposing the defects of democracy.

Those who believe most firmly in democracy acknowledge, nevertheless, that it has many objections, both in theory and in practice. Universal suffrage — the abandoning of the state to the caprice of millions of voters, among whom the proportion of intelligence to ignorance is

as one to ten — seems a process worthy of Bedlam. The ballot-box is hardly more accurate than the dice-box, as a test of the fitness of candidates. Popular government means party government, and parties are dogmatic, overbearing, insincere, and corrupt. The men who legislate and administer, chosen by this method, avowedly serve their party, and not the state; and though, by chance, they should be both skillful and honest, they may be overturned by a sudden revulsion of the popular will. Such a system breeds a class of professional politicians, — men who make a business of getting into office, and whose only recommendation is their proficiency in the art of cajoling voters. A government should be managed as a great business corporation is managed: it has to deal with the weightiest problems of finance, and with delicate diplomatic questions, for which the trained efforts of judicious experts are needed; but instead of being entrusted to them, it is given over to politicians elected by multitudes who cannot even conduct their private business successfully, much less entertain large and patriotic views of the common welfare. To decide an election by a show of hands seems not a whit less absurd than to decide it by the aggregate weight or the color of the hair of the voters. We speak of the will of the majority as if it were infallibly right. The vast majority of men to-day would vote that the sun revolves round the earth: should this belief of a million ignoramuses counter-vail the knowledge of one astronomer? Shall knowledge be the test of fitness in all concerns except government, the most critical, the most far reaching and responsible of all? Majority rule substitutes mere numbers, bulk, and quantity for quality. Putting a saddle on Intelligence, it bids Ignorance mount and ride whither it will, — even to the devil. It is the dupe of its own folly; for the politicians whom it chooses turn out to be, not the representatives of the people,



but the attorneys of some mill or mine or railway.

These and similar objections to democracy Bismarck urged with a sarcasm and directness hitherto unknown in German politics. When half the world was repeating the words "Liberalism," "Constitution," "Equality," — as if the words themselves possessed magic to regenerate society, — he insisted that firm nations must be based upon facts, not phrases. He had the twofold advantage of invariably separating the actual from the apparent, and of being opposed by the most incompetent Liberals in Europe. However noble the ideals of the German reformers, the men themselves were singularly incapable of dealing with realities. Nor should this surprise us; for they had but recently broken away from the machine we have described, and they had not yet a new machine to work in; so they whirled to and fro in vehement confusion, the very rigidity of their previous restraint increasing their dogmatism and their discord.

The revolution of 1848 soon put them to the ordeal. The German Liberals aimed at national unity under a constitution. Like their brothers in Austria and Italy, they enjoyed a temporary triumph; but they could not construct. Their Parliament became a cave of the winds. Their schemes clashed. By the beginning of 1850 the old order was restored.

During this stormy crisis, Bismarck, as deputy in two successive Diets, had resolutely withstood the popular tide. He regarded the revolutionists as men in whom the qualities of knave, fool, and maniac alternately ruled; the revolution itself, he said, had no other motive than "a lust of theft." One of its leaders he dismissed as a "phrase-watering-pot." The right of assemblages he ridiculed as furnishing democracy with bellows; a free press he stigmatized as a blood-poisoner. When the imperial crown was offered to the King of Prussia, Bismarck argued against accepting it; he would

not see his King degraded to the level of a mere "paper president."

Such opposition would have made the speaker conspicuous, if only for its audacity. His enemies had learned, however, that it required a strong character to support that audacity continuously. They tried to silence him with abuse; but their abuse, like tar, added fuel to his fire. They tried ridicule; but their ridicule had too much of the German dullness to wound him. They called him a bigoted Junker, or squire. "Remember," he retorted, "that the names Whig and Tory were first used opprobriously, and be assured that we will yet bring the name Junker into respect and honor." Many anecdotes are told illustrating his quick repulse of intended insult or his disregard of formality. He was not unwilling that his enemies should remember that he held his superior physical strength in reserve, if his arguments failed. Yet on a hunting-party, or at a dinner, or in familiar conversation, he was the best of companions. Germany has not produced another, unless it were Goethe, so variedly entertaining; and Goethe had no trace of one of Bismarck's characteristics, — humor. He possessed also tact and a sort of Homeric geniality which, coupled with unbending tenacity, fitted him to succeed as a diplomatist.

In 1851 the King appointed him to represent Prussia at the German Diet, which sat at Frankfort. The outlook was gloomy. Prussia had quelled the revolution, but she had lost prestige. Unable to break asunder the German Confederation or to dominate it, she had signed, at Olmütz, in the previous autumn, a compact which acknowledged the supremacy of her old rival, Austria. While the humiliation still rankled, Bismarck entered upon his career. Hitherto not unfriendly to Austria, because he had looked upon her as the extinguisher of the revolution, which he hated most of all, he began, now that the danger was over, to give a free rein to his jealousy

of his country's hereditary competitor. In the Diet, the Austrian representative presided, the rulings were always in Austria's favor, the majority of the smaller states allowed Austria to guide them. Bismarck at once showed his colleagues that humility was not his rôle. Finding that the Austrian president alone smoked at the sittings, he took out his own cigar and lighted it, — a trifle, but significant. He resisted every encroachment, and demanded the strictest observance of the letter of the law. Gradually he extended Prussia's influence among the confederates. He unmasked Austria's insincerity; he showed how honestly Prussia walked in the path of legality; until he slowly created the impression that wickedness was to be expected from one, and virtue from the other.

During seven years Bismarck held this outpost, winning no outward victory, but storing a vast amount of knowledge about all the states of the Confederation, their rulers and public men, which was subsequently invaluable to him. His dispatches to the Prussian Secretary of State, his reports to the King, form a body of diplomatic correspondence unmatched in fullness, vigor, directness, and insight. With him, there was no ambiguity, no diplomatic circumlocution, no German prolixity. He sketched in indelible outlines the portraits, corporal or mental, of his colleagues. He criticised the policy of Prussia with a brusqueness which must have startled his superior. He reviewed at longer range the political tendencies of Europe. Officially, he kept strictly within the limits of his instructions; but his own personality represented more than he could yet officially declare, — Prussia's ambition to become the leader of Germany. In all his dispatches, and in all places where caution did not prescribe silence, he reiterated his Cato warning, "Austria must be ousted from Germany."

Do not suppose, however, that Bis-

marck's political greatness was then discerned. Probably, had you inquired of Germans forty years ago, "Who among you is the coming statesman?" not one would have replied, "Bismarck." At the opera, we cannot mistake the hero, because the moonlight obligingly follows him over the stage; in real life, the hero passes for the most part unrecognized, until his appointed hour; but the historian's duty is to show how the heroic qualities were indubitably latent in him long before the world perceived them.

In 1859 Bismarck was appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, where he stayed three years, when he was transferred to Paris. This completed his apprenticeship, for in September, 1862, he was recalled to Berlin to be minister-president.

His promotion had long been mooted. The new King William — a practical, rigid monarch, with no Liberal visions, no desire to please everybody — had been for eighteen months in conflict with his Parliament. He had determined to reorganize the Prussian army; the Liberals insisted that, as Parliament was expected to vote appropriations, it should know how they were spent. William at last turned to Bismarck to help him subjugate the unruly deputies, and Bismarck, with a true vassal's loyalty, declared his readiness to serve as "lid to the saucepan." Very soon the Liberals began to compare him with Stafford, and the King with Charles I., but neither of them quailed. "Death on the scaffold, under certain circumstances, is as honorable," Bismarck said, "as death on the battlefield. I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe." Hitherto he had strenuously maintained the first article of his creed, — "I believe in the supremacy of Prussia;" henceforth he upheld with equal vigor the second, — "I believe in the autocracy of the King."

The narrow Constitution limited the King's authority, making it coequal with



that of the Upper and Lower Chambers, but Bismarck quickly taught the deputies that he would not allow "a sheet of paper" to intervene between the royal will and its fulfillment. Year after year the Lower House refused to vote the army budget; year after year Bismarck and his master pushed forward the military organization, in spite of the deputies. Noah was not more unmoved by those who came and scoffed at his huge, expensive, apparently useless ark than were the Prussian minister and his King by their critics, who did not see the purpose of the ark the two were building. Bismarck merely insisted that the army, on which depended the integrity of the nation, could not be subjected to the caprice of parties; it was an institution above parties, above politics, he said, which the King alone must control.

At the same time, the minister-president actively pursued his other project, — the expulsion of Austria from Germany. When the King of Denmark died, in December, 1863, the succession to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein was disputed. Bismarck seized the occasion for occupying the disputed territory, in partnership with Austria. England protested, France muttered, but neither cared to risk a war with the allied robbers. When it came to dividing the spoils, Bismarck, who had recently gauged Austria's strength, struck for the lion's share. Austria resisted. Bismarck then approved himself a master of diplomacy. Never was he more clever or more unscrupulous, shifting from argument to argument, delaying the open rupture till Prussia was quite ready, feigning willingness to submit the dispute to European arbitration while secretly stipulating conditions which foredoomed arbitration to failure, and invariably giving the impression that Austria refused to be conciliated. As the juggler lets you see the card he wishes you to see, and no other, so Bismarck always kept in full view, amid whatever shuf-

fling of the pack, the apparent legality of Prussia. In the end he drove Austria to desperation.

In June, 1866, war came, with fury. One Prussian army crushed with a single blow the German states which had promised to support Austria; another marched into Bohemia and, in seven days, confronted the imperial forces at Sadowa. There was fought a great battle, in which the Prussian crown prince repeated the master stroke of Blücher at Waterloo, and then Austria, hopelessly beaten, sued for peace.

Bismarck now showed himself astute in victory. Having ousted Austria from Germany, he had no wish to wreak a vengeance that she could not forgive. Taking none of her provinces, he exacted only a small indemnity. With the German states he was equally discriminating: those which had been inveterately hostile he annexed to Prussia; the others he let off with a fine. He set up the North German Confederation, embracing all the states north of the river Main, in place of the old German Confederation; and thus Prussia, which had now two thirds of the population of Germany, was undisputed master. The four South German states, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hesse, and Baden, signed a secret treaty, by which they gave the Prussian King the command of their troops in case of war.

Europe, which had witnessed with astonishment these swift proceedings, understood now that a great reality had arisen, and that Bismarck was its heart. In France, surprise gave way to indignation. Were not the French the arbiters of Europe? How had it happened that their Emperor had permitted a first-rate power to organize without their consent? Napoleon III., who knew that his sham empire could last only so long as he furnished his restless subjects food for their vanity, strove to convince them that he had not been outwitted; that he still could dictate terms. He demanded

a share of Rhineland to offset Prussia's aggrandizement; Bismarck refused to cede a single inch. Napoleon bullied; Bismarck published the secret compact with the South Germans. Napoleon forthwith decided that it was not worth while to go to war.

We have all heard of the sportsman who boasted of always catching big strings of fish. But one day, after whipping every pool and getting never a trout, he was fain, on his way home, to stop at the market and buy him a salt herring for supper. Not otherwise did Napoleon, who had been very forward in announcing that he would *take* land wherever he chose, now stoop to offer to *buy* enough to appease his greedy countrymen. He would pay ninety million francs for Luxemburg, and the King of Holland, to whom it belonged, was willing to sell at that price; but Bismarck would consent only to withdraw the Prussian garrison from the grand duchy, after destroying the fortifications, and to its conversion into a neutral state. That was the sum of the satisfaction Napoleon and his presumptuous Frenchmen got from their first encounter. A few years before, Napoleon, who had had frequent interviews with Bismarck, and liked his joviality, set him down as "a not serious man;" whence we infer that the Emperor was a dull reader of character.

Although, by this arrangement, the Luxemburg affair blew over, neither France nor Prussia believed that their quarrel was settled. Deep in the heart of each, instinct whispered that a life-and-death struggle was inevitable. Bismarck, amid vast labor on the internal organization of the kingdom, held Prussia ready for war. He would not be the aggressor, but he would decline no challenge.

In July, 1870, France threw down the glove. When the Spaniards elected Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to their vacant throne, France demanded that

King William should compel Leopold to resign. William replied that, as he had not influenced his kinsman's acceptance, he should not interfere. The prince, who was not a Prussian, withdrew of his own accord. But the French Secretary of State, the Duc de Gramont, had blustered too loudly to let the matter end without achieving his purpose of humbling the Prussian King. He therefore telegraphed Benedetti, the French ambassador, to force King William to promise that at no future time should Leopold be a candidate for the Spanish crown. Benedetti delivered his message to William in the public garden at Ems; and William, naturally refusing to bind himself, announced that further negotiations on the subject would be referred to the foreign minister.

The following morning Bismarck published a dispatch containing a brief report of the interview; adding, however, that the King "declined to receive the French ambassador again, and had him told by the adjutant in attendance that his Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the ambassador." This deceitful addition produced exactly the effect which Bismarck intended: every German, whether Prussian or not, was incensed to learn that the representative German King had been hectored by the French emissary, and every Frenchman was enraged that the Prussian King had insulted the envoy of the "grand nation." Bismarck, who had feared that another favorable moment for war was passing, now exulted, and Moltke, who had for years been carrying the future campaign in his head, and whose face grew sombre when peace seemed probable, now smiled a grim, contented smile. In Paris, the ministers, the deputies, the newspapers, and the populace clamored for war. Apparently, Napoleon alone felt a slight hesitation; but he could hesitate no longer when the popular demand became overwhelming. On July 19 France made a formal declaration



of war, and the Parisians laid bets that their victorious troops would celebrate the Fête Napoléon — August 15 — in Berlin. Had not their war minister, Le-bœuf, assured them that everything was ready, down to the last button on the last gaiter of the last soldier?

We cannot describe here the terrible campaign which followed. In numbers, in equipment, in discipline, in generalship, in everything but bravery, the French were quickly outmatched. When Napoleon groped madly for some friendly hand to stay his fall, he found that Bismarck had cut off succor from him. The South Germans, whom the French had hoped to win over, fought loyally under the command of Prussia; Austria, who might have been persuaded to strike back at her late conqueror, dared not move for fear of Russia, whose friendship Bismarck had secured; and Italy, instead of aiding France, lost no time in completing her own unification by entering Rome when the French garrison was withdrawn. Forsaken and outwitted, the French Empire sank without even an expiring flash of that tinsel glory which had so long bedizened its corruption. And when the French people, lashed to desperation, continued the war which the empire had brought upon them, they but suffered a long agony of losses before accepting the inevitable defeat. They paid the penalty of their former arrogance in every coin known to the vanquished, — in military ruin, in an enormous indemnity, in the occupation of their land by the victorious Prussians, and in the cession of two rich provinces. Nor was that enough: they had to submit to a humiliation which, to the imagination at least, seems the worst of all, — the proclamation of the Prussian King William as German Emperor in their palace at Versailles, the shrine of French pomp, where two centuries before Louis XIV. had embodied the ambition, the glory, and the pride of France. The German cannon bombard-

ing beleaguered Paris paused, while the sovereigns of the German states hailed William as their Emperor.

This consummation of German unity was the logical outcome of an international war, in which all the Germans had been impelled, by mutual interests quite as much as by kinship, to join forces against an alien foe. Twenty years before, Bismarck had opposed German unity, because it would then have made Prussia the plaything of her confederates; in this later scheme he was the chief agent, if not the originator, for he knew that the primacy of Prussia ran no more risk.

Let us pause a moment and look back. Only a decade earlier, in 1861, when Bismarck became minister, Prussia was but a second-rate power, Germany was a medley of miscellaneous states, Austria still held her traditional supremacy, the French Emperor seemed firmly established. Now, in 1871, Austria has been humbled, France crushed, Napoleon whiffed off into outer darkness, and Prussia stands unchallenged at the head of United Germany. Many men — the narrow, patient King, the taciturn Moltke, the energetic von Roon — have contributed to this result; but to Bismarck rightly belongs the highest credit. Slow to prepare and swift to strike, he it was who measured the full capacity of that great machine, the Prussian army, and let it do its work the moment Fortune signaled; he it was who knew that needle guns and discipline would overcome in the end the long prestige of Austria and the wordy insolence of France. Looking back, we are amazed at his achievements, — many a step seems audacious; but if we investigate, we find that Bismarck had never threatened, never dared, more than his strength at the time warranted. The gods love men of the positive degree, and reward them by converting their words into facts.

Of the German Empire thus formed

Bismarck was Chancellor for twenty years. His foreign policy hinged on one necessity, — the isolation of France. To that end he made a Triple Alliance, in which Russia and Austria were his partners first, and afterward Italy took Russia's place. He prevented the Franco-Russian coalition, which would place Germany between the hammer and the anvil. From 1871 to 1890 he was not less the arbiter of Europe than the autocrat of Germany.

Nevertheless, although in the management of home affairs Bismarck usually prevailed, he prevailed to the detriment of Germany's progress in self-government. The Empire, like Prussia herself, is based on constitutionalism: what hope is there for constitutionalism, when at any moment the vote of a majority of the people's representatives can be nullified by an arbitrary prime minister? Bismarck carried his measures in one of two ways: he either formed a temporary combination with mutually discordant parliamentary groups, and thereby secured a majority vote, or, when unable to do this, by threatening to resign he gave the Emperor an excuse for vetoing an objectionable bill. Despising representative government, with its interminable chatter, its red tape, its indiscreet meddling, and its whimsical revulsions, Bismarck never concealed his scorn. If he believed a measure to be needed, he went down into the parliamentary market-place, and by inducements, not of money, but of concessions, he won over votes. At one time or another, every group has voted against him and every group has voted for him. When he was fighting the Vatican, for instance, he conciliated the Jews; when Jew-baiting was his purpose, he promised the Catholics favor in return for their support. Being amenable to the Emperor alone, and not, like the British Premier, the head of a party, he dwelt above the caprice of parties. Men thought, at first, to stagger him by charges of inconsist-

ency, and quoted his past utterances against his present policy. He laughed at them. Consistency, he held, is the clog of men who do not advance; for himself, he had no hesitation in altering his policy as fast as circumstances required. With characteristic bluntness, he did not disguise his intentions. "I need your support," he would say to a hostile group, "and I will stand by your bill if you will vote for mine." "Do ut des" was his motto; "an honest broker" his self-given nickname.

Such a government cannot properly be called representative; it dangles between the two incompatibles, constitutionalism and autocracy. Doubtless Bismarck knew better than the herd of deputies what would best serve at a given moment the interests of Germany; but his methods were demoralizing, and so personal that they made no provision for the future. His system could not be permanent unless in every generation an autocrat as powerful and disinterested as himself should arise to wield it; but nature does not repeat her Bismarcks and her Cromwells. At the end of his career, Germany has still to undergo her apprenticeship in self-government.

Two important struggles, in which he engaged with all his might, call for especial mention.

The first is the *Culturkampf*, or contest with the Pope over the appointment of Catholic bishops and clergy in Prussia. Bismarck insisted that the Pope should submit his nominations to the approval of the King; Pius IX. maintained that in spiritual matters he could be bound by no temporal lord. Bismarck passed stern laws; he withheld the stipend paid to the Catholic clergy; he imprisoned some of them; he broke up the parishes of others. It was the mediæval war of investitures over again, and again the Pope won. Bismarck discovered that against the intangible resistance of Rome his Krupp guns were powerless. After fifteen years of inef-



fectual battling, the Chancellor surrendered.

Similar discomfiture came to him from the Socialists. When he entered upon his ministerial career, they were but a gang of noisy fanatics; when he quitted it, they were a great political party, holding the balance of power in the Reichstag, and infecting Germany with their doctrines. At first he thought to extirpate them by violence, but they thrived under persecution; then he propitiated them, and even strove to forestall them by adopting Socialistic measures in advance of their demands. If the next epoch is to witness the triumph of Socialism, as some predict, then Bismarck will surely merit a place in the Socialists' Saints' Calendar; but if, as some of us hope, society revolts from Socialism before experience teaches how much insanity underlies this seductive theory, then Bismarck will scarcely be praised for coquetting with it. For Socialism is but despotism turned upside down; it would substitute the tyranny of an abstraction — the state — for the tyranny of a personal autocrat. It rests on the fallacy that though in every individual citizen there is more or less imperfection, — one dishonest, another untruthful, another unjust, another greedy, another licentious, another willing to grasp money or power at the expense of his neighbor, — yet by adding up all these units, so imperfect, so selfish, and calling the sum "the state," you get a perfect and unselfish organism, which will manage without flaw or favor the whole business, public, private, and mixed, of mankind. By what miracle a coil of links, separately weak, can be converted into an unbreakable chain is a secret which the prophets of this Utopia have never condescended to reveal. Not more state interference, but less, is the warning of history.

The fact which is significant for us here is that Socialism has best thriven in Germany, where, through the innate

tendency of the Germans to a rigid system, the machinery of despotism has been most carefully elaborated, and where the interference of the state in the most trivial affairs of life has bred in the masses the notion that the state can do everything, — even make the poor rich, if they can only control the lever of the huge machine.

Nevertheless, though Bismarck has been worsted in his contest with religious and social ideas, his great achievement remains. He has placed Germany at the head of Europe, and Prussia at the head of Germany. Will the German Empire created by him last? Who can say? The historian has no business with prophecy, but he may point out the existence in the German Empire to-day of conditions that have hitherto menaced the safety of nations. The common danger seems the strongest bond of union among the German states. Defeat by Russia on the east or by France on the west would mean disaster for the South Germans not less than for the Prussians; and this peril is formidable enough to cause the Bavarians, for instance, to fight side by side with the Prussians. But there can be no homogeneous internal government, no compact nation, so long as twenty or more dynasties, coequal in dignity though not in power, flourish simultaneously. Historically speaking, Germany has never passed through that stage of development in which one dynasty swallows up its rivals, — the experience of England, France, and Spain, and even of polyglot Austria.

Again, Germany embraces three unwilling members, — Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, and Prussian Poland, — any of which may serve as a provocation for war, and must remain a constant source of racial antipathy. How grievous such political thorns may be, though small in bulk compared to the body they worry, England has learned from Ireland.

Finally, if popular government — the ideal of our century — is to prevail in Germany, the despotism extended and solidified by Bismarck will be swept away. Possibly, Germany could not have been united, could not have humbled Austria and crushed France, under a Liberal system; but will the Germans forever submit to the direction of an iron Chancellor, or glow with exultation at the truculence of a strutting autocrat who flourishes his sword and proclaims, "My will is law"? No other modern despotism has been so patriotic, honest, and successful as that of Bismarck; but will the Germans never awake to the truth that even the best despotism convicts those who bow to it of a certain ignoble servility? Or will they, as we have suggested, transform the tyranny of an autocrat into the tyranny of Socialism? We will not predict, but we can plainly see that Germany, whether in her national or in her constitutional condition, has reached no stable plane of development.

And now what shall we conclude as to Bismarck himself? The magnitude of his work no man can dispute. For centuries Europe awaited the unification of Germany, as a necessary step in the organic growth of both. Feudalism was the principle which bound Christendom together during the Middle Age; afterward, the dynastic principle operated to blend peoples into nations; finally, in our time, the principle of nationality has accomplished what neither feudalism nor dynasties could accomplish, the attainment of German unity. In type, Bismarck belongs with the Charlemagnes, the Cromwells, the Napoleons; but, unlike them, he wrought to found no kingdom for himself; from first to last he was content to be the servant of the monarch whom he ruled. As a statesman, he possessed in equal mixture the qualities of lion and of fox, which Machiavelli long ago declared indispensable to a prince. He had no scruples.

What benefited Prussia and his King was to him moral, lawful, desirable; to them he was inflexibly loyal; for them he would suffer popular odium or incur personal danger. But whoever opposed them was to him an enemy, to be overcome by persuasion, craft, or force. We discern in his conduct toward enemies no more regard for morality than in that of a Mohawk sachem toward his Huron foe. He might spare them, but from motives of policy; he might persecute them, not to gratify a thirst for cruelty, but because he deemed persecution the proper instrument in that case. His justification would be that it was right that Prussia and Germany should hold the first rank in Europe. The world, as he saw it, was a field in which nations maintained a pitiless struggle for existence, and the strongest survived; to make his nation the strongest was, he conceived, his highest duty. An army of puny-bodied saints might be beautiful to a pious imagination, but they would fare ill in an actual conflict with Pomeranian grenadiers.

*Dynamic*, therefore, and not *moral*, were Bismarck's ideals and methods. To make every citizen a soldier, and to make every soldier a most effective fighting machine by the scientific application of diet, drill, discipline, and leadership, was Prussia's achievement, whereby she prepared for Bismarck an irresistible weapon. In this application of science to control with greater exactness than ever before the movements of large masses of men in war, and to regulate their actions in peace, consists Prussia's contribution to government; in knowing how to use the engine thus constructed lies Bismarck's fame. When Germans were building air-castles, and, conscious of their irresolution, were asking themselves, "Is Germany Hamlet?" Bismarck saw both a definite goal and the road that led to it. The sentimentalism which has characterized so much of the action of our time never diluted



his tremendous will. He held that by blood and iron empires are welded, and that this stern means causes in the end less suffering than the indecisive compromises of the sentimentalists. Better, he would say, for ninety-nine men to be directed by the hundredth man who knows than for them to be left a prey to their own chaotic, ignorant, and inter-necine passions. Thus he is the latest representative of a type which flourished in the age when the modern ideal of popular government had not yet risen. How much of his power was due to his unerring perception of the defects in popular government as it has thus far been exploited, we have already remarked.

The Germans have not yet perceived that one, perhaps the chief source of his success was his un-German characteristics. He would have all Germany bound by rigid laws, but he would not be bound by them himself. He encouraged his countrymen's passion for conventionality and tradition, but remained the most unconventional of men. Whatever might complete the conversion of Germany into a vast machine he fostered by every art; but he, the engineer who held the throttle, was no machine. In a land where everything was done by prescription, the spectacle of one man doing whatever his will prompted produced an effect not easily computed. Such characteristics are un-German, we repeat, and Bismarck displayed them at all times and in all places. His smoking a cigar in the Frankfort Diet; his opposition to democracy, when democracy was the fashion; his resistance to the Prussian Landtag; his arbitrary methods in the German Parliament, — these are but instances, great or small, of his un-German nature. And his relations for thirty years with the King and Emperor whom he seemed to serve show a similar masterfulness. A single anecdote, told by himself, gives the key to that service.

At the battle of Sadowa King William persisted in exposing himself at short range to the enemy's fire. Bismarck urged him back, but William was obstinate. "If not for yourself, at least for the sake of your minister, whom the nation will hold responsible, retire," pleaded Bismarck. "Well, then, Bismarck, let us ride on a little," the King at last replied. But he rode very slowly. Edging his horse alongside of the King's mare, Bismarck gave her a stout kick in the haunch. She bounded forward, and the King looked round in astonishment. "I think he saw what I had done," Bismarck added, in telling the story, "but he said nothing."

On Bismarck's private character I find no imputed stain. He did not enrich himself by his office, that hideous vice of our time. He did not, like both Napoleons, convert his palace into a harem; neither did he tolerate nepotism, nor the putting of incompetent parasites into responsible positions as a reward for party service. That he remorselessly crushed his rivals let his obliteration of Count von Arnim witness. That he subsidized a "reptile press," or employed spies, or hounded his assailants, came from his belief that a statesman too squeamish to fight fire with fire would deserve to be burnt. Many orators have excelled him in grace, few in effectiveness. Regarding public speaking as one of the chief perils of the modern state, because it enables demagogues to dupe the easily swayed masses, he despised rhetorical artifice. His own speech was un-German in its directness, un-German in its humor, and it clove to the heart of a question with the might of a battle-axe, — as, indeed, he would have used a battle-axe itself to persuade his opponents, five hundred years ago. Since Napoleon, no other European statesman has coined so many political proverbs and apt phrases. His letters to his family are delightfully natural, and reveal a man of keen observa-

tion, capable of enjoying the wholesome pleasures of life, and brimful of common sense, which a rich gift of humor keeps from the dullness of Philistines and the pedantry of doctrinaires. His intercourse with friends seems to have been in a high degree jovial.

A great man we may surely pronounce him, long to be the wonder of a world in which greatness of any kind is rare. If you ask, "How does he stand beside Washington and Lincoln?" it must be admitted that his methods would have made them blush, but that his patriotism was not less enduring than theirs. With the materials at hand he fashioned an empire; it is futile to speculate whether another, by using different tools, could have achieved the same result. Bismarck knew that though his countrymen might talk eloquently about liberty, they loved to be governed; he knew that their genius was mechanical, and he triumphed by directing them along the line of their genius. He would have

failed had he appealed to the love of liberty, by appealing to which Cavour freed Italy; or to the love of glory, by appealing to which Napoleon was able to convert half of Europe into a French province. Bismarck knew that his Prussians must be roused in a different way.

It may be that the empire he created will not last; it is certain that it cannot escape modifications which will change the aspect he stamped upon it; but we may be sure that, whatever happens, the recollection of his Titanic personality will remain. He belongs among the giants, among the few in whom has been stored for a lifetime a stupendous energy, — kinsmen of the whirlwind and the volcano, — whose purpose seems to be to amaze us that the limits of the human include such as they. At the thought of him, there rises the vision of mythic Thor with his hammer, and of Odin with his spear; the legend of Zeus, who at pleasure held or hurled the thunderbolt, becomes credible.

*William Roscoe Thayer.*

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#### MR. RILEY'S POETRY.

EVEN if Mr. Riley's poetry — which, along with his prose, now has the distinction of a beautiful uniform edition (Scribners) — had no claim to distinction in itself, the fact of its unrivaled popularity would challenge consideration. But, fortunately, his work does not depend on so frail a tenure of fame as the vogue of a season or the life of a fad. The qualities which secure for it a wider reading and a heartier appreciation than are accorded to any other living American poet are rooted deep in human nature; they are preëminently qualities of wholesomeness and common sense, those qualities of steady and conservative cheerfulness which ennoble the average man, and in which the man of excep-

tional culture is too often lacking. Its lovers are the ingenuous home-keeping hearts, on whose sobriety and humor the national character is based. And yet, one has not said enough when one says it is poetry of the domestic affections, poetry of sentiment; for it is much more than that.

Poetry which is free from the unhappy spirit of the age, free from dejection, from doubt, from material cynicism, neither tainted by the mould of sensuality nor wasted by the maggot of "reform," is no common product, in these days. So much of our art and literature is ruined by self-consciousness, running to the artificial and the tawdry. It is the slave either of commercialism, imita-



tive, ornate, and insufferably tiresome, or of didacticism, irresponsible and dull. But Mr. Riley at his best is both original and sane. He seems to have accomplished that most difficult feat, the devotion of one's self to an art without any deterioration of health. He is full of the sweetest vitality, the soundest merriment. His verse is not strained with an overburden of philosophy, on the one hand, nor debauched with maudlin sentimentalism, on the other. Its robust gaiety has all the fascination of artlessness and youth. It neither argues, nor stimulates, nor denounces, nor exhorts; it only touches and entertains us. And after all, few things are more humanizing than innocent amusement.

It is because of this quality of abundant good nature, familiar, serene, homely, that it seems to me no exaggeration to call Mr. Riley the typical American poet of the day. True, he does not represent the cultivated and academic classes; he reflects nothing of modern thought; but in his unruffled temper and dry humor, occasionally flippant on the surface, but never facetious at heart, he might stand very well for the normal American character in his view of life and his palpable enjoyment of it. Most foreign critics are on the lookout for the appearance of something novel and unconventional from America, forgetting that the laws of art do not change with longitude. They seize now on this writer, now on that, as the eminent product of democracy. But there is nothing unconventional about Mr. Riley. "He is like folks," as an old New England farmer said of Whittier. And if the typical poet of democracy in America is to be the man who most nearly represents average humanity throughout the length and breadth of this country, who most completely expresses its humor, its sympathy, its intelligence, its culture, and its common sense, and yet is not without a touch of original genius sufficient to stamp his utterances, then Mr. James

Whitcomb Riley has a just claim to that title.

He is unique among American men of letters (or poets, one might better say; for strictly speaking he is not a man of letters at all) in that he has originality of style, and yet is entirely native and homely. Whitman was original, but he was entirely prophetic and remote, appealing only to the few; Longfellow had style, but his was the voice of our collegiate and cultivated classes. It is not a question of rank or comparison; it is merely a matter of definitions. It is the position rather than the magnitude of any particular and contemporary star that one is interested in fixing. To determine its magnitude, a certain quality of endurance must be taken into account; and to observe this quality often requires considerable time. Quite apart, then, from Mr. Riley's relative merit in the great anthology of English poetry, he has a very definite and positive place in the history of American letters as the first widely representative poet of the American people.

He is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet, with the purpose of the imaginative realist, depending upon common sights and sounds for his inspirations, and engrossed with the significance of facts. Like Mr. Kipling, whose idea of perpetual bliss is a heaven where every artist shall "draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are," Mr. Riley exclaims:—

"Tell of the things jest like they wuz —  
They don't need no excuse!  
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,  
Till they're all too fine fer use!"

And again, in his lines on A Southern Singer:—

"Sing us back home, from there to here:  
Grant your high grace and wit, but we  
Most honor your simplicity."

In the proem to the volume *Poems here at Home* there occurs a similar invocation, and a test of excellence is proposed

which may well be taken as the gist of his own artistic purpose:—

"The Poems here at Home! Who'll write 'em down,  
Jes' as they air — in Country and in Town? —  
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,  
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains!  
Who'll 'voice' 'em? as I heerd a feller say  
'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day,  
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,  
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble-bee!

"What We want, as I sense it, in the line  
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine —  
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,  
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores!  
Putt weeds in — pizenvines, and underbresh,  
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh  
And sassy-like! — and groun'-squir'ls, — yes,  
and 'We,'  
As sayin' is, — 'We, Us and Company.' "

In the lines Right here at Home the same strain recurs, like the very burden of the poet's life-song:—

"Right here at home, boys, is the place, I guess,  
Fer me and you and plain old happiness:  
We hear the World's lots grander — likely so, —  
We'll take the World's word for it and not go.  
We know *its* ways ain't *our* ways, so we'll stay  
Right here at home, boys, where we *know* the way.

"Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do  
Man's plenty rich enough — and knows it, too,  
And 's got a' extry dollar, any time,  
To boost a feller up 'at *wants* to climb,  
And 's got the git-up in him to go in  
And *git there*, like he purt' nigh allus kin!"

It is in this spirit that by far the greater part of his work, the telling and significant part of it, is conceived. The whole tatterdemalion company of his Tugg Martins, Jap Millers, Armazindys, Bee Fesslers, and their comrades, as rollicking and magnetic as Shakespeare's own wonderful populace, he finds "right here at home;" nothing human is alien to him; indeed, there is something truly Elizabethan, something spacious and ro-

bust, in his humanity, quite exceptional to our fashion-plate standards. In the same wholesome, glad frame of mind, too, he deals with nature, — mingling the keenest, most loving observation with the most familiar modes of speech. An artist in his ever sensitive appreciation and impressionability, never missing a phase or mood of natural beauty, he has the added ability so necessary to the final touch of illusion, — the power of ease, the power of making his most casual word seem inevitable, and his most inevitable word seem casual. It is in this, I think, that he differs from all his rivals in the field of familiar and dialect poetry. Other writers are as familiar as he, and many as truly inspired; but none combines to such a degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling. His only compeer in this regard is Lowell, in the brilliant Biglow Papers and several other less known but not less admirable Chaucerian sketches of New England country life. Indeed, in humor, in native eloquence, in vivacity, Mr. Riley closely resembles Lowell, though differing from that bookman in his training and inclination, and naturally, as a consequence, in his range and treatment of subjects. But the tide of humanity, so strong in Lowell, is at flood, too, in the Hoosier poet. It is this humane character, preserving all the rugged sweetness in the elemental type of man, which can save us at last as a people from the ravaging taint of charlatanism, frivolity, and greed.

But we must not leave our subject without discriminating more closely between several sorts of Mr. Riley's poetry; for there is as much difference between his dialect and his classic English (in point of poetic excellence, I mean) as there is between the Scotch and the English of Burns. Like Burns, he is a lover of the human and the simple, a lover of green fields and blowing flowers; and like Burns, he is far more at home, far more easy and felicitous, in



his native Doric than in the colder Attic speech of Milton and Keats.

This is so, it seems to me, for two reasons. In the first place, the poet is dealing with the subject matter he knows best; and in the second place, he is using the medium of expression in which he has a lifelong facility. The art of poetry is far too delicate and too difficult to be practiced successfully without the most consummate and almost unconscious mastery of the language employed; so that a poet will hardly ever write with anything like distinction or convincing force in any but his mother tongue. An artist's command of his medium must be so intimate and exquisite that his thought can find adequate expression in it as easily as in the lifting of a finger or the moving of an eyelid. Otherwise he is self-conscious, unnatural, false; and, hide it as he may, we feel the awkwardness and indecision in his work. He who treats of subjects which he knows only imperfectly cannot be true to nature; while he who employs some means of expression which he only imperfectly controls cannot be true to himself. The best art requires the fulfillment of both these severe demands; they are the cardinal virtues of art. Disregard of the first produces the dilettante; disregard of the second produces the charlatan. That either of these epithets would seem entirely incongruous, if applied to Mr. Riley, is a tribute to his thorough worth as a writer.

His verse, then, divides itself sharply into two kinds, the dialect and the conventional. But we have so completely identified him with the former manner that it is hard to estimate his work in the latter. It may be doubted, however, whether he would have reached his present eminence, had he confined his efforts to the strictly regulated forms of standard English. In poems like *A Life Term* and *One Afternoon*, for instance, there is smoothness, even grace of movement, but hardly that distinction which

we call style, and little of the lyric plangency the author commands at his best; while very often in his use of authorized English there is a strangely marked reminiscence of older poets, as of Keats in *A Water Color* (not to speak of *A Ditty of No Tone*, written as a frankly imitative tribute of admiration for the author of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*), or of Emerson in *The All-Kind Mother*. In only one of the dialect poems, on the other hand, so far as I recall them, is there any imitative note. His *Nothin' to Say* has much of the atmosphere and feeling as well as the movement of Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. But for the most part, when Mr. Riley uses his own dialect, he is thoroughly original as well as effective. He has not only the lyrical impetus so needful to good poetry; he has also the story-teller's gift. And when we add to these two qualities an abundant share of whimsical humor, we have the equipment which has so justly given him wide repute.

All of these characteristics are brought into play in such poems as *Fessler's Bees*, one of the fairest examples of Mr. Riley's balladry at its best:—

"Might call him a bee-expert,  
When it come to handlin' bees,—  
Roll the sleeves up of his shirt  
And wade in amongst the trees  
Where a swarm 'u'd settle, and—  
Blamedest man on top of dirt!—  
Rake 'em with his naked hand  
Right back in the hive ag'in,  
Jes' as easy as you please!"

For Mr. Riley is a true balladist. He is really doing for the modern popular taste, here and now, what the old balladists did in their time. He is an entertainer. He has the ear of his audience. He knows their likes and dislikes, and humors them. His very considerable and very successful experience as a public reader of his own work has reinforced (one may guess) his natural modesty and love of people, and made him constantly regardful of their pleasure. So that we must look upon his verses as a most gen-

uine and spontaneous expression of average poetic feeling as well as personal poetic inspiration.

Every artist's work must be, necessarily, a more or less successful compromise between these two opposing and difficult conditions of achievement. The great artists are they who succeed at last in imposing upon others their own peculiar and novel conceptions of beauty. But these are only the few whom the gods favor beyond their fellows; while for the rank and file of those who deal in the perishable wares of art a less ambitious standard may well be allowed. We must have our balladists as well as our bards, it seems; and very fortunate is the day when we can have one with so much real spirit and humanity about him as Mr. Riley.

At times the pathos of the theme quite outweighs its homeliness, and lifts the author above the region of self-conscious art; the use of dialect drops away, and a creation of pure poetry comes to light, as in that irresistible elegy *Little Haly*, for example:—

“‘Little Haly, little Haly,’ cheeps the robin  
in the tree;  
‘Little Haly,’ sighs the clover; ‘Little  
Haly,’ moans the bee;  
‘Little Haly, little Haly,’ calls the kill-dee  
at twilight;  
And the katydids and crickets hollers  
‘Haly’ all the night.”

In this powerful lyric there is a simple directness approaching the feeling of Greek poetry, and one cannot help regretting the few intrusions of bad grammar and distorted spelling. They are not necessary. The poem is so universal in its human appeal, it seems a pity to limit the range of its appreciation by hampering it with local peculiarities of speech.

At times, too, in his interpretations of nature, Mr. Riley lays aside his drollery and his drawling accent in exchange for an incisive power of phrase.

“The wild goose trails his harrow”

is an example of the keenness of fancy I refer to. Another is found in the closing phrase of one of the stanzas in *A Country Pathway*:—

“A puritanic quiet here reviles  
The almost whispered warble from the  
hedge,  
And takes a locust's rasping voice and files  
The silence to an edge.”

In *The Flying Islands of the Night* Mr. Riley has made his widest departure into the reign of whimsical imagination. Here he has retained that liberty of unshackled speech, that freedom and ease of diction, which mark his more familiar themes, and at the same time has entered an entirely fresh field for him, a sort of grown-up fairyland. There are many strains of fine poetry in this miniature play, which show Mr. Riley's lyrical faculty at its best. In one instance there is a peculiar treatment of the octosyllabic quatrain, where he has chosen (one cannot guess why) to print it in the guise of blank verse. It is impossible, however, to conceal the true swing of the lines.

“I loved her. Why? I never knew. Perhaps  
Because her face was fair. Perhaps because  
Her eyes were blue and wore a weary air.  
Perhaps! Perhaps because her limpid face  
Was eddied with a restless tide, wherein  
The dimples found no place to anchor and  
Abide. Perhaps because her tresses beat  
A froth of gold about her throat, and poured  
In splendor to the feet that ever seemed  
Afloat. Perhaps because of that wild way  
Her sudden laughter overleapt propriety;  
Or—who will say?—perhaps the way she  
wept.”

It almost seems as if Mr. Riley, with his bent for jesting and his habit of wearing the cap and bells, did not dare be as poetical as he could; and when a serious lyric came to him, he must hide it under the least lyrical appearance, as he has done here. But that, surely, if it be so, is a great injustice to himself. He might well attempt the serious as well as the comic side of poetry, remembering that “when the half-gods go, the gods arrive.”

*Bliss Carman.*



THE SERMON OF THE ROSE.

WILLFUL we are in our infirmity  
Of childish questioning and discontent.  
Whate'er befalls us is divinely meant—  
Thou Truth the clearer for thy mystery!  
Make us to meet what is or is to be  
With fervid welcome, knowing it is sent  
To serve us in some way full excellent,  
Though we discern it all belatedly.  
The rose buds, and the rose blooms, and the rose  
Bows in the dews, and in its fullness, lo,  
Is in the lover's hand,—then on the breast  
Of her he loves,—and there dies.—And who knows  
Which fate of all a rose may undergo  
Is fairest, dearest, sweetest, loveliest?

Nay, we are children: we will not mature.  
A blessed gift must seem a theft; and tears  
Must storm our eyes when but a joy appears  
In drear disguise of sorrow; and how poor  
We seem when we are richest,—most secure  
Against all poverty the lifelong years  
We yet must waste in childish doubts and fears  
That, in despite of reason, still endure!  
Alas! the sermon of the rose we will  
Not wisely ponder; nor the sobs of grief  
Lulled into sighs of rapture; nor the cry  
Of fierce defiance that again is still.  
Be patient—patient with our frail belief,  
And stay it yet a little ere we die.

O opulent life of ours, though dispossessed  
Of treasure after treasure! Youth most fair  
Went first, but left its priceless coil of hair—  
Moaned over sleepless nights, kissed and caressed  
Through drip and blur of tears the tenderest.  
And next went Love—the ripe rose glowing there,  
Her very sister! . . . *It* is here; but where  
Is she, of all the world the first and best?  
And yet how sweet the sweet earth after rain—  
How sweet the sunlight on the garden-wall  
Across the roses—and how sweetly flows  
The limpid yodel of the brook again!  
And yet—and yet how sweeter, after all,  
The smouldering sweetness of a dead red rose!

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## THE END OF THE WAR, AND AFTER.

It is reason for universal congratulation that the war is ended (for it seems safe to assume that it is ended) so early and so happily, — for us, for the Spanish colonies, and, in spite of her present humiliation, for Spain herself; for the result makes for civilization. There was never a doubt that it would end with an American victory; but that the victory would be so easily and so cheaply won was not foreseen. Nor were the incidental benefits foreseen; for there are incidental benefits as great as the main result itself. Unforeseen, also, were the new obligations that have been imposed on us.

The problem of governing countries not only separated from the United States, but populated by different races and accustomed to different institutions from ours, is a new problem; but it is a problem that our English kinsmen have so successfully solved that we shall be dull indeed if we do not succeed, with their experience to instruct us. The present popular mood regarding this new task, as regarding most other large undertakings in which a national spirit must play an important part, seems to be a deep-seated and safe mood. The people, there can hardly be doubt, prefer to retain the territory that has fallen to them by the fortune of war, and they do not share the foreboding of the intelligent minority, whose individualism estranges them from the national feeling, and who see grave danger to our institutions in such additions to our political tasks. National feeling is a safer guide to national development than the mere reasoning process of critical minds. At any rate, it at last becomes the only guide.

The danger to our successful management of Cuba and Porto Rico, or even of the Philippine Islands, consists, not in their distance from our shores, but in their

difference of population and institutions from ours. They cannot be converted into American states by any statutes, and no laws can change their character. Nor is there any need that they should now or ever be converted into American states. We are committed to two duties: we have by conquest taken upon ourselves a solemn obligation to the people of the conquered islands to insure stable government, and the nature of our institutions forbids that we should set up any form of government except one that at the earliest possible moment shall become self-government. Even if we wished we could not shirk these responsibilities. We cannot leave the people of these islands either to their own fate, or to the mercy of the now defeated and disorganized Spanish rule, or yet to the mercy of any predatory nation that might seize them. We are become responsible for their development.

Precisely what form the government of these several islands ought to take can be determined only after careful study of their people and conservative experiment with them; but to predict that we shall make a failure in the effort to prepare them for self-government is a childish distrust of our capacity. We have never had a task just like this, but we have had tasks more difficult. Nor will our undertaking such a task involve us in entanglements with European nations — if we succeed. The European nations, it so happens, will look with somewhat greater respect upon American efforts at the government even of Manila than they would have looked six months ago. But without too great regard to European opinion it becomes our duty solemnly and patriotically now to take our new duties and responsibilities in hand, and, as a great nation committed to one great policy of government, to work out



these problems for the advancement of civilization. The great Republic can have no tribute-bearing colonies; but it can help weak people to self-government.

And it will be found that the government of each island will present itself, not as it now presents itself to the timid, as a task involving revolutionary dangers to ourselves and complications with all the other governments of the world, and a denial of the doctrines of the fathers, but rather as a practical task that practical and patriotic men can successfully accomplish.

The main result of the war, the freedom of Cuba from Spanish misrule, has been achieved, but the full fruits of it will ripen more slowly than most men at first supposed. Sympathy with the Cuban insurgents had led many persons to regard them as capable at once of self-government; but the conduct of a part of them during the war has confirmed the judgment of those men who knew them best, — that the removal of Spanish rule will not immediately nor easily lead to the self-government of Cuba. The complete conquest of the island by civilization will be accomplished through American industry and commerce, which will now follow American arms. Brigands are as certain where roads are lacking as rebellion where government is oppressive. But the future of Cuba presents no insuperable difficulties, though its subjection to civilization may require a considerable time. In his proclamation concerning the government of Santiago, the President indicated the proper course to pursue: local government to be permitted, to be required, in fact; the United States to maintain military control so long as military control is necessary for the security of life and property, but to relax it, and at last to give it up, when a competent local government has been created and tested. The process will not be very different in principle from the process of the reconstruction of the local governments of the Southern States

thirty years ago. If the Cubans do not at first show capacity for self-government, the certain increase of American influence and even of American population in the island will greatly hasten its coming. The engineer will follow the soldier. The harbor of Havana will be opened to the Gulf Stream, — a necessary and easy piece of sanitary work that the Spaniards have been going to do for a century; the cities will be properly drained, and yellow fever will be eliminated from the scourges of our own shores. Cuba will present no very serious difficulty till the time comes when it may wish to be admitted into the American Union as a state. But such a wish is not a sufficient reason for its admission.

And the same plan whereby local self-government will be built up in Cuba will apply, with modifications, to Porto Rico. One island will become an independent territory under our guardianship; the other will be directly ceded to us. But the essential elements of their government under our tutelage must be the same, for the moral obligations that we have assumed are the same, and there is but one great principle of government that we can adhere to. How much territory it may be wise to retain in the Philippine Islands it is impossible to foresee; but the principle that should govern our action is clear. We want no "colonies," can indeed have no "colonies," in the continental sense; but we must fulfill every obligation to Spain's conquered subjects that our conduct of the war in Asiatic waters has put upon us, without regard to the colonizing ambitions of the European nations; and we shall hardly fail, moreover, to keep whatever strategic advantage our navy has won, in either ocean.

The war, then, brings within the sphere of English-speaking civilization two of the most valuable of the Antilles: incidentally the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps a part of the Philippine group: and these results can be only good. But in

achieving them we have achieved other results quite as great, and no less great because they were unexpected.

We have recovered our own national feeling. Four months ago, we were a great mass of people rather than a compact nation conscious of national strength and unity. By forgetting even for this brief time our local differences, we have welded ourselves into a conscious unity such as the Republic has not felt since its early days. Not only have the North and the South forgotten that they were ever at war, — for time and industry had already wellnigh brought this result, — but the Pacific states are nearer to the rest of the Union than they ever were before, and the great middle West is no longer estranged from the seaboard. We can work out our own problems and build our own future with a steadier purpose.

This consciousness is the keener because of the increased respect that other nations have for us. The United States was never before understood in official Europe, perhaps not even in official England. When the war was begun, most of the Continental nations failed to conceal their contempt of us: they now respect us as they never dreamed they should. Nor is it only our naval victories that have given the world a somewhat new conception of the United States. Quite as impressive has been the absence of the old-time barbarities of war and of warlike vindictiveness. To send home across the ocean a captured army, to parole the officers of a captured squadron, to feed not only the victims of Spanish misrule, but the Spanish themselves, have laid emphasis on other reasons for war than the old reasons of the punishment of enemies and the conquest of tribute-bearing territory. In humanity to the enemy this war is without parallel. Both the power and the aims of the Republic are more clearly understood in Europe than a half-century of peace

could have revealed them, and (in no spirit of boastfulness) we might add the American character, also.

It is to be hoped, too, that we have had some effect on the mediæval diplomacy of Europe. We have often been called blunt and discourteous in our diplomacy, — no doubt with truth; for European diplomacy is a dilatory art, that has always been as courteous as it has usually been mendacious. Ministers have seldom said what they or their masters meant. Now, if the dealings of civilized governments with one another are ever to advance beyond evasion and cunning, the old diplomacy must change to republican directness and frankness. It need not take on discourtesy in manner, but it must speak the truth and keep faith. If we have even in slight measure discredited the old mendacious and dilatory methods, we have done something toward furthering political civilization.

Nor will the impulse that asserted itself in the war stop with the war. The spirit of the people once having looked outward, American enterprise will seek new fields of conquest, — not by arms, but by trade and legitimate adventure. Our navy has revealed to ourselves not less than to the rest of the world our rightful place among the nations. Modern transportation, which we have done most to develop, has changed all international political conditions. By reason of it we are already "entangled" with other peoples, in ways that the fathers could not foresee and that no policy can prevent. The great outward pressure that all nations feel is the pressure of commerce for new markets; and statesmen, whether they know it or not, minister to trade, and through trade to civilization. With larger and further-reaching political duties, too, which appeal to the imagination rather than to the private greed of men, our public life will once more rise to the level of statesmanship.